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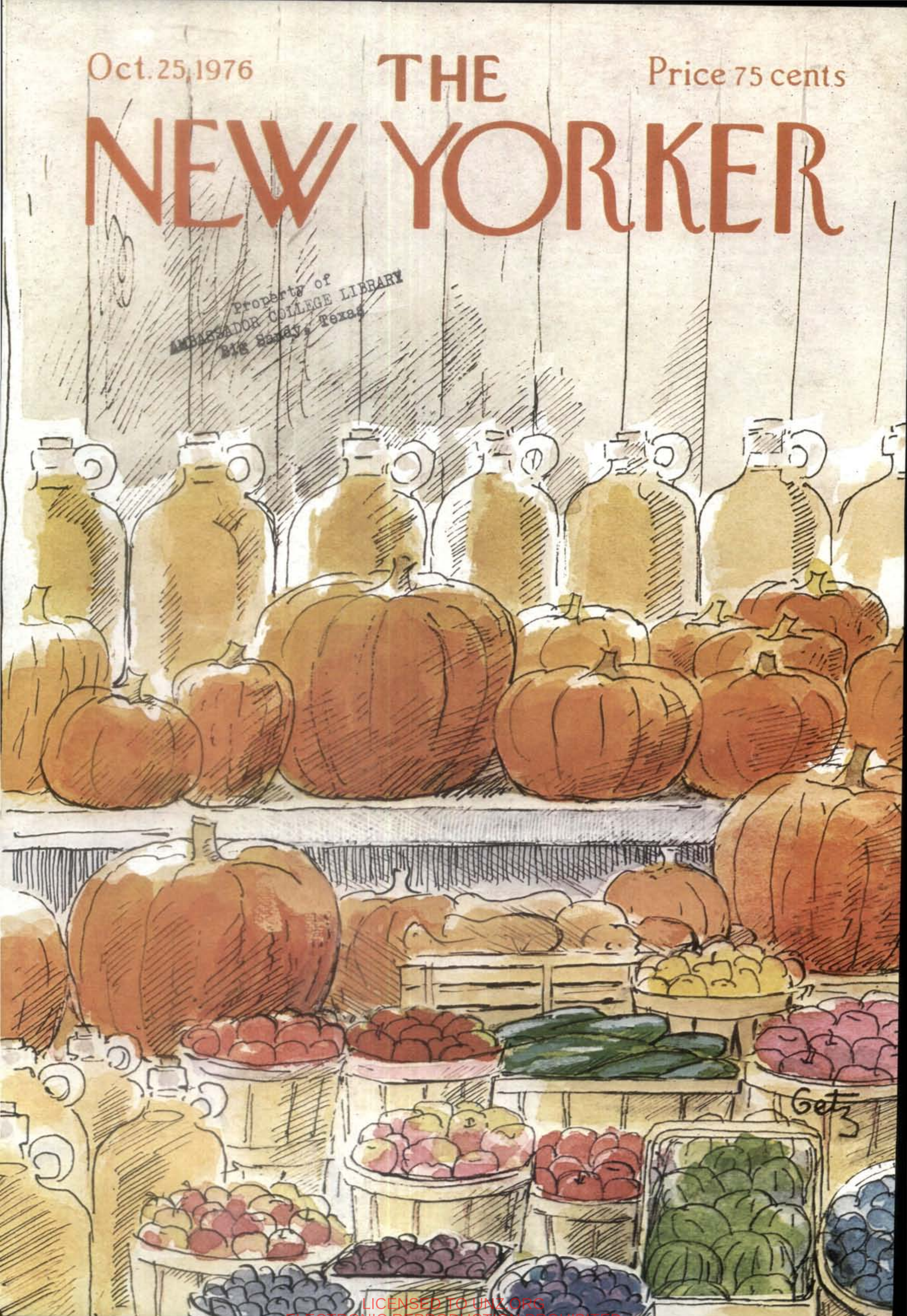

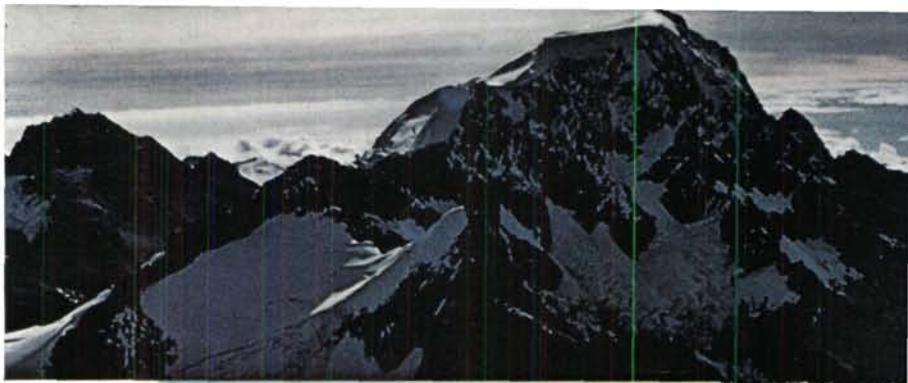

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Best Friend—Barbara Baxley in a four-character play by Michael Sawyer. Directed by Marty Jacobs. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Days in the Trees—Mildred Dunnock, Joseph Maher, and Suzanne Lederer are first-rate in this bitter comedy about family life, written by Marguerite Duras. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Emlyn Williams as Dylan Thomas Growing Up—A revival of Mr. Williams' one-man show. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

Equity Library Theatre—The musical FIORELLO!, with a book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, is the first in this season's series of plays. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Farm—David Storey's play about the disappointments, resilience, and gallantry of a Yorkshire farmer and his family in present-day England is as strong and witty and mysteriously fascinating as this same dramatist's "Home" or "The Contractor," and it is very well acted under Marshall W. Mason's direction. Jack Gwillim is splendid in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Debra Mooney, Ruby Holbrook, and Jeff Daniels, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Going Up—A musical out of the time of the First World War. It has some pleasant dancing and perhaps two good songs, but the book is grisly, and so is much of the acting. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Have a Dream—Billy Dee Williams spends the evening quoting texts from Martin Luther King, Jr. What one feels is piety. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Innocents—Claire Bloom stars in a revival of the play that William Archibald based on Henry James's story "The Turn of the Screw." Directed by Harold Pinter. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 21. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jo Anne!—Ed Bullins mingles fact and fantasy to tremendous effect in this dramatization of the Joan Little case. Robbie McCauley does very well in the title role, and I. M. Hobson is just as good as the prison guard—the redneck rapist—she killed. With Frankie Faison, Catherine E. Slade, Rosanna Carter, and Hannibal Penney, Jr., among others. Carl Weber directed. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

Lovesong—A musical entertainment, with music by Michael Valenti set to the words of, among others, Thomas Moore, Sir Walter Raleigh, James Agee, Lord Byron, and Dorothy Parker. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the

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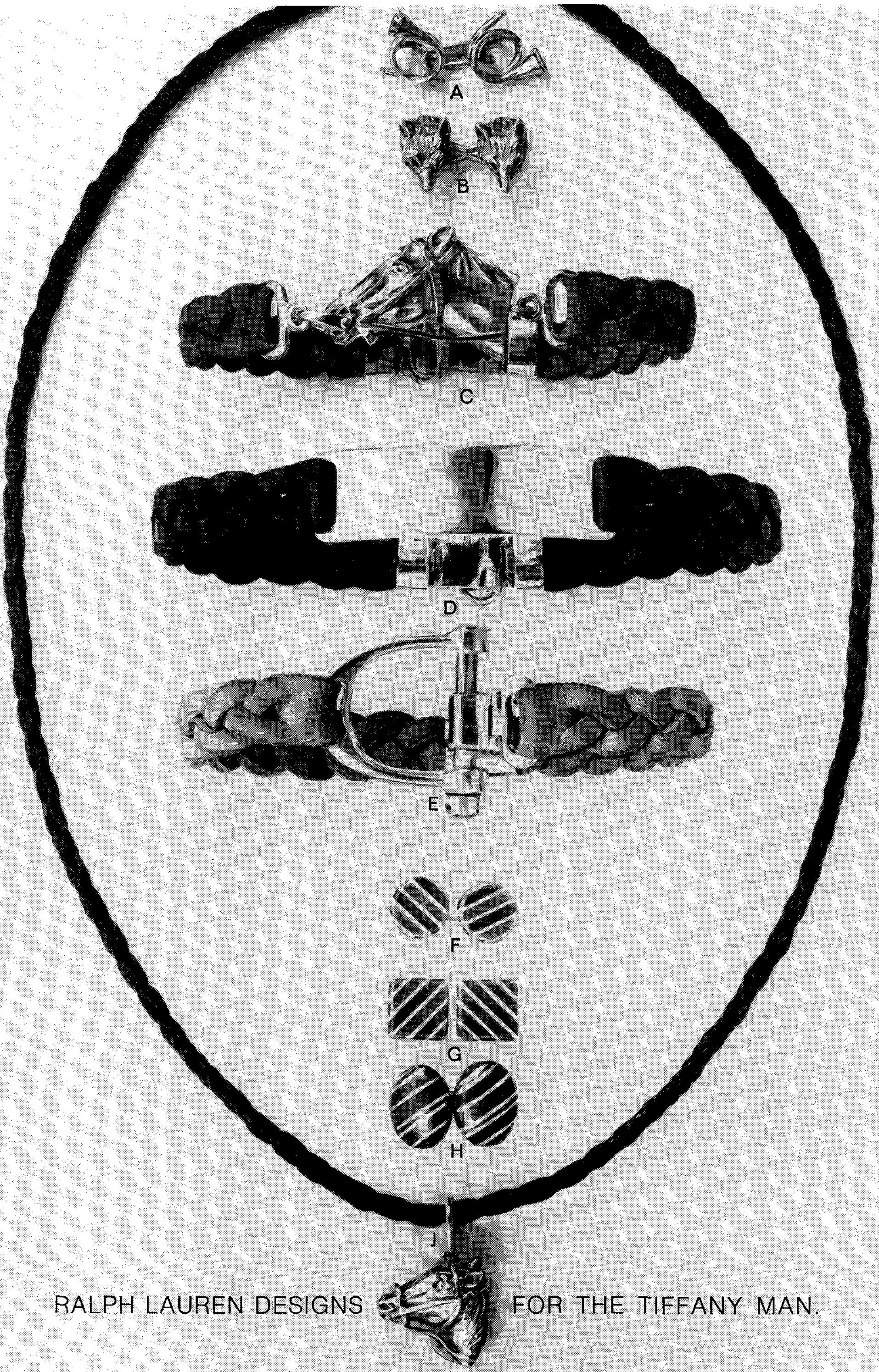

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta! —A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7166. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10 and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30. Special matinée Monday, Oct. 25, at 3.)

The Philanderer—An early (1893) comedy of Bernard Shaw's, done, with some measure of success, as a farce. The title character becomes engaged to a widow in order to escape the unwelcome attentions of the woman he has just abandoned, and then arranges to marry her off to a fool. The spirit of Ibsen dominates the proceedings, and Shaw has a high old time teasing the half-baked Ibsenites of the New Order. Donald Madden is impressively crisp and professional in the lead, and Cara Duff-MacCormick is funny but allowed no dignity as his castoff. The treat of the evening, though, is Pamela Brook, in the supporting role of a New Woman. Stephen Hollis is the capable director. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

Poor Murderer—A play by Czech playwright Pavel Kohout, translated by Herbert Berghof and Laurence Luckinbill. The cast is headed by Mr. Luckinbill, Maria Schell, Ruth Ford, Kevin McCarthy, and Larry Gates. Directed by Mr. Berghof. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—Gershwin's irresistible opera, played and sung for the first time as he wrote it. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

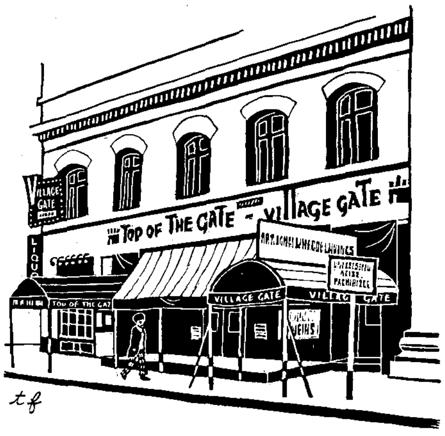
The Prince of Homburg—A play by Heinrich von Kleist, written in 1811. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Rehearsal—Jack Gelber's play is about the rehearsals of a play written by an ex-con. The ex-con's play doesn't come off, and neither does Mr. G.'s; in spite of some acute parodies of current behavior among actors, he seems to have a what-the-hell attitude that flattens everything. Subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 24.)

The Robber Bridegroom—A musical that pretends, not very successfully, to be a mingling of country humor and age-old folklore. The cast is pleasing, and the dancing is first-rate. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Runner Stumbles—A first-rate play by an American newcomer, Milan Stitt. A priest and a nun fall in love in rural Michigan in 1911, and there is literally hell to pay. With Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue, directed by Austin Pendleton. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Texas Trilogy—Preston Jones' three independent plays, being presented in repertory. Directed by Alan Schneider. **THE LAST MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE MAGNOLIA,** with Fred Gwynne and Henderson Forsythe: Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Oct. 23, and Monday, Oct. 25, at 8; Thursday, Oct. 28, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2. . . . **LU ANN HAMPTON LAVERTY OBERLANDER,** with Diane Ladd: Thursday, Oct. 21, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2; Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8; and Friday, Oct. 29, at 8. . . . **THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE,** with the Messrs. Gwynne and Forsythe: Friday, Oct. 22, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2:30 and 7; Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Philip Bosco is Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

2 by 5—A musical revue with music by John Kander and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)

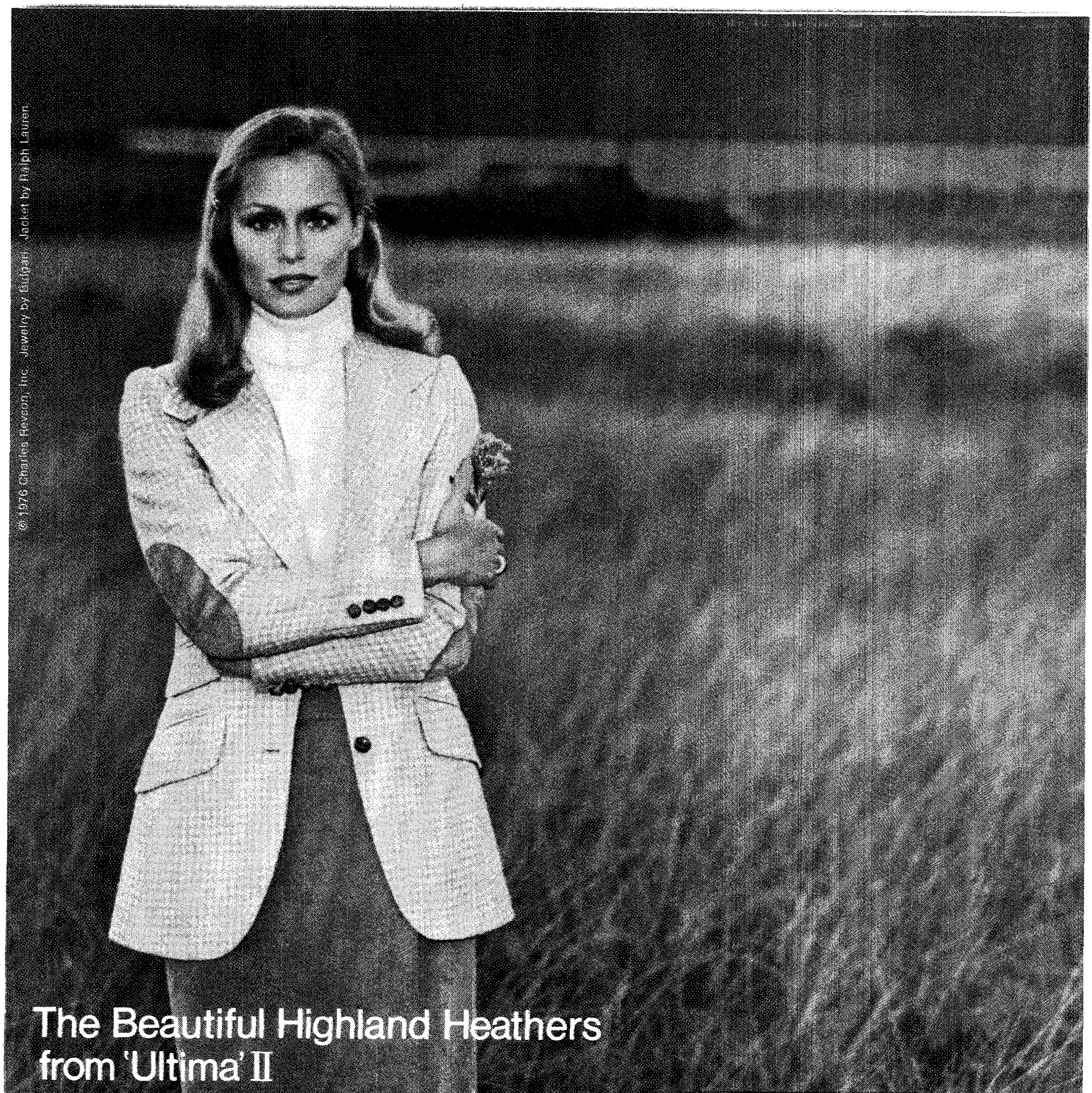
Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,865 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.). . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **ME AND BESSIE:** A vigorous attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson). The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING:** This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Reflections," "Feast of Ashes," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Orpheus Times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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Light" (première), "Fanfarita," and "Deuce Coupe II."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Olympics," "Sea Shadow," "Fanfarita," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2: "Pas des Déesses," "Sea Shadow," "As Time Goes By," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Square Dance," "Orpheus Times Light," "Deuce Coupe II," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2: "Reflections," "Feast of Ashes," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 7:30: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Fanfarita," and "Astarte."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Kettentanz," "As Time Goes By," "Opus 65," and "Interplay."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Olympics," "Remembrances," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Moves," "Rodeo" (company première), and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Orpheus Times Light," "Deuce Coupe II," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2: "Square Dance," "Opus 65," "Feast of Ashes," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Remembrances," "As Time Goes By," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux" (company première), and "Rodeo." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Through Sunday, Nov. 7.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 20, "Harbinger," "Impromptu" (première), "Cortège Parisien," and "The Consort."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Excursions."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Waves" (company première), "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "The Real McCoy," "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "Harbinger," "A Soldier's Tale" (company première), and "The Consort."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 24: "Waves," "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "Excursions."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 24: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "A Soldier's Tale."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 26: "Waves," "Impromptu," "A Poem Forgotten" (company première), and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "A Poem Forgotten," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "A Poem Forgotten," and "A Soldier's Tale."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Waves," "Impromptu," "Cortège Parisien," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Waves," "The Gods Amused," "A Poem Forgotten," and "Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 20.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 21-22, at 8: "Adagio Hammerklavier," two New York premières—"For Fred, Gene, and MGM" and "Eakins' View"—and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2 and 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Four Men Waiting," "Under the Sun," and "Sweet Agony." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dance Umbrella—Opening performances of a five-week season by eight contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 28. **CONTEMPORARY DANCE SYSTEM** will perform from Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 27-31. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A former music loft that has been converted into a full-fledged, if unpretentious bar and soul-food night club, owned by the gifted drummer and Coltrane alumnus Rashied Ali. Since he reopened this summer, Ali has brought in some of the best new-jazz musicians on the scene. Tenor saxophonist Frank Lowe's quartet performs Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 20-21; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 22-24, will be claimed by all-out drummer and longtime Cecil Taylor associate **ANDREW CYRILLE** and his band, Maono; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 26-28, cellist David Eyges will head up a quartet; and on Friday, Oct. 29, drummer Billy Parker will bring in his group, Fourth World. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER**, who sat in the Basie band in the fifties and arranged much of the band's material, presides over the Loud Minority, a head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Foster, who contributes an occasional tenor or soprano solo himself, has written and arranged all the material—"Shiny Stockings" (which he wrote twenty-one years ago for Basie) and "Someone's Rocking My Jazzboat" are standouts. The percussion section is particularly impressive, especially the work of drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP**. Watch out, Thad and Mel (see Village Vanguard, below). Music from about ten.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortlesss, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant that has for the past few years been presenting some of the best contemporary jazz players. Trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** leads a quintet through Saturday, Oct. 23; on Sunday, Oct. 24, pianist Al Dailey will work with a trio; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 25-26, saxophonist Steve Grossman's quartet will take over the bandstand; and Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 27-30, tenor saxophonist Houston Person and his band will back up singer Etta Jones. Music from about nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Pianist **BILL EVANS** plays heady games with his trio opposite singer **SYLVIA SYMS** on Wednesday, Oct. 20. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 21-24, singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON**, who simultaneously creates a rustic and an urbane presence, will trade sets with **STUFF**, a formerly nameless but not unnoticed first-rate rhythm-and-blues band. Stuff is a rank-and-file affair—no one musician stands out—composed of bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and drummers **CHRIS PARKER** and/or **STEVE GADD**. All six are recording-studio heavies, some worked with King Curtis and Aretha Franklin, and all of them spent much of this year nobly backing up Joe Cocker in concert and on record. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 25-26, country singer Jimmy Buffett will alternate with Los Angeles keyboard player Mike Finnigan; on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 27-28, **RY COODER**, a respected guitar traditionalist, will take the stage; and Friday through Sunday, Oct. 29-31, Steeleye Span will come in with some heavy-metal-inspired British folk music. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists are usually sequestered here, performing duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. Through Saturday, Oct. 23, the music corner is given over to an exemplary guitarist, **JIMMY RANEY**, and *his* bassist, who will try their luck against the din; on Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is home, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. Supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, he appears Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive record-company backing (in fact, there's usually none at all), no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER**, now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MARY LOU WILLIAMS**, a Kansas City legend for more than forty years and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, dominates the place Mondays through Saturdays. She is admirably assisted by her bassist, Milton Suggs. Sundays are claimed by pianist **DICK HYMAN**, a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, who plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Oct. 26, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** will sing along with the regulars. On Sunday, Oct. 24, from eight, the forthright **HELEN HUMES** will deliver delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs, aided by a backing crew. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, **WARREN CHIASSON**, **CHUCK WAYNE**, and **WILBUR LITTLE** get together. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, Oct. 24, Chiasson and Little will be back again from five to nine, this time collaborating with pianist Steve Elmer. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. **LES MC CANN** performs piano solos through Wednesday, Oct. 27. On Thursday, Oct. 28, tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will arrive with his quartet. Music Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**EARL HINES** is back, with Rudy Rutherford on reeds, Harley White on bass, Eddie Graham on drums, and the singer Marva Josie. The Master is in his seventies, but he looks trim and taut, and when he isn't trying to snow us, he plays with the same beauty and originality that helped launch jazz piano fifty years ago. Trumpeter **BUCK CLAYTON** will be playing with pianist Red Richards, two more Basie alumni, alto saxophonist Earle Warren, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Panama Francis, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 26. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Various groups assemble on the canopied bandstand. Some of them are saxophonist Robin Kenyatta's quartet, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 20-21; the Striders, a jazz-and-soul group, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23; and wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his quintet, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29-30. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Chambers Brothers—Willie, George, Lester, Joseph, and the rest of their band—are onstage through Thursday, Oct. 21. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 22-24, the Rowan Brothers, a trio of falsetto folksingers from San Francisco, will take charge. On Wednesday, Oct. 27, Lori Lieberman, who comes across as an adman's idea of what a folksinger should look and sound like, will arrive with her backup group. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Soul singer Gerri Griffin alternates with Friends, a group of choruspersons who back up Petula Clark in her night-club act, through Sunday, Oct. 24. On Tuesday, Oct. 26, singer and actress Andrea Marcovicci will arrive. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—**HUGH SHANNON** is playing his open, melodious, comfortable piano and singing some wonderful musical-comedy songs in his unplaned baritone. He starts at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Intermissions are taken up by pianist Murray Grand. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band meets on Mondays; on Tuesdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels is in charge of a robust quartet; **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, is on hand with a quartet on Wednesdays and a nonet on Thursdays; and on Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** will perform with a visiting guitarist. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will team up with Joe Puma's trio. On Friday, Oct. 29, Sudan Baronian will lead a Middle Eastern jazz ensemble called Taksim. And on Saturday, Oct. 30, singer **TEDDI KING** will work with Joe Puma. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The jammed-together tables and chairs are usually filled in this animated restaurant. **JUNIOR MANCE**, the insistently bluesy and good-natured pianist, performs with his bassist, Marty Rivera, through Sunday, Oct. 24. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 25-26, **ROLAND PRINCE**, a fine young guitarist, will lead a trio. On Wednesday, Oct. 27, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER**, bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**, and saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER** will join forces. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young quintet that usually plays a South Boston bar, will return to this small, inoffensive cabaret for two weeks, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 27. The group is under the wily musical guidance of pianist and composer Norman Zamcheck and is dominated onstage by Suzy Williams, a funky, twenty-two-year-old version of Sophie Tucker, who wiggles, bounces, flails her arms and legs and head, and makes very strange faces. Miss Williams and her co-workers brought much-needed life, humor, and originality to the New York cabaret scene their first time here a month ago. Shows at ten and, sometimes, at midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. **CHARLES MINGUS** inspires his spunky young quintet from about ten nightly, except Mondays. (Alternate Mondays are occasions for jazz and jazz-rock concerts presented by radio station WRVR-FM.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER** leads a sextet through Sunday, Oct. 24. On Tuesday, Oct. 26, **DEXTER GORDON**, who was once regarded as *the* bop tenor saxophonist, will begin a very rare New York engagement. Mondays are reserved for **THAD** and **MEL** (**JONES** and **LEWIS**) and their seventeen-piece organization. Music from ten.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—**PEGGY LEE** and the 1976 edition of her airtight show will close in the Empire Room on Saturday, Oct. 23. Wednesday and Thursday at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at nine and midnight. Dancing on the head of a pin.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams is in charge of a quartet that features trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, a swing-to-bop quartet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are usually session times for Earle Warren, **BUDDY TATE**, and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

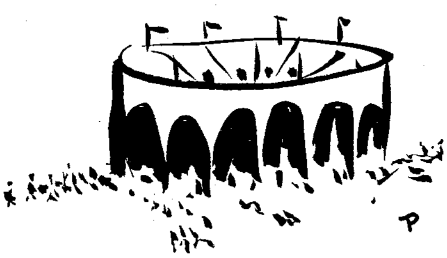
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 5:45: **NANCY DUSSAULT AND KAREN MORROW**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 5:45: **BEN BAGLEY'S SASSY MUSICAL THEATRE.**

Masters of Modern Jazz—Art Farmer, the Roland Hanna trio, and the Paul Jeffrey octet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Contemporary Jazz—Ralph Towner, John Abercrombie, Jack DeJohnette's Directions, Gary Burton's quartet, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Central Park Sheiks—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8.



Nancy Wilson—With the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, and Lonnie Liston Smith and the Cosmic Echoes. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8 and 11:30.)

Tower of Power and **Ronnie Laws & Pressure**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.

George Mgrdichian—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.

Bill Withers and **Vicki Sue Robinson**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.

Lynyrd Skynyrd and **Be-Bop Deluxe**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23-24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Stephen Stills and **Joan Armatrading**—Palladium. Monday, Oct. 25, at 8.

Cab Calloway—With Doc Cheatham, Budd Johnson, J.C. Heard, Hank Jones, and George Duvivier, in a benefit concert. (Bowman Room, Hotel Biltmore, 55 E. 43rd St. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-2430.)

An American Musical Treasure: Paul Whiteman Rediscovered—Emery Davis conducting a twenty-nine-piece orchestra, with Richard Sudhalter. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Earth, Wind & Fire—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8.

Jon Lucien and **Ramsey Lewis**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.

Oliver Lake Quartet—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Fritzie Abadi—Box assemblages, collages, and banners that combine several familiar patriotic symbols—flags, pictures of George Washington, and so forth. Through Friday, Oct. 29. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—This artist is much concerned with what he terms the mechanism of meaning, and the six large acrylic paintings in this exhibition—diagrammatic compositions that might be taken for engineering worksheets—illustrate clearly how difficult it is to grasp his concepts. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings and prints. (Multiples, 55 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Nov. 6.

Will Barnet / William Zimmerman—"Waiting" is the theme of the Barnet exhibition, in which the artist, who was born in New England and spends his summers in Maine, has stylized the classic sea captain's wife at her lonely vigil on the widow's walk, and shows her in brooding groups, sometimes in pine groves but usually nearer the water. / Crisp, colorful studies of birds, mostly waterfowl. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Jake Berthot—Large abstract paintings, in most of which two contiguous vertical shafts of different color are superimposed on a rich, dark background. Through Nov. 6. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Harry Bertoia—Abstract metal sculptures, most of them consisting of row upon row of tall, supple rods that have a melodic as well as a visual appeal, since they ring out with a clear bell tone when one riffles them with one's finger. There are also inaudible pieces, and one frank gong, with a striker attached. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Arik Brauer—Gouaches and watercolors by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through Nov. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alexander Brook—A selection of representational paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, interiors) that cover his working career. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Three exhibitions that are running concurrently with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum: Works on paper, including watercolors, gouaches, and draw-

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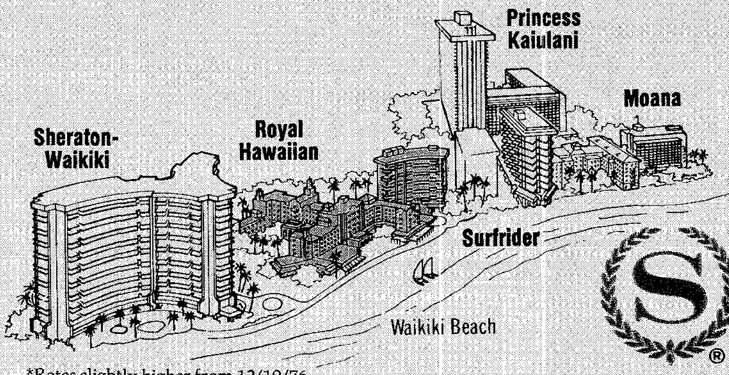

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings. Through Nov. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.). . . ¶ Mobiles and graphics. Through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.). . . ¶ Tapestries and graphics. Through Nov. 13. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Roy Carruthers—Highly individualistic drawings that seem to be based on a radical sense of foreshortening—for instance, an enormous hand (requiring six fingers to justify its bulk) holds a cigarette, while far behind it a dwarfed head exhales a column of tobacco smoke. A comparison with Botero presents itself—overhastily, it may be. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Minna Citron—Loose, free-hand drawings by this eighty-year-old artist, who does them as a relief from the rigors of abstraction that she goes through as a painter. They date from the thirties, and some of them are self-portraits. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Robert Cook—Bronzes, many of them of dancing figures. Through Nov. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Corneille—Bright-colored gouaches of birds and bees and story-book settings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Nov. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Willem de Kooning—His latest crop of Abstract Expressionist canvases, which work on the onlooker's imagination the way shifting cloud formations do, inviting us to scale new heights, plumb new depths, and ride with new waves of color. Through Nov. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Leonard DeLonga—Dancing figures, girls riding bicycles, and whole village landscapes are represented in small, tabletop-size welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Judith Dolnick—Abstract paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Nov. 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Rich, tapestry-like wall hangings in which layers of acrylic colors are piled up on a nylon backing, with strips of paper or canvas worked into the surface, and an overall dotting of Rhoplex applied with an eyedropper, giving the effect of opalesque sequins. First one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Jack Frankfurter—Surrealist paintings, some of which incorporate details of Roman architecture. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Katherine Hellman / Barbara Reis Poe—Semi-abstract sculpture in stone and wood. / Delicately colored pen-and-ink tracery that organizes itself into complicated abstract shapes. Through Friday, Oct. 29. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jim Houser / Roger Mühl—Stark, crisp landscapes—barns and silos, isolated houses, beach scenes, and a boxcar—seen through clean air by a Florida artist whose compositions, painted in acrylics, are divided up into large areas of flat color. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. / Semi-abstract paintings in pastel colors. Through Nov. 13. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Buffie Johnson—Outsize studies of plants and parts of plants—orchids, fiddleback ferns, seed pods, and so on, done in oil on linen. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Susan Kahn—A talented student of the late Moses Soyer paints the world around her—studio parties, nude models, pensive young sculptors, affectionate couples, shoppers in Bloomingdale's basement, and bench time in Washington Square. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—This painter turned to ceramic sculpture late in life and had planned to have the pieces cast in bronze, but he died before this could be accomplished. His widow has seen to it that his wishes were carried out, however, and a selection of twelve of the works is now on view here, along with a small group of gouaches. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Opens at noon.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Oils and watercolors by the French Cubist. Through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

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Jerry Okimoto—Large canvases shaped into polyhedrons, each plane of which is painted a different strong color, so that the finished work resembles an outsize and particularly successful piece of origami. The stretchers for these canvases are masterpieces of trestle carpentry. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Charles Saxon—Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and sketches made recently in North Africa (his camels fairly *lurch*) and rural France. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

Karen Shaw / Bernice Halpern—Ms. Shaw finds hidden messages in the numbers on the backs of football players, on ticket stubs, on grocery ads, and the like, by figuring that No. 1 equals A, No. 2 equals B, and so on, and manipulating the numbers until they form words. Charts illustrating the process make up this show. / Works on paper, some made with graph paper and some with paper and thread. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Philip Sherrod—Expressionist oils of landscapes, figures, and cityscapes. Through Nov. 4. (Cone, 976 Lexington Ave., at 71st St. Opens at 11:30.)

Frank Stella—Massive constructions that mark a surprising departure from his previous work. They consist of huge frames, like theatrical settings, against which are arrayed vaguely birdlike shapes cut out of sheet aluminum and built up with corrugated cardboard. Each work is named for a different bird ("Newell's Hawaiian shearwater," for instance, and "Noguchi's Okinawa woodpecker"), and each is as gaudily painted as a circus bandwagon. Through Thursday, Oct. 28. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

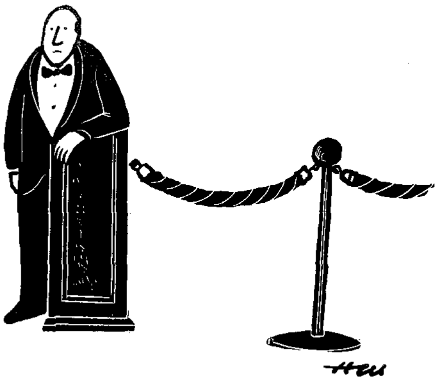
May Stevens—Realist paintings and drawings, many of them of her artist friends. Through Nov. 11. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Patricia Sutton—Abstract paintings based on a grid, by an artist who used to go by the name of Pat Lipsky. Through Nov. 10. (Deitcher-O'Reilly, 35 E. 67th St.)

Endre Szasz—There is a strong flavor of the Middle Ages to these imaginative, often Surrealist oils and temperas, painted with technical skill by a Transylvania-born artist, now resident in California, who has illustrated more than six hundred books. Through Nov. 6. (ML Gallery, 58 E. 79th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Arresting soft-pencil drawings by an artist who has been keeping tabs on the passing scene at the corner of Eleventh Street and Avenue A—stylized floozies in platform shoes and not much else, leading giant attack dogs past abandoned, stripped cars along littered streets. Through Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Paul Wiesenfeld—Pencil drawings and oil paintings by an American artist who moved to Germany several years ago and has not had to search far for subject matter, since he confines himself to depictions of his plants, his carpet, his sofa (reupholstered in one version), his veneered buffet, painstakingly rendered, and his varnished floors. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)



Henry Wo Yue-kee—Details from nature are the chief elements in these serene watercolors. Through Nov. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by André Masson, Egon Schiele, Yves Tanguy, and others. Through Nov. 27. . . . **carus**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and graphics by German Expressionists Nolde, Kirchner, and others. Also works by Russian artists. Through Nov. 20. . . . **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: An Anne Ryan collage dated 1953 is the most recent work in a show of American paintings that also includes works by William Merritt Chase, George Inness, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 27. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Matta, Dubuffet, Steinberg, and others. Through Nov. 3. . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and **gruenebaum**, 25 E. 77th St.: A joint exhibition of three American painters, two of them—Robert Motherwell and Richard Diebenkorn—well known, and the third, Stephen Edlich, a relative newcomer, whose collages usually include large areas of sacking. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Portraits and landscapes by folk artists Joseph Pickett, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Nov. 20. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by, among others, John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, and Franz Kline. Through Nov. 30.

Sculpture—Indoor and outdoor pieces in a variety of mediums by Alexander Archipenko, Bruno Lucchesi, Doris Caesar, Laura Ziegler, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Mattie Berhang—Bronze sculptures, many of them a patina green. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Interspersed among the helter-skelter watercolors of rutted snow and skull-like houses and haunted swamps for which the painter is famous are some gentle, precise, detailed pencil studies of old farm buildings that show us a new dimension of this many-sided artist. Through Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Additional watercolors and drawings, taken from practically every phase of his career. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Chryssa—Plaster-relief sculptures and neon works, all of them shown in boxlike frames, and nearly all of them based on the letter "N" seen from every which way. Through Nov. 6. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Kosso Eloul / Rita Letendre—Large rectangular polished-steel boxes leaning against one another in pairs or in groups. / Paintings of horizontal bands of color. Through Nov. 13. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—Paintings and pastels of over-scaled drinking glasses. Through Nov. 11. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Fiery abstractions of great energy, painted against solid-color backgrounds. The works are all reminiscent of ancient Chinese calligraphy. Through Nov. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Paintings, drawings, collages, constructions, and ceramics by a multiple-threat artist from California who reflects a pronounced American Indian influence in his works. Through Friday, Oct. 22. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Ed Kerns—Works that have the quality of ancient walls on which generations of graffiti have been gouged and proclamations posted, all of it obliterated by time. The effect was achieved by painting and scraping off countless coats of acrylic on heavy cardboard and interspacing the layers with sheets of canvas, parts of which were then torn off. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward Koren—Another jaunt through Koren country, inhabited by those fuzzy people and prickly animals. A number of them are seen in free-standing wooden cutouts. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Dintenfass and Sumers, both at 50 W. 57th St.)

June Leaf—Drawings and paintings that have a dashed-off, unfinished quality but reveal craftsmanship of an unusually high order, plus a number of small sculptures scissored out of sheet tin and sometimes fitted into the drawings, collage style. Most of the works center on the artist's studio-home in Nova Scotia. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Josef Levi—Paintings and drawings by an artist who juxtaposes hyperrealist still-lifes—pears, apples, bowls—against a background composed of careful copies of old and modern masters, and who often substitutes the face of a friend for the face in, say, a Cranach or Ghirlandaio. Through Thursday, Oct. 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Vincent Longo / Lowell Nesbitt—Ten years of work are represented in this collection of small paintings, all of them based on a grid pattern. Sometimes the pattern is obscured here and there by delicate blots of color that suggest a ghostly ivy creeping across a trellis. / Drawings done with a soft pencil on rough paper—leafy plants in his Broome Street studio, scenes looking out the studio window, clutters of boots and shoes—by an artist perhaps best known for his chronicling of New York City's bridges. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Henry Moore—Graphics, sculptures, and works on paper. Through Dec. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pavlos—Bottles, bowls of fruit, eggs, and so on, all made of paper. Through Nov. 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

John Pearson—Each painting in this show of what the artist has chosen to call his "Mondrian Linear Series" is a combination of five grids in five colors superimposed upon one another. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Three of his latter-day black ones, staring at one another from the walls of a stark-white gallery room with such intensity that one hesitates to step between them, are on view at the Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ An entirely different side of the man, represented by cartoons full of funny comments about himself and the contemporary art scene and by bright, cheerful collages, is on view a couple of doors away at the Truman, 38 E. 57th St. Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 30.

Margit Varga—Potato farms, waterfront scenes, and other familiar Eastern Long Island subjects. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the GENESIS, 41 E. 57th St.: Still-life paintings and drawings by thirty-three women artists, including Nell Blaine, Janet Fish, and Dalia Ramanauskas. Through Nov. 13. . . . PARSONS-DREYFUSS, 24 W. 57th St.: "Torn, Folded, and Crumpled," a show of works in various mediums by Susan Weil, Allan Hacklin, Sibyl Weil, and Richard Tuttle. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . PEARL, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of drawings by the seventeen members of the faculty of the Yale School of Art includes a realist, apolitical study of peanuts by Bernard Chaet; a colorful collage of fragmentized letters of the alphabet by Norman Ives; and several constructions done in heavy, raw-looking handmade paper by Winifred Lutz. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . ZABRISKIE, 29 W. 57th St.: Precisionist drawings by Louis Lozowick along with photographs by Berenice Abbott, Ralston Crawford, and Ralph Steiner make up an exhibit that takes its subject matter from urban structures. Through Saturday, Oct. 23.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nancy Azara—A large carved-and-painted wood sculpture, plus wood-relief carvings and drawings. Through Nov. 3. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Frances Barth—This showing of new works by a young artist who teaches at Princeton centers on three very large abstracts (one is six feet high and seventeen and a half feet long) made up of basic geometrical forms painted in strong acrylic colors and locked together in an arrangement that imparts an unusual sense of solidity. Also, sixteen oil paintings on paper, some of them preparatory for the big ones. Through Wednesday, Oct. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

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Bruce Boice—Canvases within canvases, painted in the simplest of acrylic colors and geometrical forms and fitted together like a child's puzzle; sometimes the overall arrangement is a diptych, sometimes a triptych. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jon Borofsky—Outsize drawings, the largest nine or ten feet high, which the artist projected on the gallery walls from small sketches, a few inches square, and filled in with ink, some of them against a Day-Glo background. The subjects are things he has dreamed about or experienced or read about. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Cynthia Carlson—Wall pieces built up of thick pastel squiggles of acrylic paint laid on a heavy, neutral ground, sometimes straight out of the tube and sometimes from a pastry bag. The light-gray walls of the gallery's basement room are covered with a pattern of these lively decorations in dark-gray and yellow. Through Nov. 6. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Denise Green—Isolated everyday objects—a writing table, a bridge, a house, a trapdoor—painted in flat, relatively thin colors and silhouetted against a field of the same color but much deeper in intensity. Through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Suzanne Harris—A dozen drawings of triangles, each divided into two planes—one gray and the other a deep rust—and all of them based on studies of *daleth*, the fourth letter of the Hebrew alphabet, plus a casting of one of them in pyramidal form, four feet ten inches high, done in red and silver bronze. Through Tuesday, Oct. 26. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Harry Kramer / Merrill Wagner—Black-and-white abstract paintings and drawings. / Abstract works composed of blue Liquitex and masking tape on canvas. Through Nov. 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Bernhard Lüthi—Semi-abstract oils along with landscapes in watercolor; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Malcolm Morley—Expressionistic paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Robert Morris—Outsize wall hangings made of massive sheets of thick black or white felt, sometimes slit down the middle and folded back to reveal either the bare wall or a contrasting sheet beneath, and sometimes folded like so many napkins. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Elijah Pierce—Painted-wood reliefs drawn from religious and social topics. Through Nov. 6. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Joseph Raffael—A dozen outsize, hyperrealist oil paintings of flowers (especially water lilies and hydrangeas), gravelly stratifications of rocks, and pebbles seen through the water in a clear, bubbling stream. Through Nov. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Aldo Sessa—Paintings of spherical and oval forms, suggesting some sort of germination and rendered in a hard, high gloss by an Argentine painter who has found inspiration in the poems of Jorge Luis Borges. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Sal Sirugo—Self-portraits from the last ten years. Through Nov. 4. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Alan Sonfist—Photographs, copies of historical documents, and pen-and-ink drawings are part of a show that documents a pre-Colonial forest. Through Thursday, Oct. 28. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Michelle Stuart—Strips of paper (which have impressions of rocks and earth imbedded in their surface) are affixed to the gallery walls. Through Nov. 20. (Hutchinson, in a new location, at 138 Greene St.)

Robert Watts—This wide-ranging artist, who has been known in the past for his chrome-plating of apples and hamburgers to bring out their sculptural qualities, now applies the same technique to West African tribal sculpture, eleven pieces of which are on exhibition here, plated with silver and spotlighted in a darkened room. The artist adds in a catalogue note that the Africans would no doubt have used the same plating if they had known how. Through Nov. 6. (Block, 409 West Broadway. Tuesdays, 2 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Helen Wilson—New paintings, mostly of realistic sliced-open melons, plus a mural-size charcoal drawing of the wedding party of the artist's grandparents in Germany in 1905. Through Wednesday, Oct. 27. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Seven Decades of MacDowell Artists—Paintings and sculptures by MacDowell Colony medallists and fellows, including Louise Nevelson, Georgia O'Keeffe, Willem de Kooning, Milton Avery, and Alexander Calder. Also photographic portraits. (Yu, 393 West Broadway. Sunday through Wednesday, Oct. 24-27, from 10 to 6; Thursday, Oct. 28, from 10 to 9.)

Group Shows—At the GIBSON, 392 West Broadway: The works of Joseph Beuys, Christo, and Jean Le Gac are part of an exhibit marking the gallery's fifteenth year. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . O. K. HARRIS, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Richard Pettibone and Erro; sculptures by Roger Sorcio; and conceptual work by Howard Gross. Through Nov. 6. . . . WARD-NASSE, 131 Prince St.: Paintings by Ferris Cook and Joel Roman; constructions and paintings by Harriet FeBland; and sculptures by Guy Miller. Through Nov. 4. (Open Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Morton Diamondstein—Portraits done in gouache, pastel, crayon, and any other medium that was at hand, by an artist who doesn't give up when something goes wrong—he simply pastes a paper patch over the flaw and paints it all over again, with the result that his works sometimes have quite a collage effect. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Fleischner—An outdoor piece built on the site and consisting of a trestlelike wooden ramp a hundred feet long, rising from ground level to a height of ten feet and covered with a thick green layer of growing sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Françoise Grossen—Abstract sculptural pieces made of braided fibres, mostly sisal, and inspired to some extent by Peruvian ceremonial garments. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Hadler, 35 E. 20th St.)

Peter Hayward—Peaceful-looking urban scenes. Through Friday, Oct. 22. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Norman Lewis—A retrospective of his abstract paintings. Through Nov. 19. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Twenty-one collages done in his bold style of comic-strip clarity, and so neatly pieced together that they resemble silk-screen prints. Through Friday, Oct. 29. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Young American Printmakers—An excellent exhibit of fifty graphic works—lithographs, etchings, silk screens, photo etchings, collagraphs, and so on—in styles ranging from pure abstraction to Photo-Realism, by students from sixteen universities across the country. The quality is far above what one expects at the usual students' show. Through Nov. 10. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at 1; closed Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marcel Bardon—Recent photographs, mostly of landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Richard Benson—Photographs of the Shaw Memorial (sculpted in 1897 by Augustus Saint-Gaudens in honor of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who led the first black volunteer regiment in the Civil War) on Boston Com-

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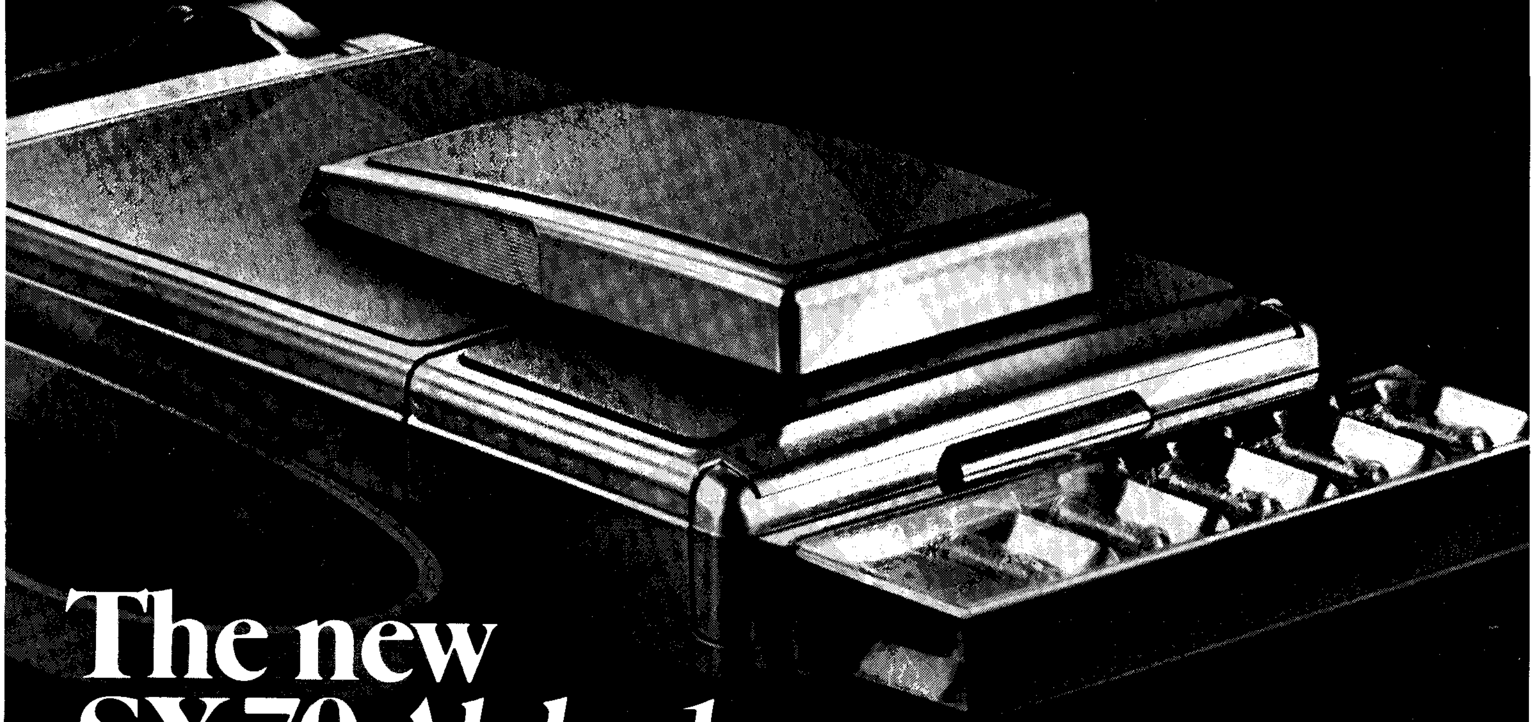

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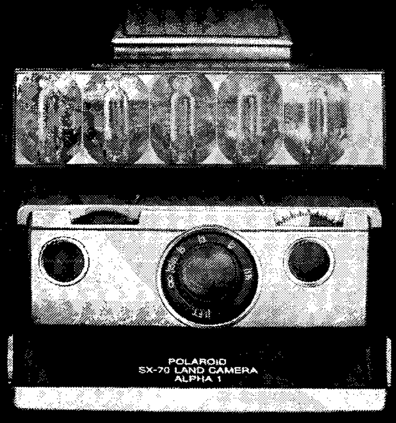

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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mon. Also related work. Through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Lee Boltin—Color photographs of art objects in museums here and abroad. Through Nov. 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Micha Kirschner—Manipulated photographs of nudes. Through Nov. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Duane Michals—A selection of a hundred and thirty prints made during the last eighteen years. Through Nov. 13. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ron Morris / Mottke Weissman—Suburban landscapes, plus portraits. / Portraits of James Baldwin, Henry Miller, Franz Kline, and other personalities from the arts. Through Nov. 7. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—Photographs of the Civil War, along with pictures taken on his several expeditions in the West and in Central America. Through Nov. 13. (Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show (admission $1) of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Nov. 14. A smaller group of pictures of Brazil by the same photographers is on view at the Neikrug Gallery (see below). (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **HELIOS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Nudes and still-lifes are the themes of this historical exhibit of more than a hundred prints, with earliest examples by W. H. Fox Talbot and Eadweard Muybridge, and the latest examples by Lilo Raymond and Joseph Sudek. The works of Strand, Weston, and Man Ray are, of course, included. Through Nov. 6.... **IMAGES**, 11 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of color prints by twenty photographers, among them Jay Maisel, Pete Turner, and Ernst Haas. Through Saturday, Oct. 30.... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of photographs by Andreas Feininger; a group of still photos by cinematographer Karl Struss (he filmed the 1932 version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which is being shown here every day at 2:30, until Wednesday, Oct. 27); and photographs of French decorative arts taken between 1925 and 1939 by Thérèse Bonney. Through Nov. 7. (Open Sundays.)... **LIGHT**, in a new location, at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Color photographs of people who are paired or grouped together by chance or choice—members of the Society of Twins, waiters at Lutèce—by Neal Slavin. / Arnold Newman, Harry Callahan, and Aaron Siskind are three of the thirty-five photographers represented in an exhibit marking the gallery's fifth anniversary. Through Saturday, Oct. 30.... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: A group of prints by Caroline Vaughan and Vincent Vallarino. / Pictures of Brazil, these taken from the larger collection on exhibit at the Center for Inter-American Relations. Through Nov. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs documenting American life during the Depression and the years leading up to the Second World War, taken by eleven Farm Security Administration photographers, among them Ben Shahn, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and John Vachon. Through Dec. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of Andrew Wyeth's works (preliminary studies through the finished paintings) that originated at the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and at the Olson house in Maine. Through Feb. 6.... ¶ The museum is in the process of laying out new quarters for its Egyptian collection (which is so tremendous that a lot of it has not been seen practically since the time of Queen Tiy), and thirteen galleries have now been opened to view. There will just be time to see it all before the next segment is opened, in the fall of 1978. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise," a show that examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteen-hundreds to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Through Nov. 30.... ¶ A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Nov. 14.... ¶ Eleven bronze studies (exhibited indoors) for Rodin's "Monument to Balzac," which is permanently located in the museum's sculpture garden. Through Nov. 16.... ¶ A show of twenty-five flags that won a recent nationwide flag competition. Through Sunday, Oct. 24.... ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition of paintings (all dating from 1945) from the museum's own collection and of paintings the museum does not own but would like to. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is also being shown. Through Jan. 16. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Oct. 25, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe" is a retrospective paying homage to one of our major national resources, from whom an incredible number of blessings flow, and it includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Feb. 6. Complementary shows are at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; and at the Brewster Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... ¶ More than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the John D. Rockefeller 3rd collection of American art. The dates of the works range from the Colonial period to the present, but the nineteenth century (Hicks, Chase, Bingham, Johnson, etc.) claims the largest share. Through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A selection of natural-history books (on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum), along with examples of the Chelsea china and contemporary wallpapers whose motifs were derived from the books' illustrations. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Through Dec. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design is a collaborative effort of an international group of artists, architects, and designers headed by Austrian architect Hans Hollein, and is devoted to nothing less (*parbleu!*) than the function of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A life-size female deity carved from a single block of wood and a bronze mirror fragment, both from the eleventh century, are part of an exhibition, called "Shinto Arts," on loan from shrines, temples, museums, and private collectors in Japan. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Samples of American advertising (promotional objects, posters, catalogues, etc.) dating from the eighteen-forties to the beginning of this century. Starts Thursday, Oct. 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

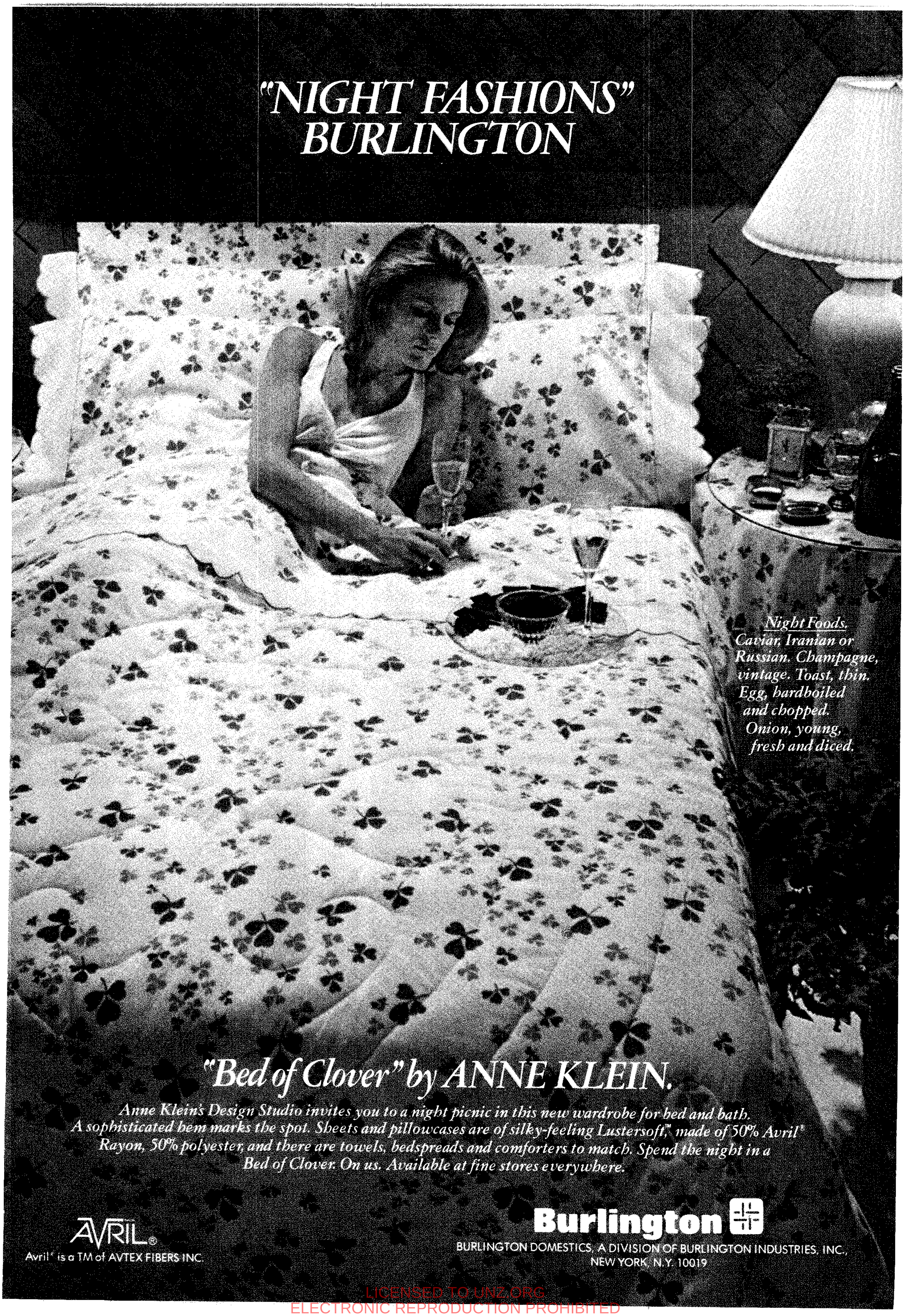
Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Drawings and prints in mixed mediums by Freida High. Through Nov. 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, Justino Diaz, and Richard Stilwell; conducted by Leopold Hager.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Bergonzi, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "Die Meistersinger," with Mary Ellen Pracht, Shirley Love, John Alexander, and Norman Bailey; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 25: "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Bergonzi, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris, Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 26: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, Justino Díaz, and Richard Stilwell; Leopold Hager.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 27: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean



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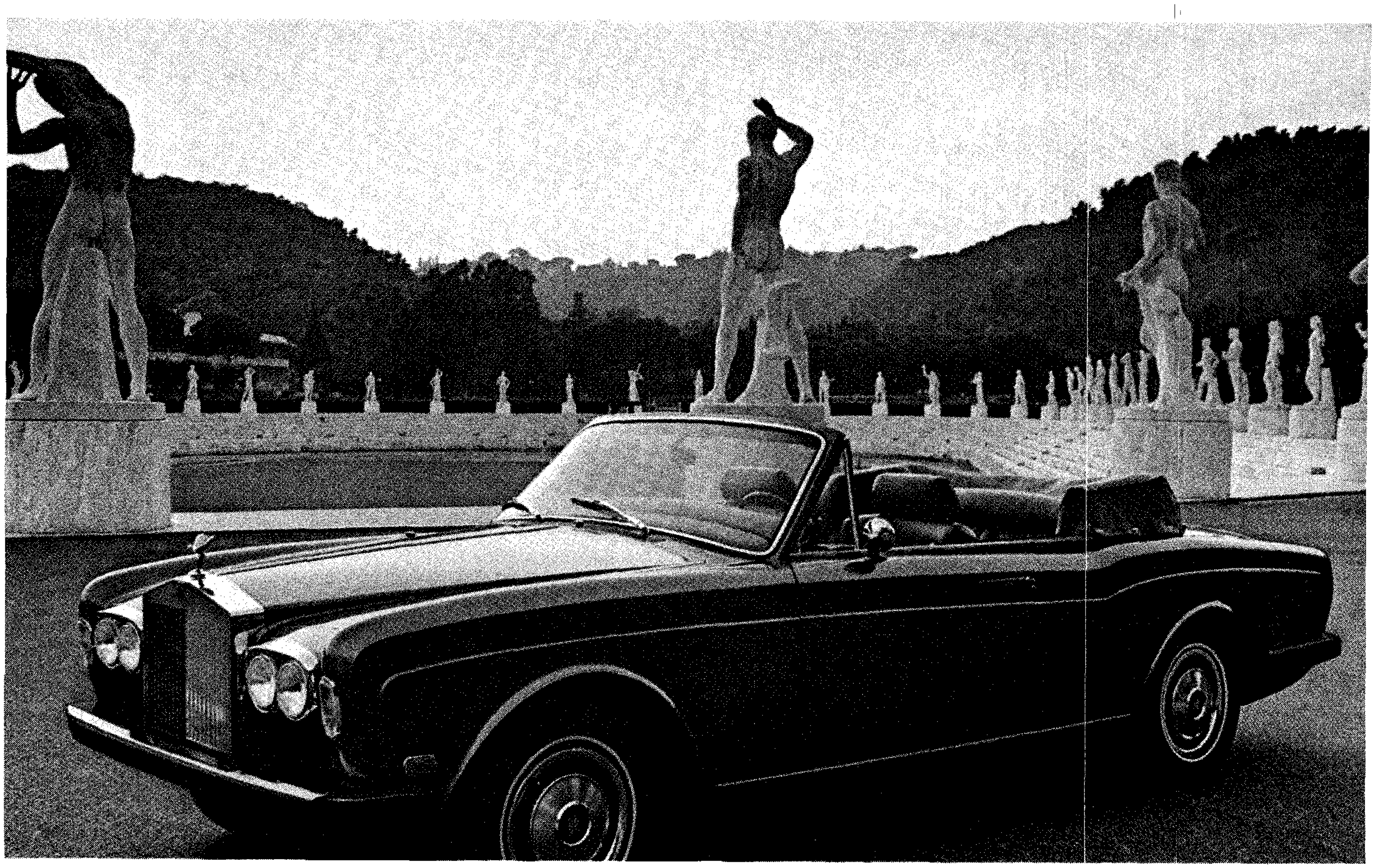

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In a world of win or lose, few artists have triumphed over the machine.

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Once the pride of royalty and the envy of artisans, this craftsman of old is alive and well in the workshops of London that bear the name of Mulliner Park Ward. And one of his greatest achievements is the Rolls-Royce Corniche.

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The classic lines of the Corniche are shaped entirely by the master coachbuilder's hands. And you can select either a Convertible or a Coupé. In either case, you'll find yourself at the beginning of a love affair that may never end, because La Corniche was born with the heart of a great driver and the soul of a great engineer. The driver was Charles Stewart Rolls. The engineer was Frederick Henry Royce. And together, they had the passion and the patience to build one masterpiece after another by hand.

This explains why more than half of all the Rolls-Royce motor cars ever built are still humming along. This also explains why the pleasure of a Corniche is in your very fingertips.

You can feel it at the touch of the wheel, the English hide leather and the matching walnut veneers. And you can sense it in every curve of a serpentine road. For beneath her artistic exterior, the Corniche is a superb machine that obeys your every wish.

The Priceless Asset

In return for her considerable purchase price of $67,500,* a Corniche Convertible will remind you that she is the rarest of things.

A motor car that may very well be more valuable to own as the years roll quietly by.

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*Suggested U.S. Retail Price, August 1, 1976.
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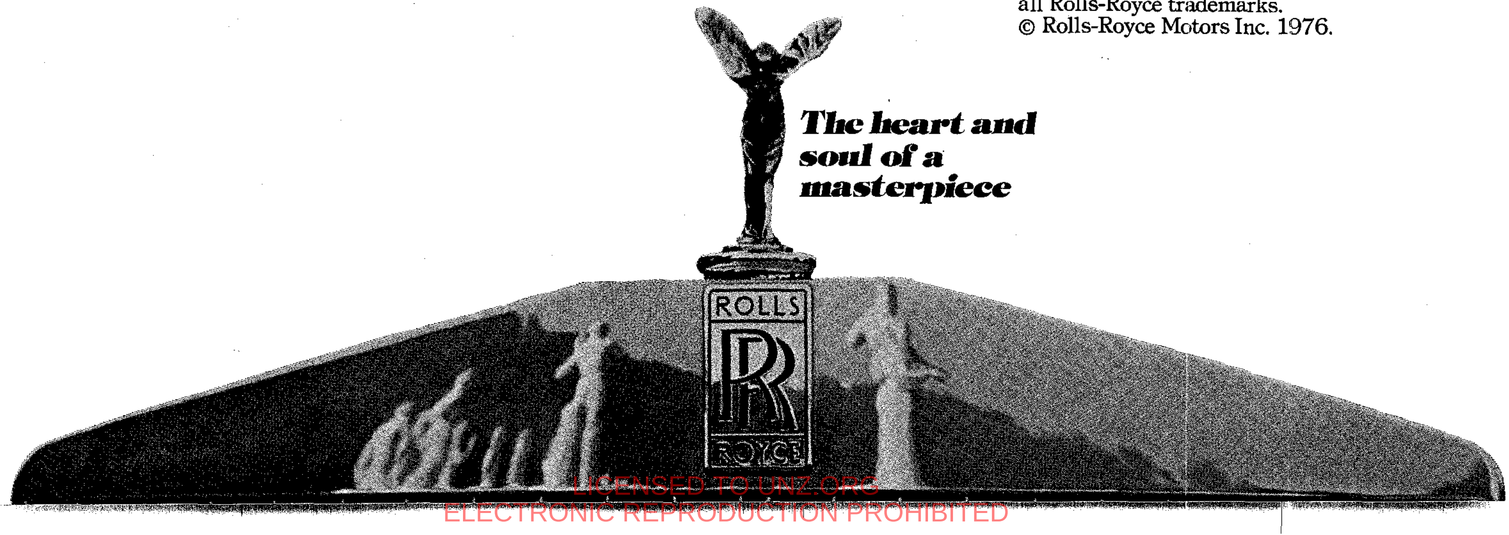

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Kraft, Gianfranco Cecchele, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, Matteo Manuguerra, and James Morris; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mary Ellen Pracht, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Norman Bailey; Sixten Ehrling. (Evenings at 8; on Saturday, Oct. 30, at 7. Matinées at 1.)

New York City Opera—Friday, Oct. 22, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Spiro Malas, Kenneth Collins, and Guillermo Sarabia; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Earline Ballard, Guillermo Sarabia, Stan Unruh, and Mark Munkittrick; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 1: "La Bohème," with Emily Derr, Eleanor Bergquist, Ermanno Mauro, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 24, at 7: A new production of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and William Harness; Sarah Caldwell. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Joseph Evans, Charlie Stavola, Richard McKee, David Griffith, and David Holloway; John Miner. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and William Harness; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Carmen," with Barbara Conrad, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, Robert Hale, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, John Sandor, Charlie Stavola, Richard McKee, David Griffith, and David Holloway; John Miner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Beverly Sills, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and William Harness; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, Ermanno Mauro, Richard Fredricks, and William Ledbetter; Gigi Campanino. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Pierre Boulez conducting: Performances of Mahler's Third Symphony on Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 22, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30 (all with Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano, plus the Camerata Singers, the Boys' Choir of the Little Church Around the Corner, the Trinity School Boys' Choir, and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus); and a varied program on Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 29, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 7:30 (all with Leonid Kogan, violin). . . . **CARNEGIE HALL**, Pierre Boulez conducting the last in a "Mahler-month" of concerts, this one another performance of Mahler's Third Symphony, on Monday, Oct. 25, at 8:30 (with Miss Minton, the Camerata Singers, and the three boys' choirs).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing the opening performances of the season here, Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin" in concert form, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Joy Davidson, mezzo-soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 20-21, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Gerald Tarack conducting the first in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Handel's Concerti Grossi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Coffee Concert—Richard Kapp conducting the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, with Jacqueline Pierce, soprano; David Britton, tenor; and Bruce Fifer, baritone. The first in a series of five hour-long concerts, following which the artists will mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 4.)

Fires of London—Peter Maxwell Davies conducting his chamber orchestra in a Schoenberg-Davies program, with Mary Thomas, reciter. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and horn players Anthony Miranda, Sharon Moe, Larry Wechsler, and Ron Sell. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Mozart program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29-30, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting, with Ursula Oppens, piano; Yuval Waldman, violin; David Hopkins, clarinet, and the National Jazz Ensemble. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Louis Lane directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the second of two programs of American choral music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

RECITALS

Christine Walevska—Cello, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca—Violin, with the Music Fraternity, a group of nine musicians who perform without a conductor, in a program of Bach concertos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano, in a program called "Composers I Have Known and Played For." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Grete Sultan and John Cage—Piano and speaker, in a program of Cage works. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, with the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, in an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Paula Robison, flute. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music—Shmuel Ashkenasi and Ani Kavafian, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Julius Levine, bass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2.)

Philidor Trio—With Mary Springfels, viols, and Lucy Cross, lute. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2:30.)

Jean Langlais—Organ. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 24, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Barbara Hill—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Stephanie Brown—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Grant Johannesen—The first in a series of three recitals of piano music of France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of three programs, this one devoted to the music of George Crumb, Betsy Jolas, and Giacinto Scelsi. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Joy Simpson—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Festival Winds—The first in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Mozart's music for winds, this one with Julius Levine, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Prospective Encounter—Pierre Boulez and David Gilbert directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the first in a series of three programs of contemporary chamber music. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 29. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Michael Schuman—Trumpet, in an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Waverly Consort—Presenting a fully staged production of "Le Roman de Fauvel," a program of poetry, music, and visual art based on the fourteenth-century "Fauvel" collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 20, and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 3.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. Cincinnati. The fourth and, if necessary, fifth games at Yankee Stadium, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 20-21. After that, if the tug-of-war is still on, back to Cincinnati for final games on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23-24. Local games will start at 8:30.

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Oct. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:05.

College Football—**FRIDAY, OCT. 22:** Fordham vs. Montclair State, at Fordham, at 8. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 23:** Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Concordia, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 30:** Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Bethune-Cookman vs. Norfolk State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Pace, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Massachusetts, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 24: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games

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at 7:35): Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 27. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:05.

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 23. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:05, and Saturday between 11 and 1:15.). . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Oct. 25, through Friday, Dec. 31. The Jamaica Handicap, Monday, Oct. 25, and the Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Thursday, Oct. 28, at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The New Jersey Futurity, Monday, Oct. 25. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1; through Thursday, Oct. 21. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Friday, Oct. 22, through Friday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 23, and the Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 30.

TRACK—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Oct. 24, at the tollbooth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end at the Central Park West Drive, at W. 69th St., at approximately 12:45.

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

POETRY READINGS—John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Jack Gilbert and John Ashbery reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 25, at 8.). . . ¶ Charles Wright and Michael Dennis Browne reading from their own works. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8. Admission is free.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The Fall Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) Friday through Sunday, Oct. 22-24, from 10 to 5. . . . ¶ Starting Saturday, Oct. 23, seventy-two varieties of mums will be featured in the annual Chrysanthemum Show of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 25, from 11 to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: Impressionist paintings, together with modern paintings and sculptures, including works by Picasso, Renoir, Delacroix, and Giacometti; the property of Susan Clark Lefferts and others. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3692. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: Contemporary art, from a number of owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3692. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 10:15: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, bronzes, and other works of art; from various sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 26-27, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu;* from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 28, at 11 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, including a large group of Demuth watercolors and drawings; from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 2: More than a hundred and fifty musical instruments, among them two Stradivarius violins, a double virginal by Hans Ruckers, and a glass flute; from the estate of Pierre F. Goodrich and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 23.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 26: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
From Oct. 27: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Julius Caesar."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 26: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From Oct. 27: "Burnt Offerings" and "Theatre of Blood."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Oct. 21: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).
From Oct. 22: "Massacre at Central High" and "The Teacher."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 26: "Logan's Run" and "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From Oct. 27: "Obsession."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Oct. 20: "Blazing Saddles" and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
Oct. 21-26: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From Oct. 27: "All the President's Men" and "The Conversation."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Black Emmanuelle" (X-rated).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Barry Lyndon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Alex & the Gypsy."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Oct. 21: "Sunday Woman."
From Oct. 22: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 23: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
From Oct. 24: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bugsy Malone."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Story of Sin."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Spirit of the Beehive."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Song Remains the Same."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Small Change."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Car Wash."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Return of the Pink Panther" and "The Sunshine Boys."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Memory of Justice."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 23: "Keetje Tippel."
From Oct. 24: "The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Marathon Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 26: "Obsession."
From Oct. 27: "Burnt Offerings."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 26: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "The Sunshine Boys."
From Oct. 27: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Ritz."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 21: "Sounder, Part 2."
From Oct. 22: "Massacre at Central High."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Car Wash."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Norman . . . Is That You?"

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 21: "The Human Tornado."
From Oct. 22: "Mansion of the Doomed" and "Tales from the Crypt."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Emmanuelle" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Ritz."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Car Wash."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 26: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "The Sunshine Boys."
From Oct. 27: "Norman . . . Is That You?"

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 23: "Spellbound" and "Notorious." Oct. 24-26: "Rebecca" and "The Paradine Case." From Oct. 27: "Obsession" and "Taxi Driver."
Theatre 2: "The Clockmaker."
Theatre 3: "Idi Amin Dada."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 26: "Misty Beethoven" (X-rated). From Oct. 27: "All the President's Men."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Silent Movie."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"A Matter of Time."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Solaris." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 20.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Edvard Munch."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 26: "The Shootist" and "Three Days of the Condor."
From Oct. 27: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Ritz."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 26: "Gone with the Wind."
From Oct. 27: "Burnt Offerings."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Silent Movie."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Ritz."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 21: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated). From Oct. 22: "Mansion of the Doomed."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 21: "Let's Talk About Men." From Oct. 22: "Massacre at Central High."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 26: To be announced.
From Oct. 27: "All the President's Men" and "The Candidate."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 26: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "The Sunshine Boys."
From Oct. 27: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 26: "The Shootist" and "Three Days of the Condor."
From Oct. 27: "Obsession" and "The Fortune."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 20: "Accattone!" (1961), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and "Stromboli" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman.
Oct. 21: "Killer's Kiss" (1955), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Frank Silvera; and "The Killing" (1956), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.
Oct. 22: "The Curse of Frankenstein" (†) and "Horror of Dracula." (†)
Oct. 23: "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "The Birds" (1963), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tippi Hedren.
Oct. 24: "Milestones." (†)
Oct. 25: "Vampyr" (1932), in German, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau.
Oct. 26: Two new films from West Germany—"Effi Briest," directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and "Das Messer im Ruecken," directed by Ottoker Runze.
Oct. 27: "Variety Lights" (†); and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.
Oct. 28: "Paths of Glory" (†) and "Lolita." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 20: "Night Moves" (1975), directed by Arthur Penn, with Gene Hackman and Jennifer Warren; and "Deep End" (1971), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown.
Oct. 21: "Crime and Punishment" (1970), in Russian, directed by Lev Kulijanov.
Oct. 22: "Weekend" (1968), in French, di-

rected by Jean-Luc Godard, with Mireille Darc; and "La Collectionneuse." (†)

Oct. 23: "The Conversation" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Gene Hackman; and "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

Oct. 24: "Marnie" (†); and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau.

Oct. 25: "Nazarin" (1958), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal; and "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

Oct. 26: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Lonesome Cowboy." (†)

Oct. 27: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "The Spider's Stratagem." (†)

Oct. 28: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "King Lear" (1971), directed by Peter Brook, with Paul Scofield.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Oct. 20: "High Sierra" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Oct. 20: "The Tattooed Swordswoman" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Teyou Ishii; and "Portrait of Hell" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.

Oct. 21: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Tropic of Cancer" (1970), directed by Joseph Strick, with Rip Torn.

Oct. 22: "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; "Steelyard Blues" (1973), directed by Alan Myerson, with Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, and Peter Boyle; and "Two-Lane Blacktop." (†)

Oct. 23: "Mahler" (†); and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Oct. 24: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (†); "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; "A Thousand Clowns" (†); and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, Antonio Fargas, and Shelley Winters.

Oct. 25: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

Oct. 26: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal.

Oct. 27: "Machibuse" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki; and "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 28: "The Great Dictator" (1940), "Modern Times" (1936), and "A King in New York" (1957), all films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 23: "Adam's Rib" (1949) and "Keeper of the Flame" (1943), both films directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

Oct. 24-26: "Long Day's Journey Into Night." (†)

From Oct. 27: "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson.

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Oct. 20: "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

Oct. 21-23: "Lenny" (1974), directed by Bob Fosse, with Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman.

Oct. 24-25: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Thomas Crown Affair." (†)

Oct. 26-27: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

From Oct. 28: "Hi, Mom!" (†) and "Greetings." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 20: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Oct. 21-22: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Stormy Weather" (1943), directed by Andrew Stone, with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

Oct. 23-25: "Broadway Melody of 1938" (†) and "Broadway Melody of 1940." (†)

Oct. 26-28: "Queen Christina" (†) and "Catherine the Great." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 21 at 2:30: "The Adventures of Prince Achmed" (1926), directed by Lotte Reiniger and Carl Koch, an animated silhouette film; German inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tony Randall, Jayne Mansfield, and Betsy Drake. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8:30: "The Iron Petticoat" (1956), directed by Ralph Thomas, with Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn, James Robertson Justice, and Robert Helpmann. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30: "Mister Roberts" (1955), directed by John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy, with Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: "The Adventures of Prince Achmed." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at noon: "Alias Jesse James" (1959), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming, and Wendell Corey. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30: "Pillow Talk" (1959), directed by Michael Gordon, with Doris Day, Rock Hudson, Tony Randall, and Thelma Ritter. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5: "Teacher's Pet" (1958), directed by George Seaton, with Clark Gable, Doris Day, and Gig Young. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at noon and 2:30: "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 5: "Forbidden Fruit" (1921), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Agnes Ayres and Theodore Roberts. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at noon: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2:30: "Desk Set" (1957), directed by Walter Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Gig Young, and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6: "Lost Lost Lost: Diaries, Notes & Sketches, Reels 1-6, 1949-63" (1976), directed by Jonas Mekas. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at noon: "The Raven" (1963), directed by Roger Corman, with Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, and Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2:30: "No Time for Sergeants" (1958), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Andy Griffith, Myron McCormick, and Nick Adams. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 2:30: "Abraham Lincoln" (1930), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Walter Huston and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 6: "The Nutty Professor" (1963), directed by Jerry Lewis, with Mr. Lewis and Stella Stevens. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 8:30: "The Big Mouth" (1967), directed by, and with, Jerry Lewis. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 24: "Dineh: The People," directed by Jonathan R. Reinis and Stephen Hornick. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 26: "Video Matrix," directed by Andy Mann. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (9:45 on Tuesday). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Kubelka, Keaton, Landow, Hanoun, Kirsanoff, Gusella, Mekas, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Méliès, Vertov, Emshwiller, and others. Showings Oct. 20-22 at 7 and 9; Oct. 23 at 2:30 and 7; Oct. 24 at 8; Oct. 26-27 at 7 and 9; and Oct. 28 at 8.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Oct. 21-24: A program of twelve short films under the title "Computer & Video Films." . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 28: "The Last of the Cuiva" (1971), directed by Brian Moser; and "A Clearing in the Jungle" (1970), directed by Charles Nairn. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alex & the Gypsy—Off the beaten track, but that's just about the only thing you can give it points for. Jack Lemmon is Alex, a cynical, loquacious bailbondsman, whose character is taken from the Stanley Elkin short novel "The Bailbondsman," but the movie involves him with a gypsy (Geneviève Bujold) invented by the screenwriter, Lawrence B. Marcus. Lemmon is always up, and works desperately hard. And so Bujold, who's meant to be the vibrant, tempestuous one, has to fight him for every bit of audience attention, and what should be a love story is a shouting match—ersatz D. H. Lawrence and ersatz Billy Wilder. Directed by John Korty. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/76.) (Sutton.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors but perhaps too good-looking for a newsroom. Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. A carefully observant film about the process of catechizing, the manner of political casuistry, and the courage of uncelebrated and endangered people. (4/12/76) (Murray Hill, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; starting Oct. 27.)

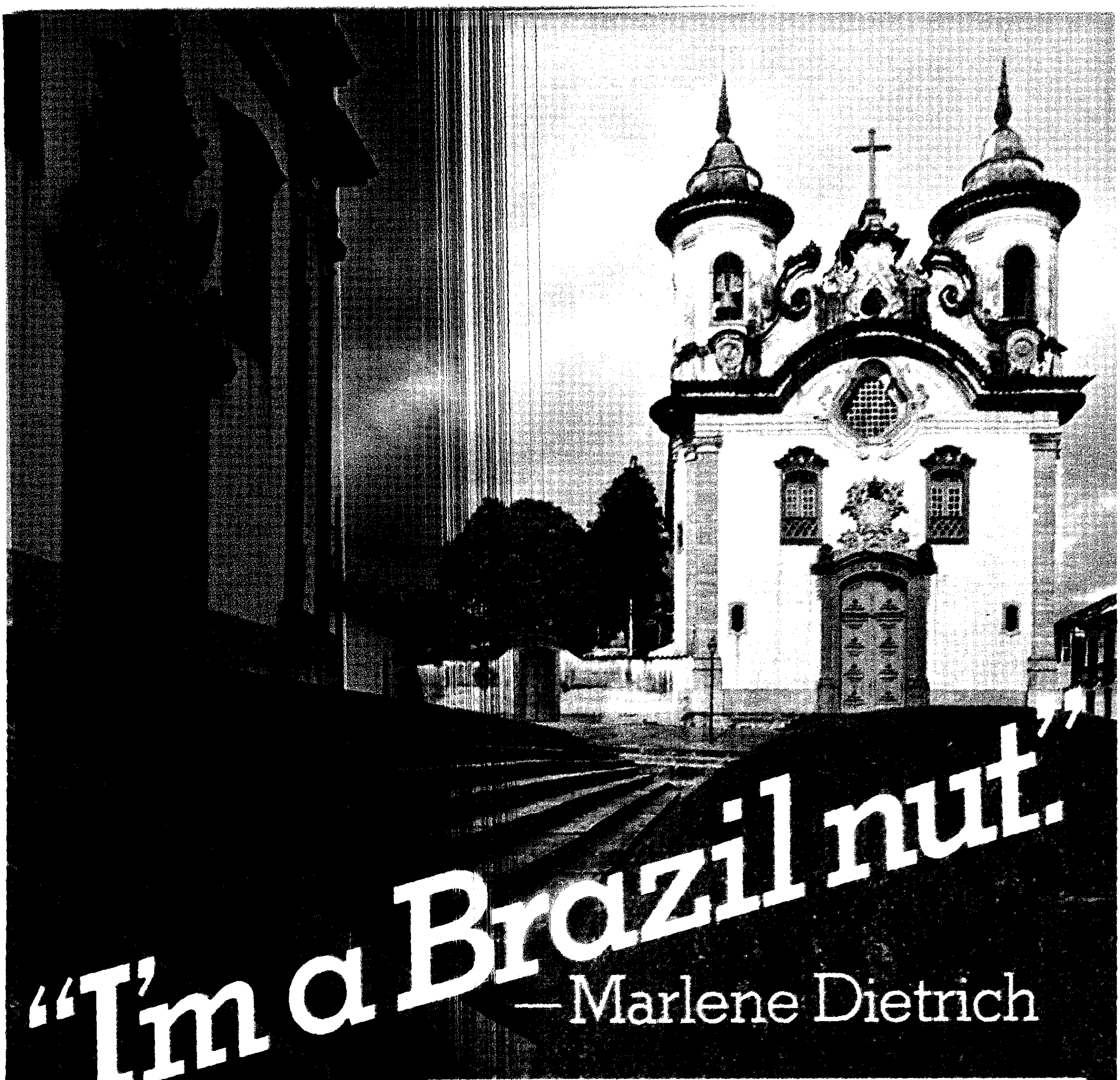
Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (10/29/75) (Eastside Cinema.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Clevon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Murray Hill; Oct. 20.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a bit refined, and the movie goes soft and romantic, but there's some very funny stuff along the way, especially the cocktail party. With Patricia Neal, George Peppard, and Martin Balsam, and with Mickey Rooney in a wild caricature of a Japanese. Blake Edwards directed George Axelrod's adaptation of the Capote novella. (Elgin; Oct. 24.)

Broadway Melody of 1938—An M-G-M musical with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, but not at their top, and the director is Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 23-25.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he



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couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs are reprised, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 23-25.)

Bugsy Malone—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and, among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Baronet.)

Burnt Offerings—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 27.)

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 27.)

Car Wash—With Franklyn Ajaye, directed by Michael Schultz. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia I, Loews Ciné, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Plaza; through Oct. 23.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Grandly staged junk, historically a whopper but reliable as entertainment. With Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson, and Gerald du Maurier. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26-28.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema.)

La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Murray Hill; starting Oct. 27.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings. Full of Rabelaisian cheer and finely acted. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

The Curse of Frankenstein (1957)—The Hammer Horror Studios made nearly three million bucks with this one in the U. S. alone—not all that justly. Peter Cushing is here, of course, plus Robert Urquhart and Marjorie Hume; feeble script, but directed by Terence Fisher, who knew his Hammer onions. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. Munch is played by Geir Westby, and the love of Munch's life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Festival.)

The Fortune (1975)—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe. Jack Nicholson has some high comic moments, but the film isn't likable. (Olympia; starting Oct. 27.)

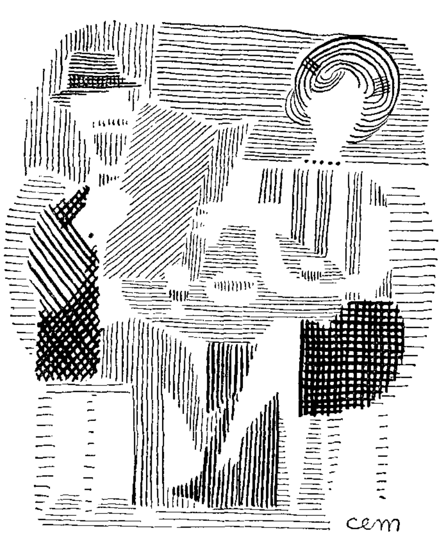
The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 26.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 28.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 28.)

Horror of Dracula (1958)—One of the better Hammer Horror Studios' horrors. Peter Cushing looks as oddly ascetic as ever, like a very distinguished headwaiter off his food. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22.)



How Funny Can Sex Be?—With Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Idi Amin Dada (1974)—A documentary about the Ugandan General. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (Quad Cinema.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Fine Arts; starting Oct. 22.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Art; starting Oct. 27.)

Keetje Tippel—With Monique van de Ven, directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (68th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 23.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, she is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (8/16/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 21.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Gramercy; through Oct. 26.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy. James Mason is the lover of little girls, the smiling, obsequious, phony Humbert Humbert; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed; Nabokov did the adaptation from his novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 28.)

Lonesome Cowboys (1969)—Various forms of casual molestation—and some comedy—in the Southwest. Andy Warhol directed and photographed. With Viva, Joe Dallesandro, and Taylor Mead. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's O'Neill's greatest, most exalted play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. (Regency; Oct. 24-26.)

Mahler—Ken Russell's lurid love for music is well-known: sober and good in his early days at the BBC, where he worked on film biographies of Delius, Elgar, and Richard Strauss, he has lately been producing stinkers, in pieces about Tchaikovsky, Liszt, and Mahler. Mahler is well played by Robert Powell, though he stares through us rather like a medium in a trance. Composing music is not a trance; it's hard work, like plumbing. (4/26/76) (Elgin; Oct. 23.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as

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Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Plaza; through Oct. 23.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Oct. 26.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a leadpipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Marnie (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

The Marquise of O . . .—With Edith Clever, directed by Eric Rohmer. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 24.)

A Matter of Time—With Liza Minnelli, Ingrid Bergman, and Charles Boyer; directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Music Hall.)

The Memory of Justice—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extended his inquiry in so many directions that he lost his subject; despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Beekman.)

Milestones (1975)—An acted-out, cross-section view of what the young radicals of the sixties are doing in the seventies—how they're trying to find a revolutionary way of life. It's so long (195 minutes) and so miserably structured that the viewer can't tell who is living with whom, or where, or what the economic base of any of the groups is. The directors, Robert Kramer and John Douglas (who also wrote and edited the film), cut back and forth among people living in communes and burned-out apartments and on the road, who talk about their feelings, and the need to be open about those feelings, in banal, strangely indirect and abstract terms. It's all so maundering and haphazard that it looks like an after-apocalypse movie; this is certainly part of the point, but we never get to understand what the directors' principles of selection were. With Douglas playing a blind potter, Grace Paley playing a filmmaker, and David C. Stone as Joe, of Joe's Bar. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 24.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Murray Hill; Oct. 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 26.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Oct. 27.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, and Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Oct. 27.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 24-26.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Stanley Kubrick's film about the First World War. The issues were simpler, it's true, but nothing that Kubrick does is ever unsophisticated or without an echoing shrewdness. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 28.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26-28.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 24-26.)

The Return of the Pink Panther (1975)—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. Clouseau's off-center concentration here drives his boss crazy; the boss is brilliantly played by Herbert Lom, reborn in irascible comedy. Sellers' talent for great slapstick is a joy. So is his peculiar and peculiarly contagious English: the consonants stay in place but the vowels run haywire. The first-class screenplay is by Frank Waldman and Blake Edwards (owing a bit to a famous thriller by Hitchcock). Directed by Blake Edwards in the right sober tone for custard pies. (6/2/75) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Symphony; through Oct. 26.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (U. A. East, Waverly, Paramount, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

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jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill; Oct. 21-26.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—With Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Duvall, and Nicol Williamson; directed by Herbert Ross. (Plaza; starting Oct. 24.)

The Shootist—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (Playboy, and Olympia; through Oct. 26.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Cinema II.)

Solaris—A sci-fi film, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. In Russian. (Ziegfeld. No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 20.)

The Song Remains the Same—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (Cinema I.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Art; through Oct. 26.)

Sounder, Part 2—With Harold Sylvester, Ebony Wright, and Taj Mahal; directed by William Graham. (Loews Orpheum; through Oct. 21.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet, with all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 27.)

The Spirit of the Beehive—Directed by Victor Erice. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith.)

Story of Sin—Directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In Polish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Art; starting Oct. 27.)

Sunday Woman—This semi-satirical whodunit set in Turin among the bored, decadent rich is equipped with three star names (Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marcello Mastroianni, Jacqueline Bisset), but the social observations are too small and too archly obvious to have any bite, and it doesn't have suspense—just complication. On Bisset's face even a deadpan looks good; it adds to her high-fashion glaze. But everybody else walks through this blankly, too. It's a bummer. Directed by Luigi Comencini; written by Age and Scarpelli. In Italian. (Fine Arts; through Oct. 21.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines to be halfway tolerable. With Richard Benjamin. (11/17/75) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Symphony; through Oct. 26.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Murray Hill; Oct. 21-26.)

Tales from the Crypt (1972)—Five stories directed by Freddie Francis. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 22.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 27.)

Theatre of Blood (1973)—Vincent Price as a Donald Wolfitish actor taking a comically dastardly revenge on critics. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 27.)

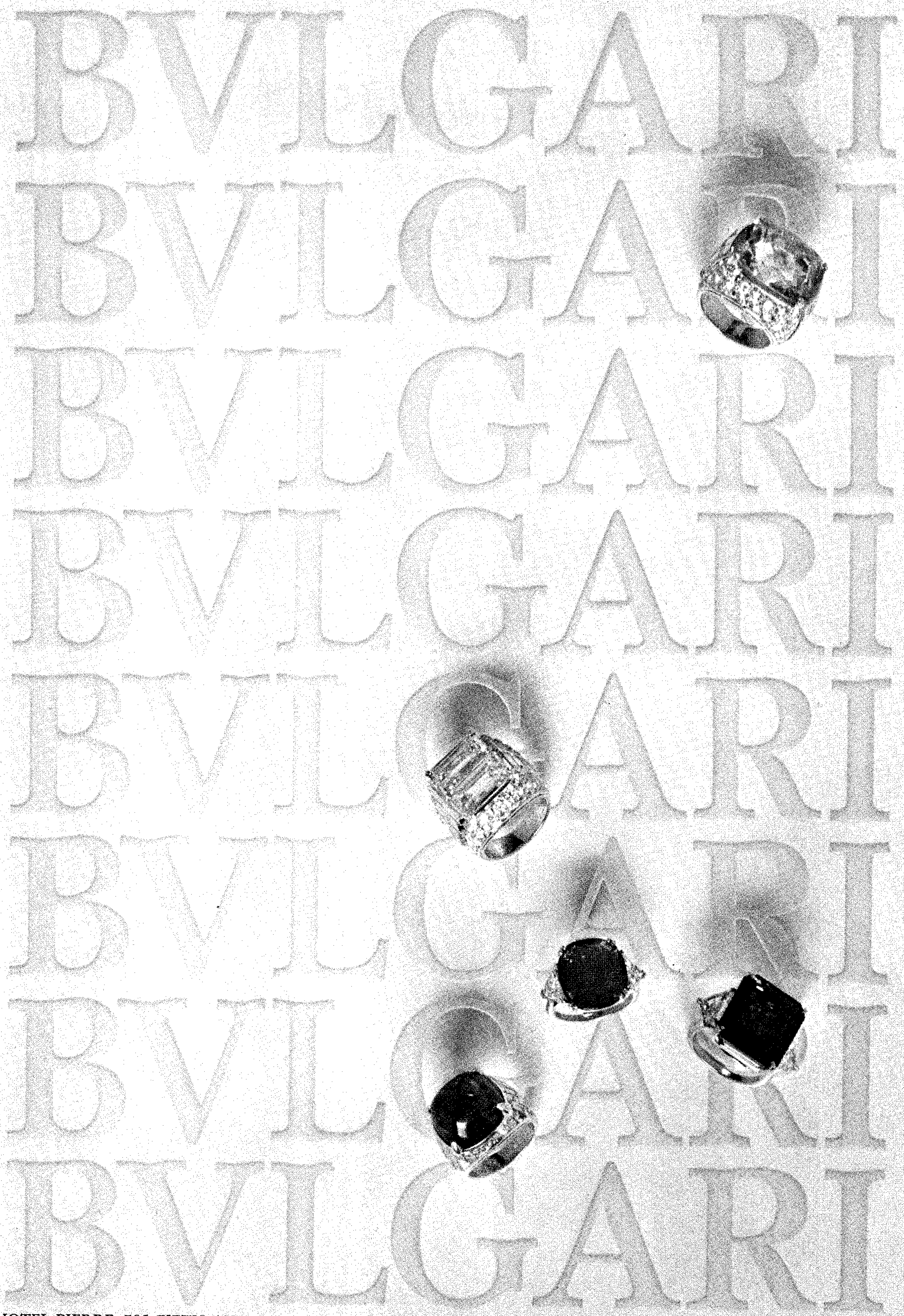
The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwit's a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen is at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Oct. 24-25.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Elgin; Oct. 24.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Playboy, and Olympia; through Oct. 26.)

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Elgin; Oct. 22.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 27.)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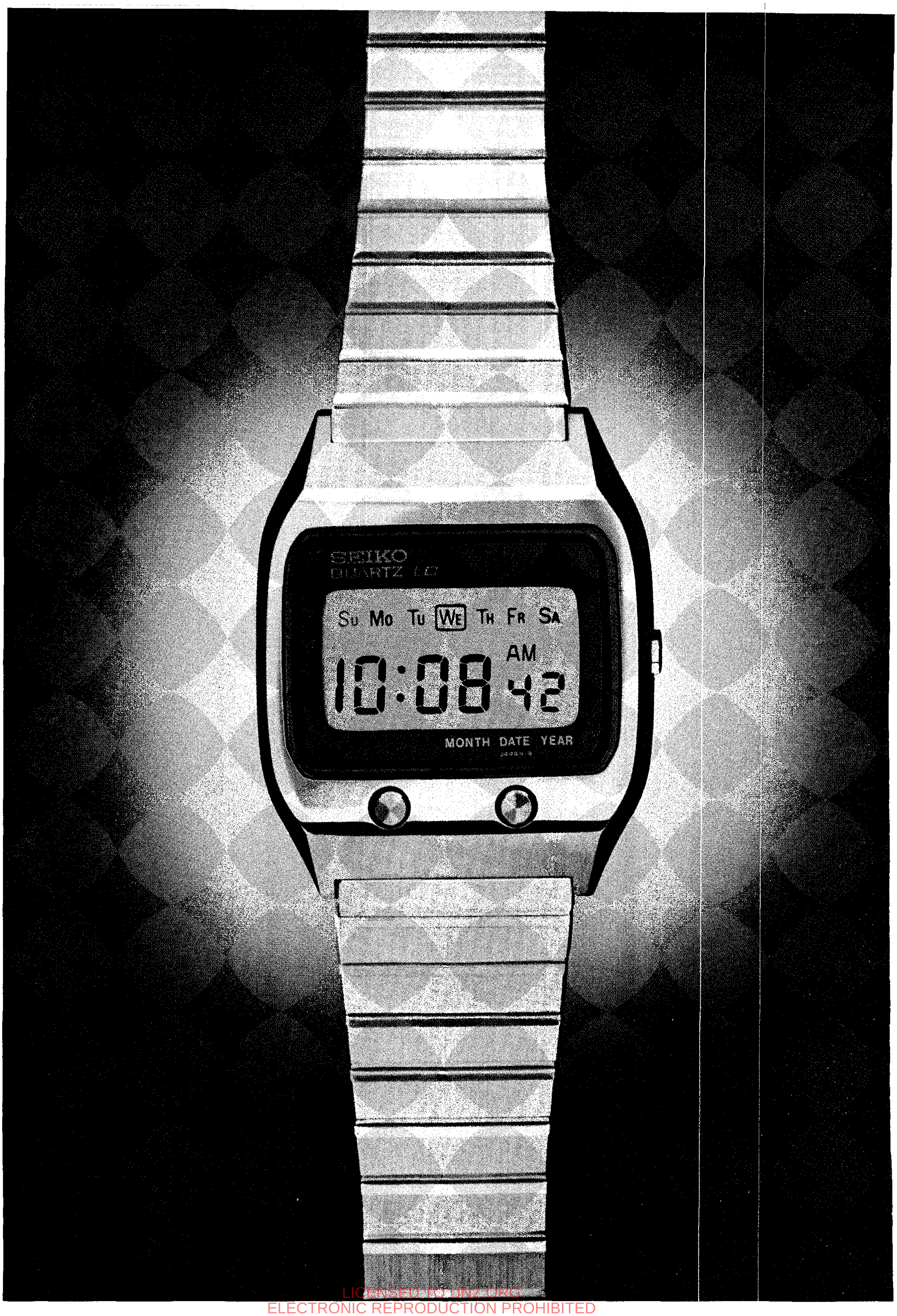
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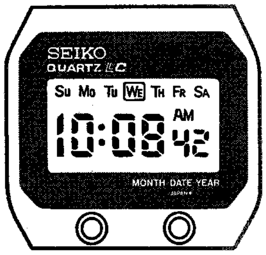
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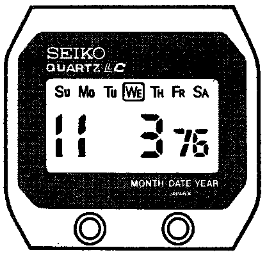
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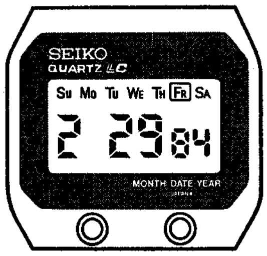
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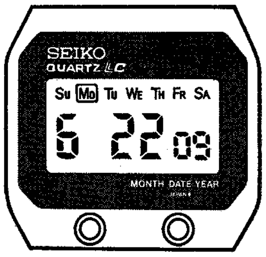
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours, a young woman from Antigua, was here in the States for a short visit, and since we hadn't been to Antigua in more than ten years we asked her what things were like there.

"It's just like up here," she said. "We have everything down there that you have up here. Same fashions, same music. Except for Colonel Sanders. We don't have a Colonel Sanders. But I know that if we did, it would go over very well."

We asked her if there was an EST or an Arica Institute or any other kind of consciousness-raising group there.

"What are those?" she asked.

We explained as clearly as we could what those are.

"Oh," she said in an overly polite tone of voice—a tone of voice (we remembered it from past conversations with this young woman) that she uses to people when she thinks they are being really silly, or going too far.

We asked if The Fonz was popular there.

"The Fonz," she said. "What's that?"

We told her that The Fonz was a popular character named Fonzie, in a popular American television show. We told her how he styled his hair and the kinds of fifties clothes he wears, and we showed her his thumbs-up gesture.

She brightened up at this and said, "Well, we haven't heard of him yet, but even if it takes years we'll know about him. We pick up all the really good, stylish American things."

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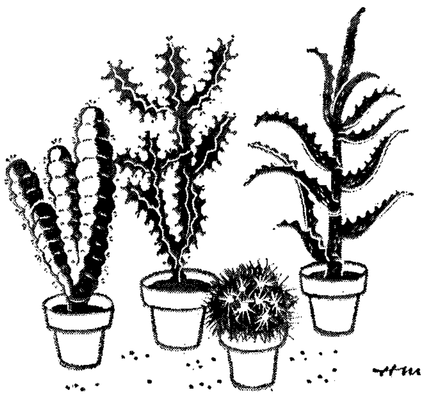
Cooper-Hewitt Transformed

THE Cooper-Hewitt Museum, also known as the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design, opened early this month in the old Carnegie House, on Fifth Avenue between Ninetieth and Ninety-first Streets, with a show called "Man Transforms: Aspects of Design." This event has been heralded with and accompanied by a prolonged fanfare, corresponding roughly to a salute of twenty-one guns, once a perk of the Nizam of Hyderabad. An article last summer in *Art News*, "The Cooper-Hewitt Goes Public;" color-illustrated coverage in *New York;* three half-page pieces in the *Times;* a page in *Newsweek;* four feature articles in the *Smithsonian Torch*, a house organ; and two dances, on successive nights, in a big tent in the museum's garden, patronized by such ornaments of society as the Douglas Auchinclosses, the S. Dillon Ripleys (he is the Smithsonian's secretary), Lee Radziwill, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce III. *New York's* salute, which included the statement "The city of great museums gets still another jewel for its crown of art," quoted the jewel's director, Lisa Taylor, as saying, "We were never chic before, but we've become chic very fast;" and Ada Louise Huxtable, a little later, carried the ball with an amiable "The Cooper-Hewitt has . . . acquired instant chic." The *Times* also listed as "Salutes to New Museum" Cooper-Hewitt loans to other institutions—two drawings to the Morgan Library, an etching to the South Street Seaport Museum, some natural-history books to the American Museum of Natural History, some painters' sketchbooks to the Whitney, and so on. Such "satellite exhibitions" have been listed for several years by the Smithsonian yearbook, which has characterized them as "an homage" to the Cooper-Hewitt. There's nothing like organizing your own homage.



We've jumped on the bandwagon and looked into the now chic newcomer's provenance, history, and current installation. When Peter Cooper, a celebrated glue manufacturer who ended up as a celebrated owner of iron mines, opened Cooper Union, in 1859, he reserved a spacious room on the third floor of its building, down on what came to be Cooper Square, for a museum of "art, science, and nature," and, indeed, bought a large stuffed whale for it, but nothing much happened. At the outset, to be sure, Thomas Jefferson Bryan, an early American collector of paintings, lent his pictures to the Union. According to "Knickerbocker Birthday: A Sesqui-Centennial History of The New-York Historical Society," which drew upon an 1878 article in the New York *World:*

> One day [in about 1860] Mr. Bryan entered the gallery. The venerable Peter Cooper was exhibiting to a friend the beauties of a portrait of a burgermeister by Rembrandt (*which later turned out to be neither a burgermeister nor by Rembrandt*), and poking with the point of his umbrella at its merits. That was not only dangerous but sacrilegious conduct in the eyes of Mr. Bryan, and there was at once a scene between the philanthropist and the connoisseur. The result was that the public exhibition of the paintings ended.

"Cooper Union had to wait almost forty years to have a museum," James T. Flexner writes in his book "That Wilder Image." (The whale had been given to the American Museum of Natural History.) In 1895, Mr. Cooper's granddaughters Sarah Cooper Hewitt and Eleanor Gurnee Hewitt—permanently unmarried maidens—and their sister Amy Green (Mrs. James O.) began to buy textiles and objets d'art on their trips to Europe. In 1897, they brought the collection to Cooper Union, and it became known as the Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration. Friends of the family, among them J. Pierpont Morgan and Jacob H. Schiff, gave the sisters money and objects. The two spinster ladies, known as Miss Sally and Miss Nelly, were chiefly responsible for the museum's growth. They travelled widely in Europe and brought back textiles and architectural and decorative drawings. The collection, which soon took over the entire fourth floor (the third-floor space was too small), came to include wallpapers, furniture, ormolu clocks, painted satinwood bookcases, porcelain shepherdesses, fans, soup tureens, brocades, rugs, valentines, a hundred and fifty birdcages, an eighteenth-century Venetian bedroom, four hundred and forty-two Winslow Homers, over two thousand oil sketches by Frederick Church, the library of the sisters' father, Abram S. Hewitt, and the stable book of Cardinal de Rohan, with colored plates of his ten carriages. And this is not to mention locks of Cooper and Hewitt hair, Peter Cooper's three gold watches, the contents of his desk, and an unfinished painting called "The Return of Columbus."

In 1963, financially strapped, Cooper Union threatened to close the museum, whose study collections had long been a Mecca for architects and interior decorators, and whose exhibits afforded a beguiling hodgepodge for the general public. A Committee to Save the Cooper Union Museum was formed. Enter Mother Smithsonian, with her umbrella. The following conversation with the Cooper Union trustees ensued:

Mother Smithsonian: We want to save you. How would you like your museum to get under the Smithsonian umbrella?

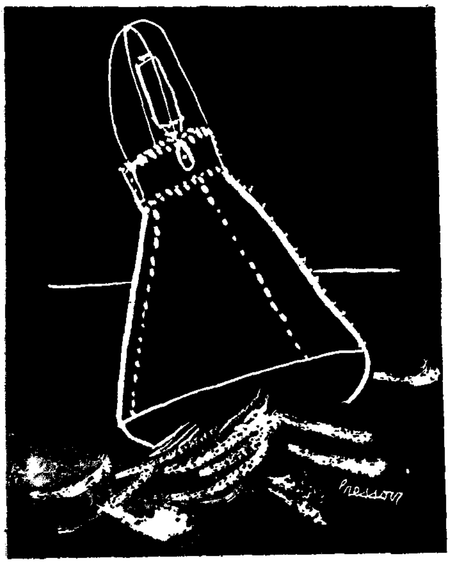
Cooper Union: Umbrella! That got us into trouble back in the eighteen-sixties.

Mother S.: Under *our* umbrella, your collection will find itself in the company of the National Museum of Natural History, the National Museum of History and Technology, the National Collection of Fine Arts, the National Portrait Gallery, the Freer Gallery of Art, the National Air Museum, the National Zoological Park, and one or two other things.

C. U.: Mmm. Sounds like a good bunch of buddies, but, you know, the Met also wants to save us. It's made a complete inventory of our collections.

Mother S.: It will absorb them in *its* collections. It will disperse them. We'll keep them intact. We won't take them to Washington. We'll keep them in New York.

The Smithsonian umbrella prevailed. In 1967, three years after the above dialogue, the Smithsonian got the collection, which it renamed the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. After shopping around for a home, it rented the Carnegie House from the Carnegie Corporation of New York for a dollar a year. Two years later, in 1972, the Corporation deeded it the house, whose original sixty-four rooms have undergone extensive remodelling and now number about fifty. Six million dollars had to be raised for the remodelling, for staff salaries, for the purchase of equipment, and so on. Maintenance and security are now taken care of by the federal government, but the rest of the museum's funds must come from private contributions. "We're interested in contemporary as well as historical objects," Mrs. Taylor, the museum's personable director, told us shortly before the opening. "We've acquired seventy-one thousand new objects. We want to reinterpret the museum for contemporary times in accordance with the wishes of the original founders. The mansion doesn't—or didn't—lend itself to modern. We had to convert the house for public use. We've opened up the second floor, which used to contain bedrooms, dressing rooms, closets, and a morning room, into one large gallery. We've put in fire stairs, fire walls, a larger elevator than the old Carnegie one, new ducts for heating and air-conditioning, and temperature-humidity controls. We still have contractors on the premises. The former Carnegie superintendent, Manuel Perez, is on our staff. So is the former Cooper Union curator of textiles, Alice Baldwin Beer, who is eighty-nine. She still comes in, as a consultant. We have an archive of ten thousand textiles, twelve thousand architectural drawings, and a million and a half photographs and reproductions. We're bursting at the seams. We have a staff of thirty-five, and seventy-two volunteers, mostly secretarial. They've been a lifesaver. Our opening show takes up three floors. It's a very shocking show—not what people expected it would be. I think we're the best thing New York has had since the Tall Ships came in."



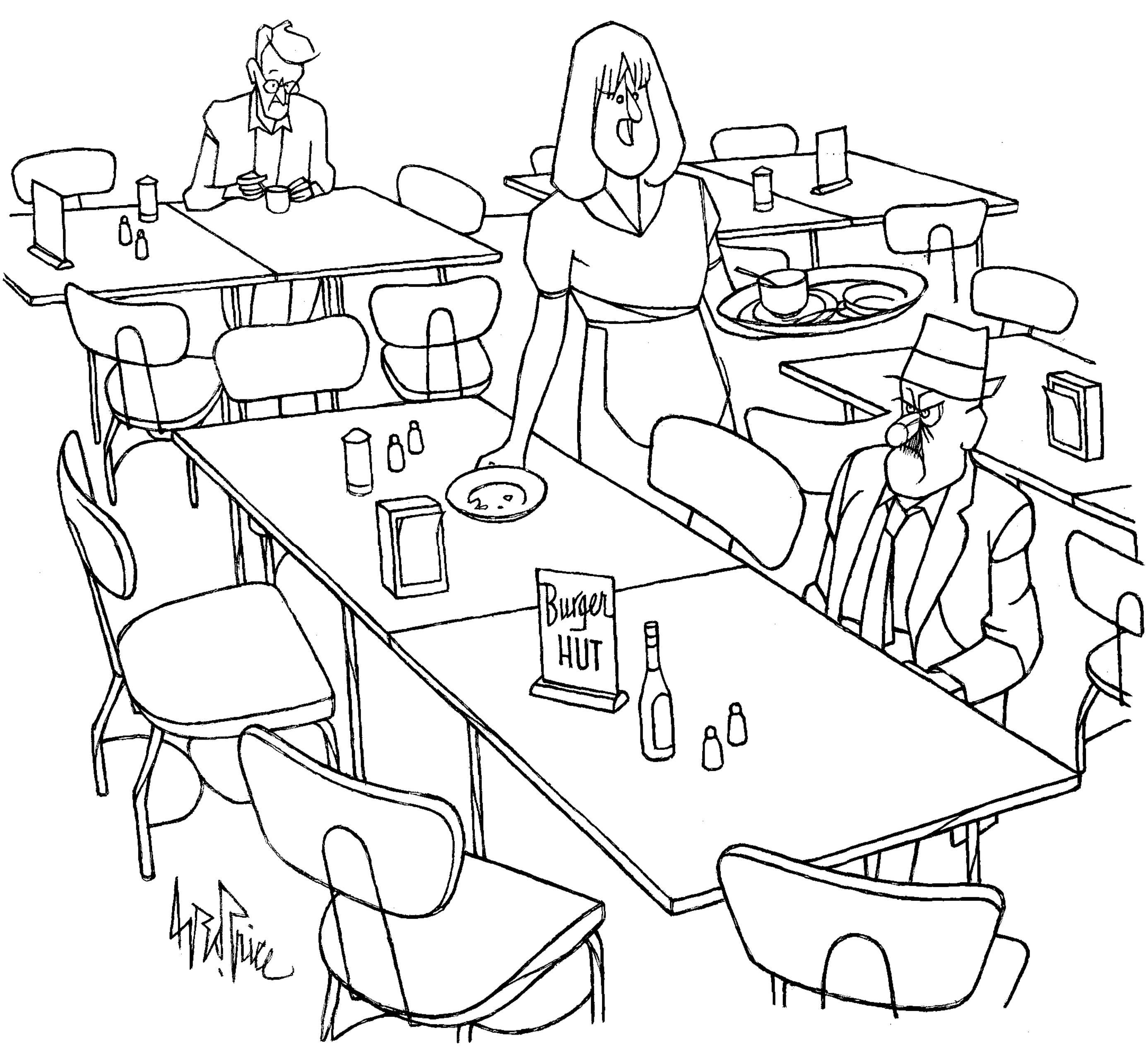
Well, shades of the Misses Hewitt. We've been to see the show. Only a tiny fraction of it is Cooper-Hewitt; some of the birdcages are there, in an attractively arranged room with a background of blue sky. In contrast, one of the chief exhibits, "Metamorphosis of a Piece of Cloth," traces its theme through flags, sails, clothing, towels, tents, parachutes, and so forth, including shrouds. Another major display consists of over a hundred different kinds of bread, sitting on a long table, and illustrating—we quote from a sheaf of press releases—"the many transformations of the staff of life . . . which has profound symbolic and religious connotations." A "Hammers" exhibit consists of over a hundred hammers, which "demonstrate the sophisticated specializations of one of man's oldest and most basic tools." Then, there are "Stars," "Door Experience," and "Igloo," the last of which "concerns itself with the priorities of human habitation." Buckminster Fuller is on hand, with a "Synergetics" exhibit of "cloth strips rolled into a tetrahedron and an octahedron," neither of them collected by the Misses Hewitt. Oh. We nearly forgot the "Sacred Room," which is reached (with difficulty) through "a floor-to-ceiling cube of metal chains," and contains "544 shimmering Plexiglas frames, which blend the modern spirit with the timeless search for meaning in space." There are also a number of short films, including "Faces," in which "Laurel dissolves into Hardy and Marilyn Monroe into Andy Warhol."

These marvels, and many another up at Ninety-first Street, are the product of ten designers and architects, eight of them recruited from foreign countries. (The Sacred Room, "based upon the principles of Sufic philosophy," was created by Nader Ardalan and Karl Schlamminger, of the Mandala Collaborative of Tehran.)

It's a long way from Cooper Square.

Playwright

THE darling of the current London theatre season is an elfin, pink-cheeked, white-haired, bushy-eyebrowed playwright named Ben Travers, who will turn ninety in November, and who has lately had three hits run-

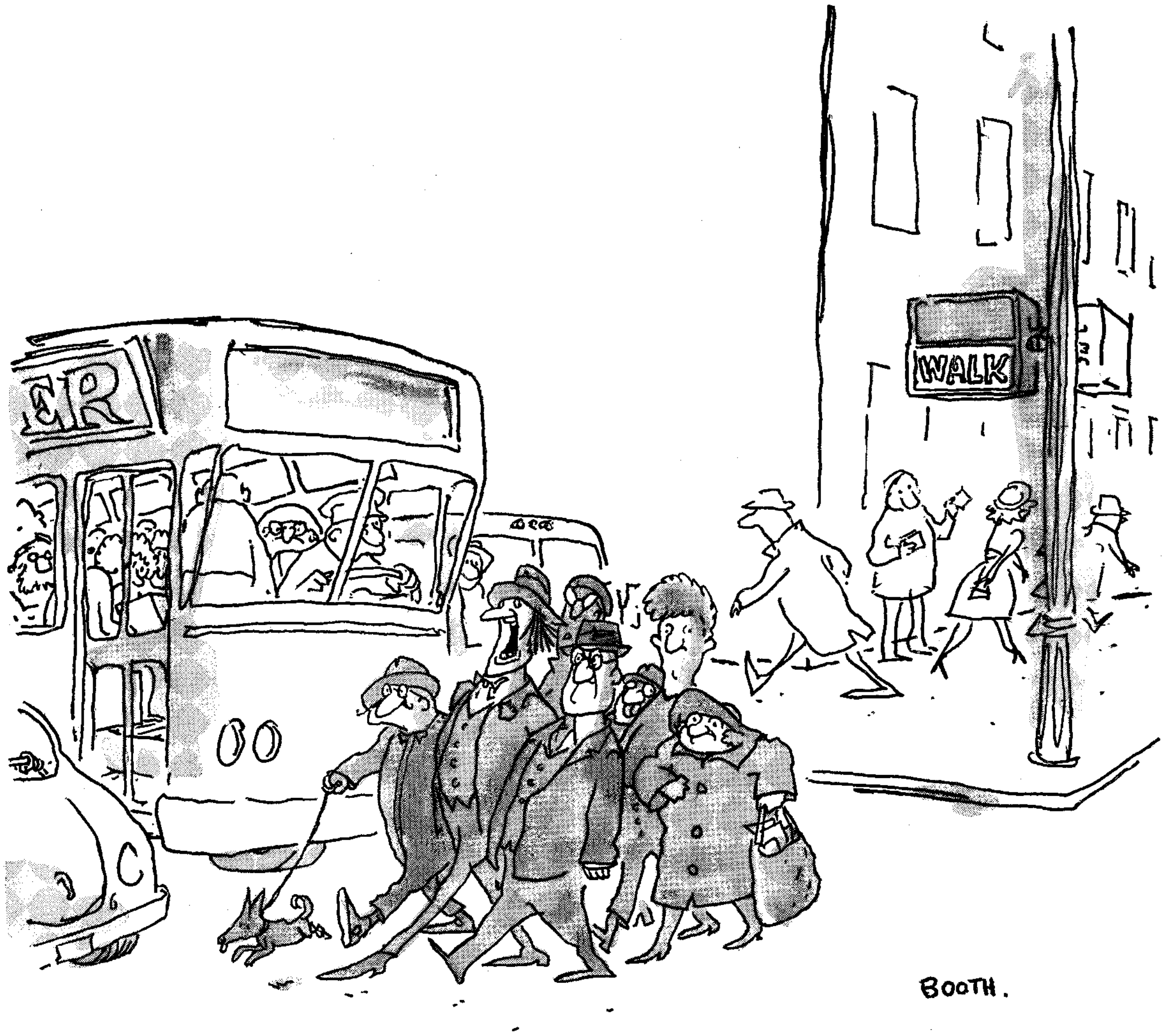


"It won't be long now, sir. The kitchen is a beehive of activity."

• •

ning concurrently in the West End. Two of them—"Plunder," at the National Theatre, and "Banana Ridge," at the Savoy—are revivals of farces that Mr. Travers wrote in 1928 and 1938, respectively, when he was an institution as well known in British theatre circles as Noël Coward or Somerset Maugham. The third of the Travers trio of successes—a comedy, at the Lyric, called "The Bed Before Yesterday," which centers on a puritanical widow's awakening in middle age to the pleasures of sex—is the first play that Mr. Travers has had produced in over twenty years. It has been widely praised as one of his best, has been drawing capacity audiences in London (as have "Plunder" and "Banana Ridge") and also in Johannesburg, and is scheduled for a four-month tour in the United States with Carol Channing in the leading role, and, if all goes well, a subsequent Broadway opening. The regeneration of Mr. Travers has given the critics an opportunity to assess his talent anew, and he has accordingly had the pleasure of seeing his work praised for its immense technical skill and inventiveness and of reading some very pleasing personal notices, such as "Our finest farceur since Pinero—perhaps the finest English farceur ever," and "Our greatest living comic playwright," and "A national treasure."

Mr. Travers is revelling in his Indian-summer renaissance, as we learned when we called on him late one recent morning in Artillery Mansions, a peaceful Victorian structure in the West End, where he has a modest flat. "I haven't had so much fun in my whole life," he said, beaming. "I *adore* stage people. The casts of all three of the plays are such charming boys and girls. I love them all. Joan Plowright, who created the leading part in 'The Bed Before Yesterday,' and Sheila Hancock, who's playing it now, are two of the most intelligent women I have ever met. Joan and her husband, Laurence Olivier, have become very good friends of mine. So has Lindsay Anderson, who directed the new play. In all my theatrical experience, he is the most remarkable man I have ever worked with. And Robert Morley, who's having such a success in 'Banana Ridge'—so charm-



"My mother always says that. She always says 'You have to be a little bit crazy to live in New York.' Mother is *a little crazy, but she doesn't live in New York. She lives in Nishnabotna, Missouri."*

• •

ing and the most philosophical and delightful companion. Oh, yes, it's a wonderful time. All this attention—it's because of my age, really, isn't it? Of course, I am not the first British playwright to have three successes running at once. Noël Coward did, and, at the beginning of his career, Willie Maugham had four. And, more recently, Alan Ayckbourn had three. But the thing is, not at the age of ninety. That's where I've made the record. Rather unusual for a great-grandfather."

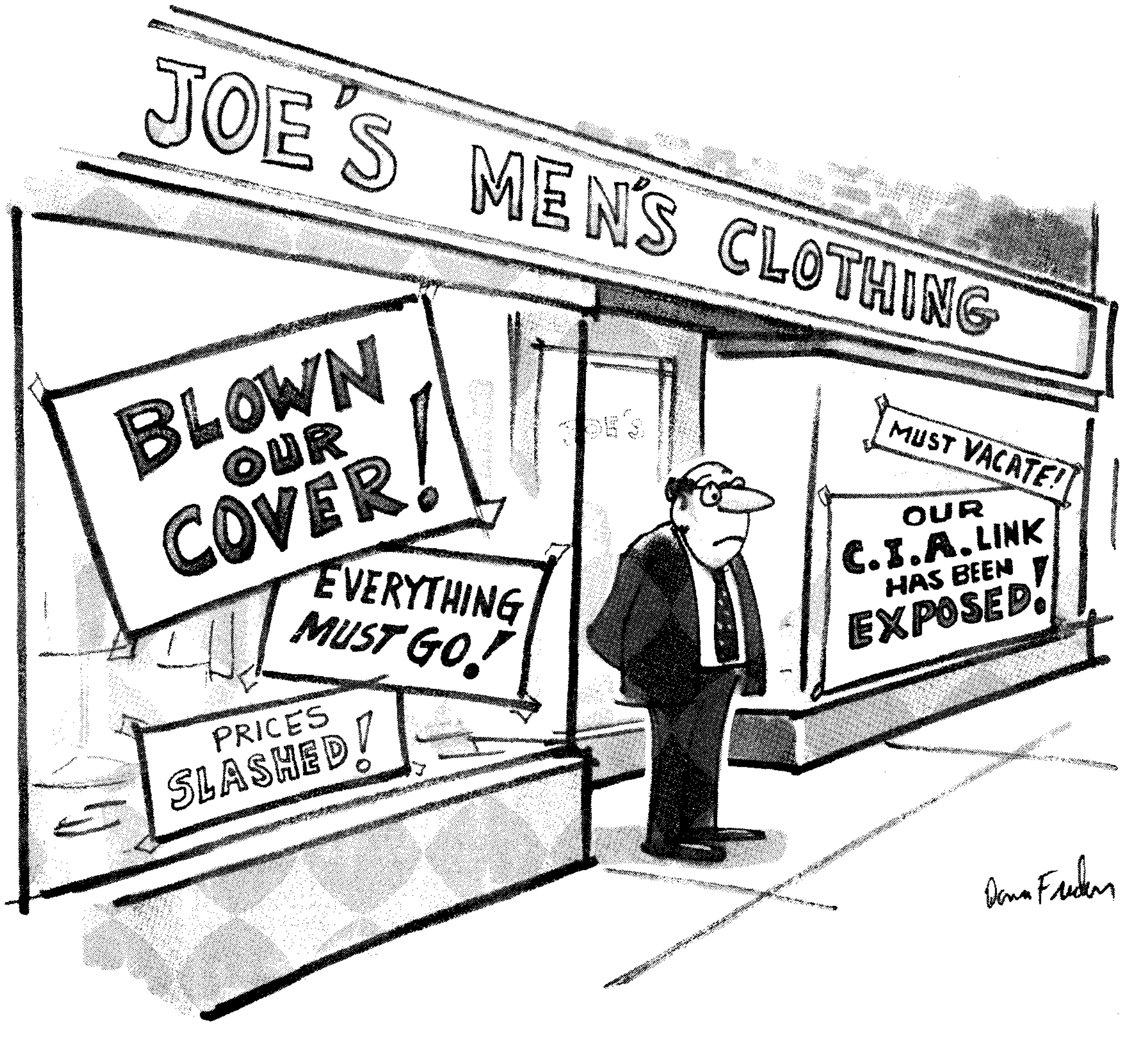
Except for a slight stoop, there is very little in Mr. Travers' appearance, speech, manner, or mental processes to indicate that he was born in 1886, when Queen Victoria still had a little over four years to reign. His reminiscences of the past are as keen as his observations of the present, and he voices both with enthusiasm and charm. His conversation is punctuated with smiles, chuckles, and laughs, and his eyes, which are blue and needle-sharp, seldom stop twinkling. A roundish man, he was neatly turned out in a dark suit, a white shirt, and an ample, magnetic pink-and-green silk tie. Though he nowadays seldom drinks—only an occasional celebratory glass of champagne—he had kindly laid in a variety of beverages in case we were thirsty, which, as it happened, we weren't, our pleasure being just to sit back and listen to Mr. Travers talk about his life and good times.

"I was born of a very decent, middle-class family," Mr. Travers said. "My father was a member of a family firm of wholesale grocers in the City. It was a very old firm—founded in 1666, the year of the Great Fire. The business was enough to give him a reasonable income, enough in those days to keep a nice little villa in Bromley, in Kent, where I was brought up. Always, since my boyhood, I have been mad about the theatre. My mother loved it, too, and she used to take us three children—my sister was older than I was, and my brother was *younger*—to the wonderful pantomimes in Drury Lane and later to the grownup shows. I remember very well the original production of 'The Painful Predicament of Sherlock Holmes,' with William Gillette in the title role and Charles Chaplin as the page boy, *Billy*. I remember Ellen Terry. A rather sweet incident relating to her happened when I was about seven. My parents and we three children were having a fortnight's holiday in a seaside place—a rather large town, where London artists came to perform. One morning, we were in the sitting room, and my mother, who was looking out the window, said, 'Children, come here quickly.' We went to the window, and there on the street, sitting in the back of an open victoria, were Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. We waved our hands, and, to our astonishment, Ellen Terry stopped the victoria, got out, came into the house and into our room. She shook hands with my mother and my sister and me and kissed my little brother—the only grudge I ever held against him. It is so lovely to think that that beautiful woman held my hand. A wonderful experience.

"I went to a very good preparatory school and from there to Charterhouse. I was very handicapped in my boyhood by my height. I was very, very short. My mother was a tiny woman, and I inherited it from her. In those days, when there was a great deal of bullying at schools, this was a dreadful handicap. I was always conscious of my littleness, and constantly reminded of it by the other boys. At Charterhouse, I had a most undistinguished career, and left by mutual consent. Out of school, I was rather a problem, because I wasn't capable of doing anything. In those days, scholastic non-successes like me went through a process known as being sent to the City. So I was sent to the City to work for the family firm. My job was to sell currants and sultanas. This involved carrying around heavy packets containing samples of my wares. Most demoralizing. I got into the habit of giving a good many of the sample packets to policemen on point duty. The policemen soon became about the only people in the City who had any use for me. I lived for Saturday afternoons, when I hurried off to the West End to see the plays. Oh, that was wonderful."

Mr. Travers got up to fetch his pipe from his desk. "I've smoked a pipe since I was sixteen, and still buy my tobacco from the same shop in the City," he said, returning to his chair. "Whenever I go back there, I am reminded of my days as a failed salesman. I was so hopeless at my job that the firm decided to get me out of the way by sending me to Singapore, where it had a branch. I didn't get along any better with my currants and sultanas in Singapore than I had in London. To get me out of *his* way, the manager in Singapore used to send me up to Malacca, where I did nothing in the line of business except to make a few bad deals with Chinese grocers who never paid their bills. But a most wonderful thing happened in Malacca. There was a very good little library there, and, for some extraordinary reason, somebody had left this library a complete edition of the plays of Arthur Pinero. What a marvellous discovery that was! Ever since I was a little boy, I had been mad about writing plays. In fact, when I was about nine I wrote my first play, which was performed to my long-suffering parents. It was called 'The Cat Did It.' During that miserable interlude in the City, I used to spend my nights writing plays—writing them, throwing them away, trying again and again. In Malacca, instead of going out with my samples I used to spend my days sitting in my lodgings or in restaurants reading Pinero's plays and studying them. Pinero was a wonderful technician, a great craftsman. I studied the technique—the length of scenes, the number of speeches in the duologues, the method of plot and character development, how to put over a line. It was fascinating and most useful. Years later, when I was more or less established as a playwright, I was invited to join the Dramatists' Club. At the first luncheon meeting I attended, being a new boy, I had the privilege of sitting next to the president, Mr. Pinero. I told him about this reading in Malacca, and then I said, 'I am sorry to bother you with a question you must have been asked many times, but I wonder if you would mind telling me which of your plays you like best.' He was a bit deaf, and in a rather intimate way he leaned over, put his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'My boy, the one that made the most money.' "

After he had been three years in the Far East, Mr. Travers continued, his mother died, and in 1910 he returned to London to be with his father. Shortly afterward, he was given a job, through a friend, as an editorial apprentice at the Bodley Head, the well-known publishing house, where he did very well, enjoyed himself immensely, and met many of the firm's authors, including Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, Anatole France, and Stephen Leacock. "Life really began to be interesting," Mr. Travers said. "And then the war came. I wanted to avoid the Army, because that meant marching—a horrifying prospect. I have always hated walking. At my club, the Public Schools Club, I ran into a friend who was wearing a magnificent new uniform. He said it was the uniform of the Royal Naval Air Service, and they wanted chaps badly. If I wanted to join, all I had to do was to go down to their headquarters and have a little interview, and then they would say, 'Fine,' and off you went to Gieves to get measured for your uniform. So I joined the Royal Naval Air Service, and had a rather remarkable time. One of the rather extraordinary experiences had to do with the first zeppelin raid over London, which occurred on the last day of May, 1915. We were supposed to go up and shoot down the zep. The day before the raid was expected to come off—apparently our intelligence system had learned of the planned operation—Winston Churchill, who was First Lord of the Admiralty, came out to Hendon to inspect our preparations. There I stood in the open cock-


JOE'S MEN'S CLOTHING
BLOWN OUR COVER!
EVERYTHING MUST GO!
PRICES SLASHED!
MUST VACATE!
OUR C.I.A. LINK HAS BEEN EXPOSED!
JOE'S
Dana Fradon

pit of my Vickers biplane with my rifle. I had been given a rifle to shoot down the zep, you see. Churchill looked at the rifle, and said, 'Is that considered to be sufficient?' And I said, 'Well, it's supposed to have incendiary bullets, sir.' Churchill said 'Ah,' in a tone that seemed to imply that this settled the whole problem. I had never fired a rifle in my life and hadn't the slightest idea how to reload it—and this was in the defense of London! The Vickers could be encouraged by slow degrees to a ceiling of about five thousand feet. The zep came over at about ten thousand and dropped a bomb or two, and when it was over the North Sea on its way back we were sent up to destroy it. We had about as much chance of knocking out the zep as I would have had of knocking out Jack Johnson. On our way out, we got as far as Hatfield, and there we crashed. Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to unfasten my belt, and I was shot out like a stone from a catapult. I fell on my head, and got a concussion. The other chap was killed." By the time the war was over, Travers, who had served mainly as a kind of combination instructor and test pilot, had survived seven other crashes, made a total of 3,523 flights, dropped the first torpedo from a land-based aircraft, and, after the merger of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps, become a major in the Royal Air Force. He was awarded the Air Force Cross.

After the war, Travers had trouble finding a job, but he had a little money, so, with the encouragement of his wife (he had married during the war), he decided to give his full time to writing. His first play (not counting the plays he had written and thrown away; he estimates that he has destroyed ninety per cent of what he has written during his lifetime) was a farce called "The Dippers," which he intended for Charles Hawtrey, a leading actor-producer-director of the day. Hawtrey accepted it, but asked for a good deal of revision. Travers at length produced a script that Hawtrey pronounced himself pleased with, and the show went into rehearsal. "I went to the theatre the first day of rehearsal with some trepidation," Mr. Travers said. "I had never been backstage before, so I crept in quietly after the rehearsal had got under way. There was Hawtrey, sitting in his great cloak with a red pencil in his hand, scoring out line after line of my dialogue. I looked over his shoulder, 'Those cuts you're making," I said. 'I suppose you know best. But that line—I really don't like to see it go. I thought that rather a good line.' He said, '*Good* line? My dear boy, it is an *excellent* line. Do not on *any* account lose it. Put it in another play.' "

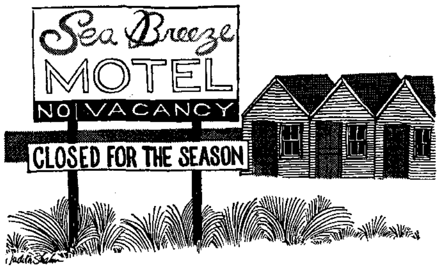
"The Dippers," which opened in 1922, did very well, and Travers went on to one success after another. During the rest of the twenties and through the thirties, he wrote an average of nearly a play a year—mostly farces. "When I was in full flood with the plays, I was writing for the films as well," he said. "I wrote twenty-odd films without anybody else collaborating in even the smallest way. During this time, Sam Goldwyn came to London and sent for me through his assistant, Arthur Hornblow, Jr. I went to see Goldwyn at the Ritz. He was reclining on a richly upholstered gilded settee in the sitting room of his suite. Hornblow introduced me, and I walked over to shake hands. Goldwyn didn't get up. Without raising his head, he looked doubtfully first at me and then at Hornblow, of whom he inquired, 'Is this for Eddie Cantor?'—as though I were some questionable-looking form of diet. Hornblow invited me to tell Mr. Goldwyn what I had done and what I could do. I did myself brief but ample justice, and waited hopefully for one of the famous Goldwyn comments. However, he merely shifted his position on the divan, and his comment, though quite audible, was not verbal. I took that as my cue for exit. That was the nearest I ever came to writing films for Hollywood, which is probably just as well."

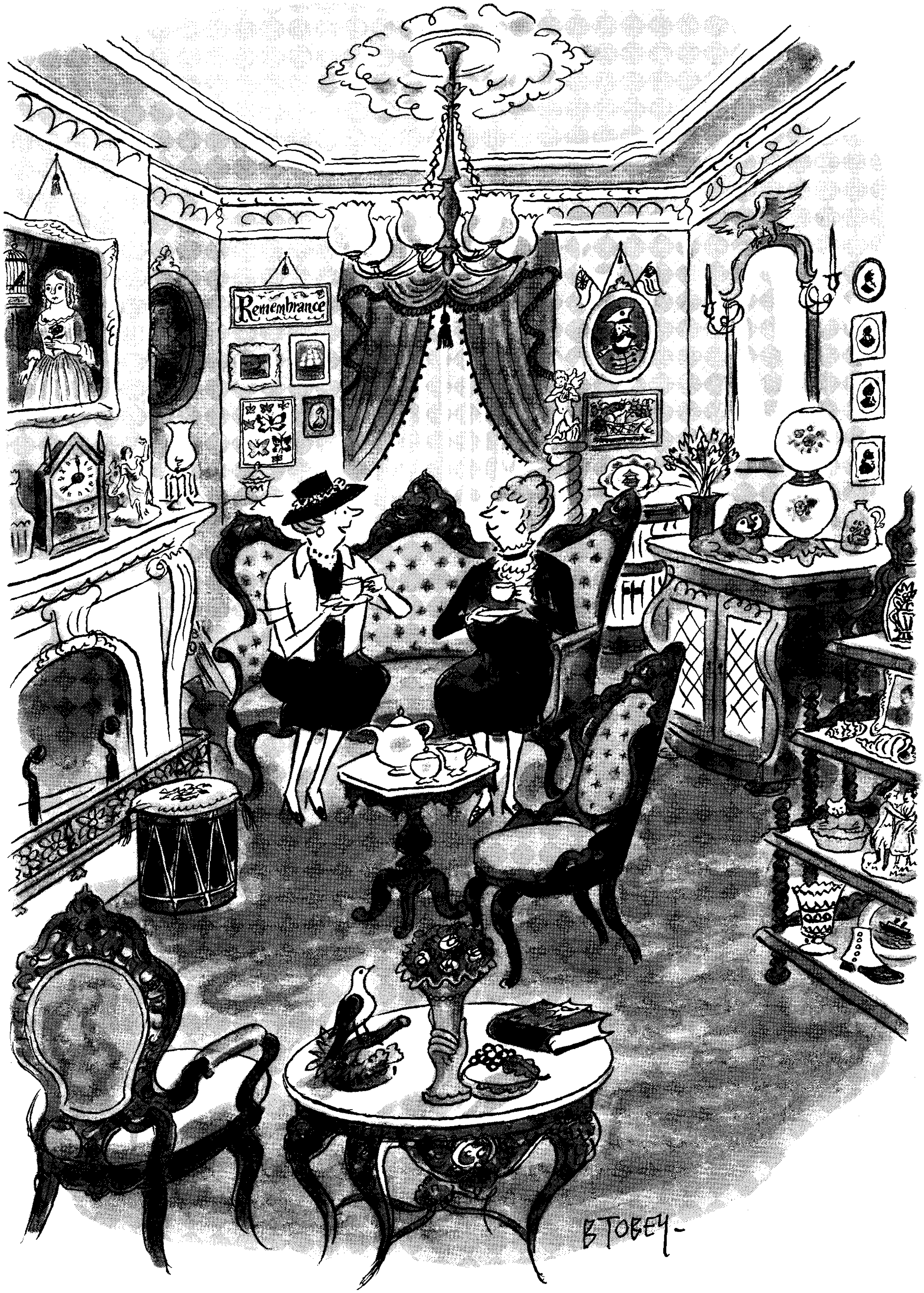
We told Mr. Travers how much we had enjoyed "The Bed Before Yesterday" as well as the two revivals, and asked how, after an interval of more than two decades, he had happened to return to playwriting.

"Well, 'The Bed Before Yesterday' was really a new exercise," he said. "It's true that I had almost finished writing plays, though I did have one produced and tried out in the country a few years ago. It was quite amusing, but it wasn't as good as the one before—I've always made it a sort of rule to do as well as or better than the previous one—and we didn't go ahead with it. In 1951, my wife died, and that robbed me of ambition to go on writing. I used to go abroad a great deal, and over the years I got a bit lazy. Then, in 1968, the abolition of the censorship came along, and my interest in playwriting was renewed. I'd always had to contend with the censorship, of course, and one always had the feeling of being terribly cramped. The censors suspected me from the first, and scrutinized everything I wrote. I was once arguing with a censor over a line of dialogue, and finally I said, 'Well, what if I change it to read, "I pinched her bottom." ' And he said, 'Yes. Yes. I *will* pass "bottom." ' Then he preened himself, and added, 'In fact, I may tell you that I was the first censor to pass "bottom." ' That was the mentality we had to deal with. Once the censorship was out of the way, I thought I'd like to have a chance at using the new freedom. Naturally, I had to find a comedy angle, and I must say it was a wonderful experience to have the freedom to let characters talk as they actually do talk. I wrote 'The Bed Before Yesterday' for my own delectation, and it has all worked out to be an immense success, really. This past year has been without question the busiest year of my whole life. Rehearsals, preliminary performances, broadcasts, television interviews—I've never had anything like it. I've not had a moment to spare, day or night. And now, to help out with the publicity and so on, I am going to South Africa and America and, next March, to Australia. I'm not going to miss out on any of that. I love going around. It's all *delightful*, marvellous. I'm enjoying every minute of it."

We told him we recalled reading somewhere that he had remarked some years ago that he felt he had spent a happier life than anyone else he knew. It was cheering, we added, to see that the happy state was continuing.

"Oh, yes, I believe I have, apart from the tragedy of losing my wife. Of course, I still have the most delightful memories of the laughter we enjoyed. The great thing about my life is that there have always been laughs. I think a sense of humor is the most important possession in the whole of man's equipment—in married life, in professional life, in everything. I met a chap the other day from one of the papers, and he asked, 'What would you like on your tombstone?' I said, 'I shan't have a tombstone, but I would like my last words to be 'This is where the real fun begins.' "




Remembrance
B TOBEY

"Well, Emmeline, what's new?"

THE BOOK OF SAND

Thy rope of sands . . .
—*George Herbert.*

THE line is made up of an infinite number of points; the plane of an infinite number of lines; the volume of an infinite number of planes; the hypervolume of an infinite number of volumes. . . . No, unquestionably this is not—*more geometrico*—the best way of beginning my story. To claim that it is true is nowadays the convention of every made-up story. Mine, however, *is* true.

I live alone in a fourth-floor apartment on Belgrano Street, in Buenos Aires. Late one evening, a few months back, I heard a knock at my door. I opened it and a stranger stood there. He was a tall man, with nondescript features—or perhaps it was my myopia that made them seem that way. Dressed in gray and carrying a gray suitcase in his hand, he had an unassuming look about him. I saw at once that he was a foreigner. At first, he struck me as old; only later did I realize that I had been misled by his thin blond hair, which was, in a Scandinavian sort of way, almost white. During the course of our conversation, which was not to last an hour, I found out that he came from the Orkneys.

I invited him in, pointing to a chair. He paused awhile before speaking. A kind of gloom emanated from him—as it does now from me.

"I sell Bibles," he said.

Somewhat pedantically, I replied, "In this house are several English Bibles, including the first—John Wiclif's. I also have Cipriano de Valera's, Luther's—which, from a literary viewpoint, is the worst—and a Latin copy of the Vulgate. As you see, it's not exactly Bibles I stand in need of."

After a few moments of silence, he said, "I don't only sell Bibles. I can show you a holy book I came across on the outskirts of Bikaner. It may interest you."

He opened the suitcase and lay the book on a table. It was an octavo volume, bound in cloth. There was no doubt that it had passed through many hands. Examining it, I was surprised by its unusual weight. On the spine were the words "Holy Writ" and, below them, "Bombay."

"Nineteenth-century, probably," I remarked.

"I don't know," he said. "I've never found out."

I opened the book at random. The script was strange to me. The pages, which were worn and typographically poor, were laid out in double columns, as in a Bible. The text was closely printed, and it was ordered in versicles. In the upper corners of the pages were Arabic numbers. I noticed that one left-hand page bore the number (let us say) 40,514 and the facing right-hand page 999. I turned the leaf; it was numbered with eight digits. It also bore a small illustration, like the kind used in dictionaries—an anchor drawn with pen and ink, as if by a schoolboy's clumsy hand.

It was at this point that the stranger said, "Look at the illustration closely. You'll never see it again."

I noted my place and closed the book. At once, I reopened it. Page by page, in vain, I looked for the illustration of the anchor. "It seems to be a version of Scriptures in some Indian language, is it not?" I said to hide my dismay.

"No," he replied. Then, as if confiding a secret, he lowered his voice. "I acquired the book in a town out on the plain in exchange for a handful of rupees and a Bible. Its owner did not know how to read. I suspect that he saw the Book of Books as a talisman. He was of the lowest caste; nobody but other untouchables could tread his shadow without contamination. He told me his book was called the Book of Sand, because neither the book nor the sand has any beginning or end."

The stranger asked me to find the first page.

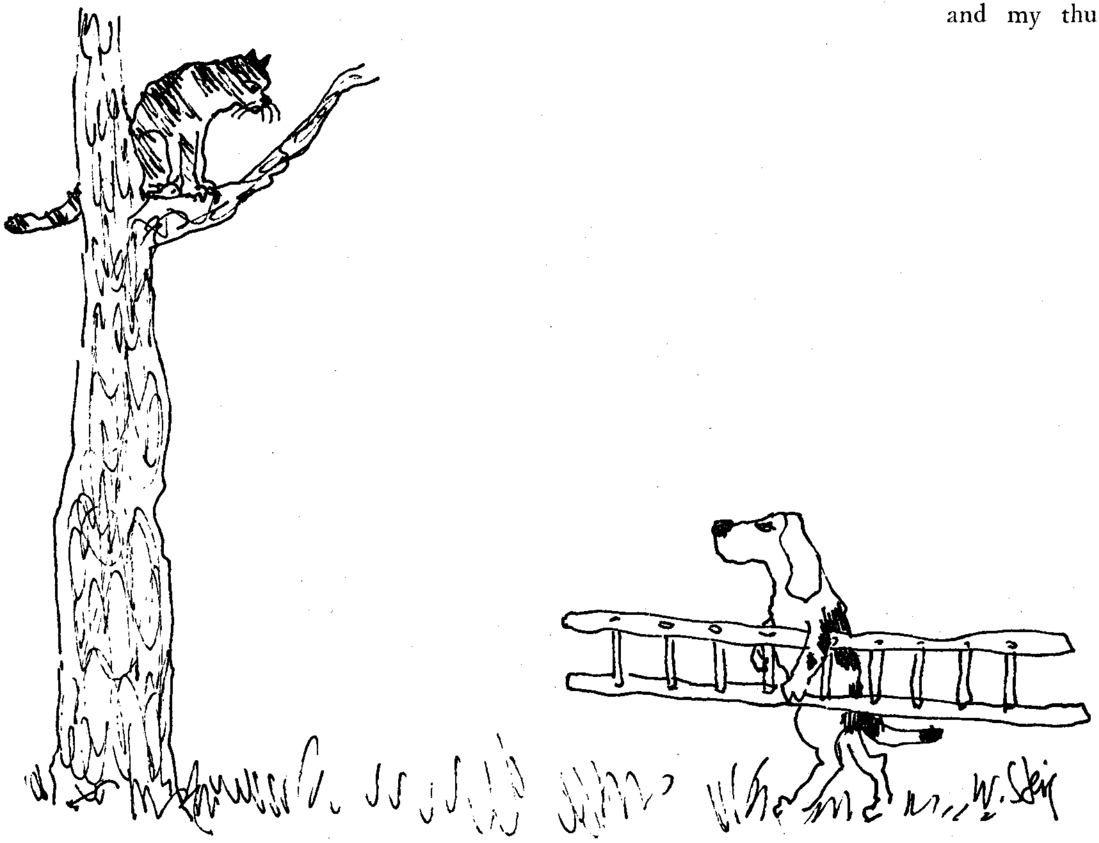
I lay my left hand on the cover and, trying to put my thumb on the flyleaf, I opened the book. It was useless. Every time I tried, a number of pages came between the cover and my thumb. It was as if they kept growing from the book.

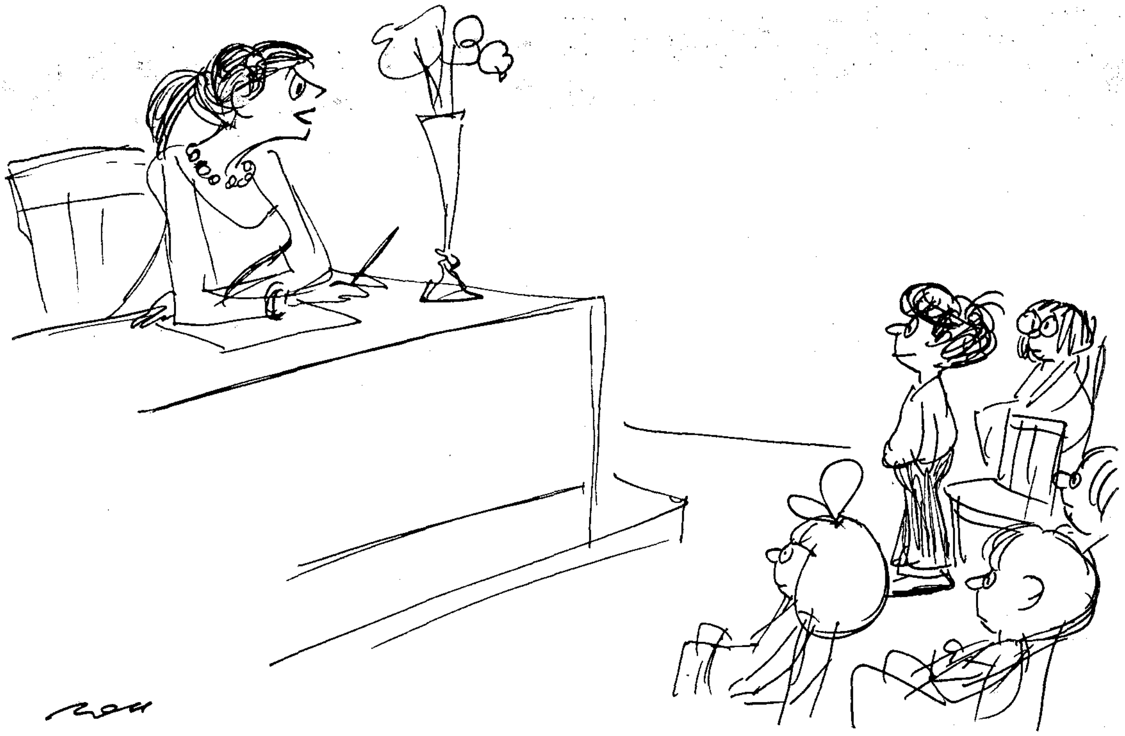
"Now find the last page."

Again I failed. In a voice that was not mine, I barely managed to stammer, "This can't be."

Still speaking in a low voice, the stranger said, "It can't be, but it *is*. The number of pages in this book is no more or less than infinite. None is the first page, none the last. I don't know why they're numbered in this arbitrary way. Perhaps to suggest that the terms of an infinite series admit any number."

Then, as if he were thinking aloud, he said, "If space is infinite, we





"*Very good, Tommy. And now will you tell us* __*why*__ *that point is moot?*"

• •

may be at any point in space. If time is infinite, we may be at any point in time."

His speculations irritated me. "You are religious, no doubt?" I asked him.

"Yes, I'm a Presbyterian. My conscience is clear. I am reasonably sure of not having cheated the native when I gave him the Word of God in exchange for his devilish book."

I assured him that he had nothing to reproach himself for, and I asked if he were just passing through this part of the world. He replied that he planned to return to his country in a few days. It was then that I learned that he was a Scot from the Orkney Islands. I told him I had a great personal affection for Scotland, through my love of Stevenson and Hume.

"You mean Stevenson and Robbie Burns," he corrected.

While we spoke, I kept exploring the infinite book. With feigned indifference, I asked, "Do you intend to offer this curiosity to the British Museum?"

"No. I'm offering it to you," he said, and he stipulated a rather high sum for the book.

I answered, in all truthfulness, that such a sum was out of my reach, and I began thinking. After a minute or two, I came up with a scheme.

"I propose a swap," I said. "You got this book for a handful of rupees and a copy of the Bible. I'll offer you the amount of my pension check, which I've just collected, and my black-letter Wiclif Bible. I inherited it from my ancestors."

"A black-letter Wiclif!" he murmured.

I went to my bedroom and brought him the money and the book. He turned the leaves and studied the title page with all the fervor of a true bibliophile.

"It's a deal," he said.

It amazed me that he did not haggle. Only later was I to realize that he had entered my house with his mind made up to sell the book. Without counting the money, he put it away.

We talked about India, about Orkney, and about the Norwegian jarls who once ruled it. It was night when the man left. I have not seen him again, nor do I know his name.

I THOUGHT of keeping the Book of Sand in the space left on the shelf by the Wiclif, but in the end I decided to hide it behind the volumes of a broken set of "The Thousand and One Nights." I went to bed and did not sleep. At three or four in the morning, I turned on the light. I got down the impossible book and leafed through its pages. On one of them I saw engraved a mask. The upper corner of the page carried a number, which I no longer recall, elevated to the ninth power.

I showed no one my treasure. To the luck of owning it was added the fear of having it stolen, and then the misgiving that it might not truly be infinite. These twin preoccupations intensified my old misanthropy. I had only a few friends left; I now stopped seeing even them. A prisoner of the book, I almost never went out anymore. After studying its frayed spine and covers with a magnifying glass, I rejected the possibility of a contrivance of any sort. The small illustrations, I verified, came two thousand pages apart. I set about listing them alphabetically in a notebook, which I was not long in filling up. Never once was an illustration repeated. At night, in the meagre intervals my insomnia granted, I dreamed of the book.

Summer came and went, and I realized that the book was monstrous. What good did it do me to think that I, who looked upon the volume with my eyes, who held it in my hands, was any less monstrous? I felt that the book was a nightmarish object, an obscene thing that affronted and tainted reality itself.

I thought of fire, but I feared that the burning of an infinite book might likewise prove infinite and suffocate the planet with smoke. Somewhere I recalled reading that the best place to hide a leaf is in a forest. Before retirement, I worked on Mexico Street, at the Argentine National Library, which contains nine hundred thousand volumes. I knew that to the right of the entrance a curved staircase leads down into the basement, where books and maps and periodicals are kept. One day I went there and, slipping past a member of the staff and trying not to notice at what height or distance from the door, I lost the Book of Sand on one of the basement's musty shelves.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

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The play tells of the historical moment when Pocahontas saves the life of Captain John Smith and runs for an hour.
—*Newport News* (*Va.*) *Daily Press.*

That's nothing for a young Indian girl.

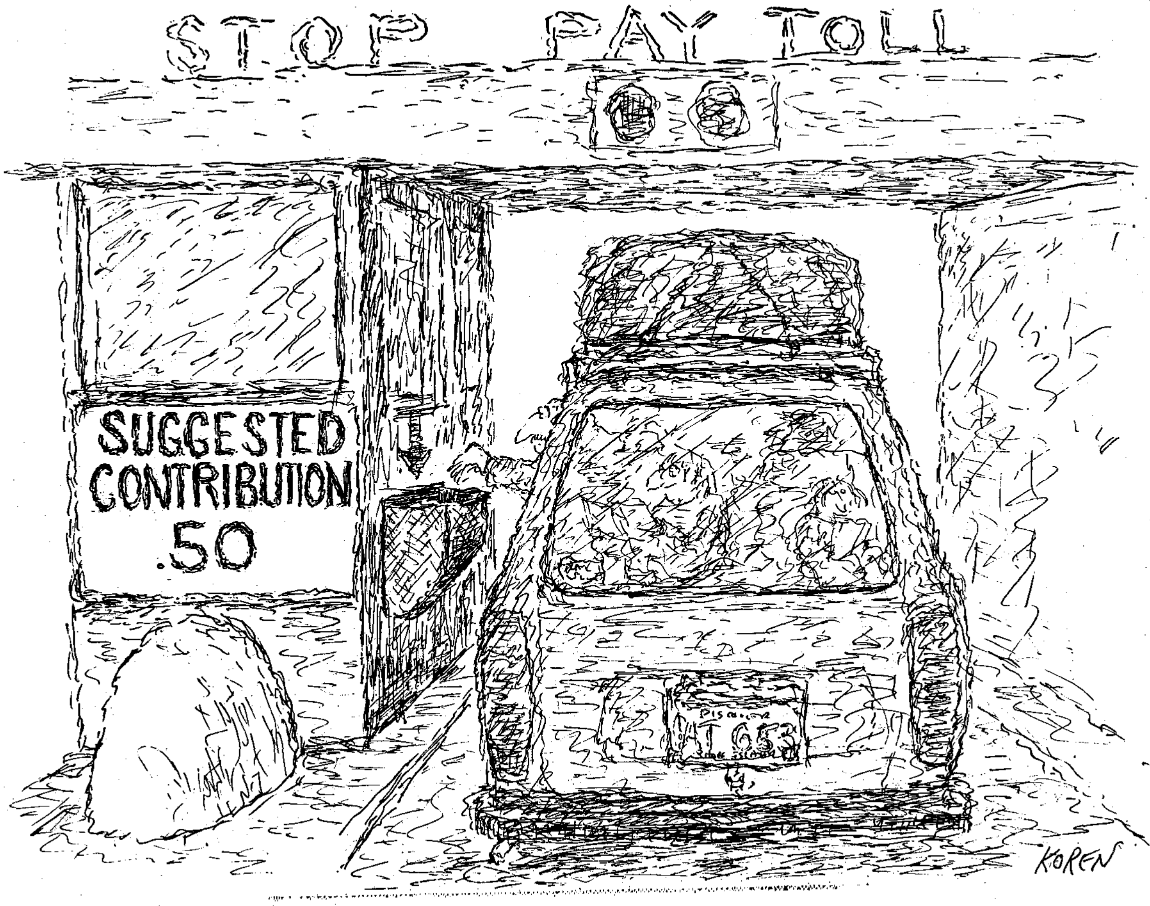
SECRETS AND SURPRISES

CORINNE and Lenny are sitting at the side of the driveway, with their shoes off. Corinne is upset because Lenny sat in a patch of strawberries. "Get up, Lenny! Look what you've done!"

Lenny is one of my oldest friends. I went to high school with Lenny and Corinne and his first wife, Lucy, who was my best friend there. Lenny did not know Corinne then. He met her at a party many years later. Corinne remembered Lenny from high school; he did not remember her. The next year, after his divorce from Lucy became final, they married. Two years later, their daughter was born, and I was a godmother. Lenny teases me by saying that his life would have been entirely different if only I had introduced him to Corinne years ago. I knew her because she was my boyfriend's sister. She was a couple of years ahead of us, and she would do things like picking us up if we got drunk at a party and buying us coffee before taking us home. Corinne once lied to my mother when she took me home that way, telling her that there was flu going around and that I had sneezed in her car all the way home.

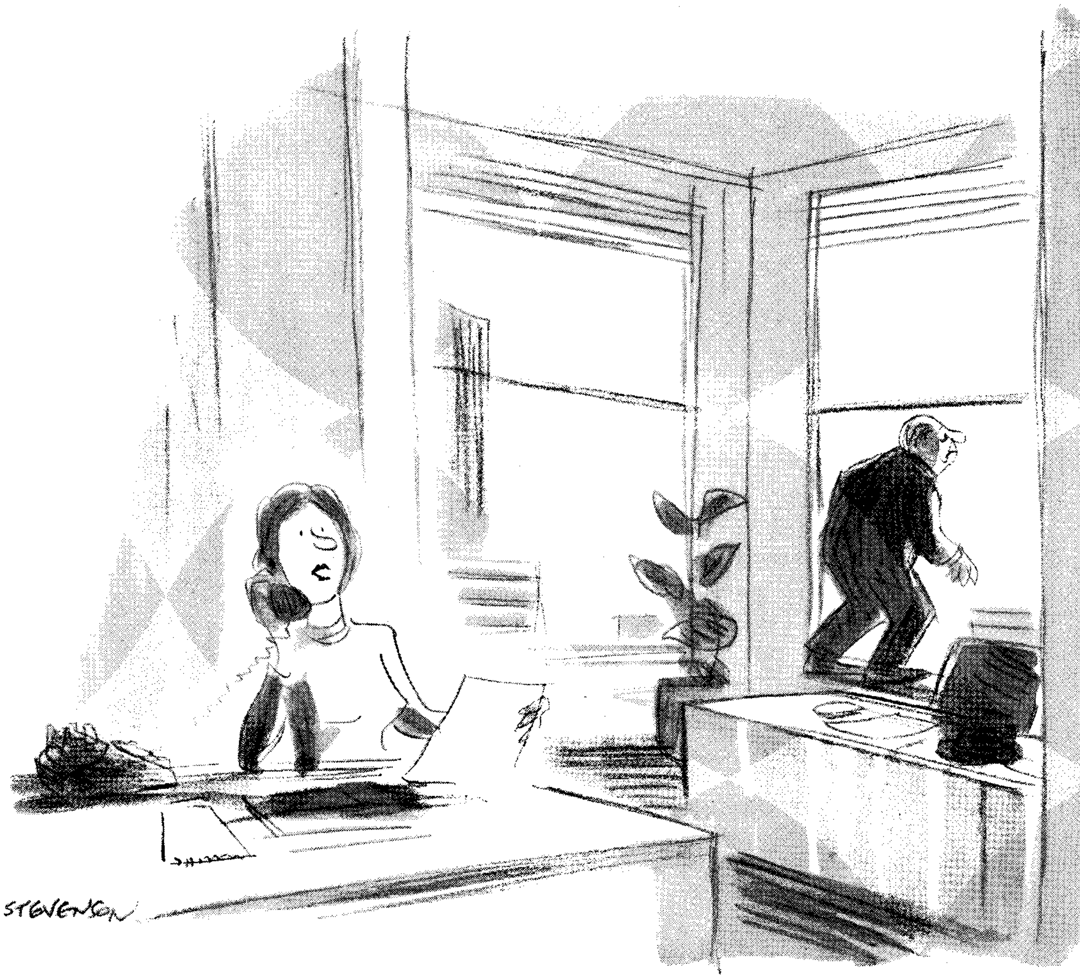
I was ugly in high school. I wore braces, and everything seemed to me funny and inappropriate: the seasons, television personalities, the latest fashions—even music seemed silly. I played the piano, but for some reason I stopped playing Brahms or even listening to Brahms. I played only a few pieces of music myself, the same ones, over and over: a couple of Bach two-part inventions, a Chopin nocturne. I earnestly smoked cigarettes, and all one spring I harbored a secret love for Lenny. I once confessed my love for him in a note I pushed through the slats in his locker in school. Then I got scared and waited by his locker when school was over, talked to him for a while, and when he opened the locker door grabbed the note back and ran. This was fifteen years ago.

I USED to live in the city, but five years ago my husband and I moved up here to Woodbridge. My husband has gone, and now it is only my house. It is my driveway that Lenny and Corinne sit beside. The driveway badly needs to be gravelled. There are holes in it that should be filled, and the drainpipe is cracked. A lot of things here need fixing. I don't like to talk to the landlord, Colonel Albright. Every month he loses the rent check I send him and then calls me from the nursing home where he lives, asking for another. The man is eighty-eight. I should consider him an amusing old character, a forgetful old man. I suspect he is persecuting me. He doesn't want a young person renting his house. Or anyone at all. When we moved in, I found some empty clothing bags hanging in the closets, with old dry-cleaning stubs stapled to the plastic: "Col. Albright, 9-8-54." I stared at the stub. I was eleven years old the day Colonel Albright picked up his clothes at the dry cleaner's. I found one of his neckties wound around the base of a lamp in an upstairs closet. "Do you want these things?" I asked him on the phone. "Throw them out, I don't care," he said, "but don't ask me about them." I also do not tell him about things that need to be fixed. I close off one bathroom in the winter because the tiles are cracked and cold air comes through the floor; the heat register in my bedroom can't be set above sixty, so I set the living-room register at seventy-five to compensate. Corinne and Lenny think this is funny. Corinne says that I will not fight with the landlord because I did enough fighting with my husband about his girlfriend and now I enjoy peace; Lenny says that I am just too kind. The truth is that Colonel Albright shouts at me on the phone and I am afraid of him. He is also old and sad, and I have displaced him in his own house. Twice in the summer, a friend has driven him from the nursing home back to the house, and he walked around the gardens in the front, tapping his cane through the clusters of sweet peas that are strangling out the asters and azaleas in the flower beds, and he dusted the pollen off the sundial in the back with a white handkerchief.



Almost every weekend, Corinne tries to get me to leave Woodbridge and move back to New York. I am afraid of the city. In the apartment on West End Avenue I lived in with my husband when we were first married, I was always frightened. There was a bird in the apartment next to ours which shrieked, "No, no, go away!" I always mistook it for a human voice in the night, and in my sleepy confusion I thought that I was protesting an intruder in our apartment. Once, a woman at the laundromat who was about to pass out from the heat took hold of my arm and pulled me to the floor with her. This could have happened anywhere. It happened in New York. I won't go back.

"Balducci's!" Corinne sometimes murmurs to me, and moves her arm through the air to suggest counters spread with delicacies. I imagine tins of anchovies, wheels of Brie, huge cashews, strange greens. But then I hear voices whispering outside my door plotting to break it down, and angry, wild music late at night that is the kind that disturbed, unhappy people listen to.


"Mr. Riordan is away from his desk."

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Now Corinne is holding Lenny's hand. I am lying on my side and peeking through the netting of the hammock, and they don't see me. She stoops to pick a strawberry. He scratches his crotch. They are bored here, I think. They pretend that they make the two-hour drive up here nearly every weekend because they are concerned for my well-being. Perhaps they actually think that living in the country is spookier than living in the city. "You sent your beagle to live in the country, Corinne," I said to her once. "How can you be upset that a human being wants to live where there's room to stretch?" "But what do you do here all alone?" she said.

I do plenty of things. I play Bach and Chopin on a grand piano my husband saved for a year to buy me. I grow vegetables, and I mow the lawn. When Lenny and Corinne come for the weekend, I spy on them. He's scratching his shoulder now. He calls Corinne to him. I think he is asking her to see if he just got a mosquito bite.

LAST year when my husband went on vacation without me, I drove from Connecticut to D.C. to visit my parents. They live in the house where I grew up. The crocheted bedspreads have turned yellow now and the bedroom curtains are the same as ever. But in the living room there is a large black plastic chair for my father and a large brown plastic chair for my mother. My brother, Raleigh, who is retarded, lives with them. He has a friend, Ed, who is retarded, and who visits him once a week. And Raleigh visits Ed once a week. Sometimes my mother or Ed's mother takes them to the zoo. Raleigh's chatter often makes more sense than we at first suspect. For instance, he is very fond of Ling-Ling, the panda. He was not imitating the bell the Good Humor man rings when he drives around the neighborhood, as my father once insisted. My father has never been able to understand Raleigh very well. My mother laughs at him for his lack of understanding. She is a bitter woman. For the last ten years, she has made my father adhere to a diet when he is home, and he is not overweight.

When I visited, I drove Raleigh down to Hains Point, and we looked across the water at the lights. In spite of being retarded, he seems very moved by things. He rolled down the window and let the wind blow across his face. I slowed the car almost to a stop, and he put his hand on my hand, like a lover. He wanted me to stop the car entirely, so he could look at the lights. I let him look for a long time. On the way home, I drove across the bridge into Arlington and took him to Gifford's for ice cream. He had a banana split, and I pretended not to notice when he ate the toppings with his fingers. Then I washed his fingers with a napkin dipped in a glass of water.

One day I found him in the bathroom with Daisy, the dog, combing over her body for ticks. There were six or seven ticks in the toilet. He was concentrating so hard that he never looked up. Standing there, I realized that there was now a small bald spot at the top of his head, and that Daisy's fur was flecked with gray. I reached over him and got aspirin out of the medicine cabinet. Later, when I went back to the bathroom and found Raleigh and Daisy gone, I flushed the toilet so my parents would not be upset. Raleigh sometimes drops pieces of paper into the toilet instead of into the wastebaskets, and my mother goes

THE SPIES

THE WATCHER

Sun or rain, I am out here, shoes overflowing,
or holding to a slice of shadow while the heat
cracks the ground all around me.
Sweat glues my skin, or else wind
carves my face with granules.

They sit inside with their tea or stroll
after dark on the terrace. There's little shelter—
they have seen to that. If they talk
they find an upstairs room. I've only rotten vines to cling to;
the stones crumble under my toes. I'm no acrobat.

They think they'll outlast me. But they don't dare
leave in the shined Mercedes ready in the driveway
lest I find the map in the cupboard, the code
under the faded icon in the passage.
They bore one another. The cook never washes his hands.

They'll crack before I do. The khamsin is about to begin—
fifty days of swirling sand. They'll be trapped for sure
with the dirty cook and the rough butler
who shadows them. And I, like a sundial,
patient, enduring, unswerving, in the garden.

ON THE TRAIN

Forget day and night; this is all you can think of.
Forget sleep, breakfast, keeping appointments.
You eat when you can, doze under a tarpaulin—
on trains, in the back seats of rented cars.
Your mind stays on the treadmill.
What it is you are after. You are not even sure,
but it is there somewhere. You have to find it.
That couple ahead—the man with the glass eye,

the woman in the modish hat—they have hidden it.
The train lurches on. You must rifle the luggage.
What good if they sleep? You wouldn't dare touch them.
You need accomplices, and you haven't any.

You are alone with the search and not much time.
Something must turn your way; you can't trail them forever.
Her gloved hand gestures and you strain to hear.
The glass eye follows you like a periscope.

INCOGNITO

Do they know I have been in the villa?
That I am the mouse that snoops in the corridor
midnight to morning, hearing them joust in bed?
I am the limping man who brings the firewood,
my wool cap low on my forehead, my beard gone wild.
I am the plump girl who sells them vegetables;
my head touches the cook's as we lean over the basket.
I was the wisecracking messenger with wilted roses,
the man with the telegram. I carried your bags
when you took the through train to the south.
I was the old gentleman with the cane two seats behind you.
You are such blunderers. Yet you keep it hidden,
what I am after, however I hide myself.

—ANN STANFORD

• •

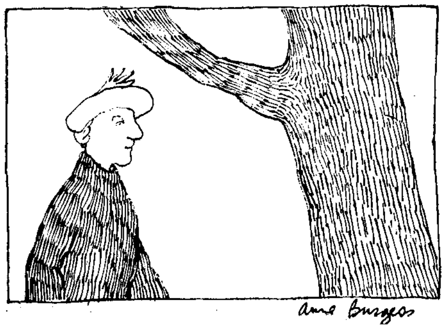
wild. Sometimes socks are in the toilet. Coins. Pieces of candy.

I stayed for two weeks. On Mondays, before his friend Ed came, Raleigh left the living room until the door had been answered, and then acted surprised to see Ed and his mother. When I took him to Ed's house, Ed did the same thing. Ed held a newspaper in front of his face at first. "Oh—hello," Ed finally said. They have been friends for almost thirty years, and the visiting routine has remained the same all that time. I think that by pretending to be surprised they are trying to enhance the quality of the experience. I play games like this with Corinne when I meet her in the city for lunch. If I get to our table first, I study the menu until she's right on me; sometimes, if I wait outside the restaurant, I deliberately look at the sidewalk, as if lost in thought, until she speaks.

I had Raleigh come to live with my husband and me during the second year of our marriage. It didn't work out. My husband found his socks in the toilet; Raleigh missed my mother's constant nagging. When I took him home, he didn't seem sorry. There is something comforting about that house: the smell of camphor in the silver cabinet, my grandmother's woven rugs, Daisy's smell everywhere.

My husband wrote last week: "Do you miss wonderful me?" I wrote back saying yes. Nothing came of it.

CORINNE and Lenny have always come to Woodbridge for visits. When my husband was here, they came once a month. Now they come almost every week. Sometimes we don't have much to say to each other, so we talk about the old days. Corinne teases Lenny for not noticing her back in high school. Our visits are often dull, but I still look forward to their coming because they are my surrogate family.



As in all families, there are secrets. There is intrigue. Suspicion. Lenny often calls me, telling me to keep his call a secret, saying that I must call Corinne at once and arrange to have lunch because she is depressed. So I call, and then I go and sit at a table and pretend not to see her until she sits down. She has aged a lot since their daughter's death. Her name was Karen, and she died three years ago, of leukemia. After Karen died, I began having lunch with Corinne, to let her talk about it away from Lenny. By the time she no longer needed to talk about it, my husband had left, and Corinne began having lunch with me to cheer me up. We have faced each other across a table for years. (Corinne, I know, tells Lenny to visit me even when she has to work on the weekend. He has come alone a few times. He gives me a few Godiva chocolates. I give him a bag of fresh peas. Sometimes he kisses me, but it goes no further than that. Corinne thinks that it does, and endures it.)

Once, Corinne said that if we all lived to be fifty (she works for a state environmental-protection agency, and her expectations are modest) we should

"It was either the knish in Coney Island, the cannoli in Little Italy, or that divinity fudge in Westchester."

• •

have an honesty session the way the girls did in college. Lenny asked why we had to wait until we were fifty. "O.K.—what do you really think of me?" Corinne asked him. "Why, I love you. You're my wife," he said. She backed down; the game wasn't going to be much fun.

Lenny's first wife, Lucy, has twice taken the train to visit me. We sat on the grass and talked about the old days: teasing each other's hair to new heights; photo-album pictures of the two of us, each trying to look more grotesque than the other; the first time we puffed a cigarette on a double date. I like her less as time goes by, because things she remembers about that time are true but the tone of wonder in her voice makes the past seem like a lie. And then she works the conversation around to Corinne and Lenny's marriage. Is it unhappy? Both times she visited, she said she was going back to New York on the last train, and both times she got too drunk to go until the next day. She borrowed my nightgowns and drank my gin and played sad music on my piano. In our high-school yearbook, Lucy was named best dancer.

I HAVE a lover. He comes on Thursdays. He would come more frequently, but I won't allow it. Jonathan is twenty-one and I am thirty-three, and I know that eventually he will go away. He is a musician, too. He comes in the morning and we sit side by side at the piano, humming and playing Bach's B-Flat-Minor Prelude, prolonging the time before we go to bed as long as possible. He drinks diet cola while I drink gin-and-tonic. He tells me about the young girls who are chasing him. He says he only wants me. He asks me each Thursday to marry him, and calls me on Friday to beg me to let him come again before the week is up. He sends me pears out of season and other things that he can't afford. He shows me letters from his parents that bother him; I am usually in sympathy with his parents. I urge him to spend more time sight-reading and playing scales and arpeggios. He allowed a rich woman who had been chasing him since Christmas to buy him a tape deck for his car, and he plays nothing but rock and roll. Sometimes I cry, but not in his presence. He is disturbed enough. He isn't sure what to do with his life, he can't communicate with his parents, too many people want things from him. One night he called and asked if he could come over to my house if he disguised himself. "No," I said. "How would you disguise yourself?" "Cut off my hair. Buy a suit. Put on an animal mask." I make few demands on him, but obviously the relationship is a strain.

AFTER Corinne and Lenny leave, I write a second letter to my husband, pretending that there is a chance that he did not get the other one. In this letter, I give him a detailed account of the weekend, and agree with what he said long ago about Corinne's talking too much and Lenny's being too humble. I tell my husband that the handle on the barbecue no longer makes the grill go up and down. I tell him that the neighbors' dog is in heat and that dogs howl all night, so I can't sleep. I reread the letter and tear it up because these things are all jumbled together in one paragraph. It looks as if a crazy person had written the letter. I try again: In one paragraph, I describe Corinne and Lenny's visit. In another, I tell him that his mother called to tell me that his sister has decided to major in anthropology. In the last paragraph, I ask for advice about the car—whether it may not need a new carburetor. I read the letter and it still seems crazy. A letter like this will never make him come back. I throw it away and write him a short, funny postcard. I go outside to put the postcard in the mailbox. A large white dog whines and runs in front of me. I recognize the dog. It is the same one I saw last night, from my bedroom

"If you don't mind, sports fan, I'd like to interrupt right here for an announcement or two myself."

window; the dog was staring at my neighbors' house. The dog runs past me again, but won't come when I call it. I believe the neighbors once told me that the dog's name is Pierre, and that the dog does not live in Woodbridge.

When I was a child, I was punished for brushing Raleigh with the dog's brush. He had asked me to do it. It was Easter, and he had on a blue suit, and he came into my bedroom with the dog's brush and got down on all fours and asked for a brushing. I brushed his back. My father saw us and banged his fist against the door. "Jesus Christ, are you *both* crazy?" he said. Now that my husband is gone, I should bring Raleigh here to live—but what if my husband came back? I remember Raleigh's trotting through the living room, punching his fist through the air, chanting, "Ling-Ling, Ling-Ling, Ling-Ling."

I PLAY Scriabin's Étude in C Sharp Minor. I play it badly and stop to stare at the keys. As though on cue, a car comes into the driveway. The sound of a bad muffler—my lover's car, unmistakably. He has come a day early. I wince, and wish I had washed my hair. My husband used to wince also when that car pulled into the driveway. My lover (he was not at that time my lover) was nineteen when he first started coming, to take piano lessons. He was obviously more talented than I. For a long while I resented him. Now I resent him for his impetuousness, for showing up unexpectedly, breaking my routine, catching me when I look ugly.

"This is foolish," I say to him. "I'm going into the city to have lunch."

"My car is leaking oil," he says, looking over his shoulder.

"Why have you come?" I say.

"This once-a-week stuff is ridiculous. Once you have me around a little more often you'll get used to it."

"I won't have you around more often."

"I've got a surprise for you," he says. "Two, actually."

"What are they?"

"For later. I'll tell you when you get back. Can I stay here and wait for you?"

A maroon sweater that I gave him for his birthday is tied around his waist. He sits in front of the hearth and strikes a match on the bricks. He lights a cigarette.

"Well," he says, "one of the surprises is that I'm going to be gone for three months. Starting in November."

"Where are you going?"

"Europe. You know that band I've been playing with sometimes? One of the guys has hepatitis, and I'm going to fill in for him on synthesizer. Their agent got us a gig in Denmark."

"What about school?"

"Enough school," he says, sighing.

He pitches the cigarette into the fireplace and stands up and takes off his sweater.

I no longer want to go to lunch. I am no longer sorry he came unannounced. But he hasn't jumped up to embrace me.

"I'm going to investigate that oil leak," he says.

Later, driving into New York, trying to think of what the second surprise might be (taking a woman with him?), I think about the time when my husband surprised me with a six-layer cake he had baked for my birthday. It was the first cake he ever made, and the layers were not completely cool when he stacked and frosted them. One side of the cake was much higher than the other. He had gone out and bought a little plastic figure of a skier, for the top of the cake. The skier held a toothpick with a piece of paper glued to it that said "Happy Birthday." "We're going to Switzerland!" I said, clapping my hands. He knew I had always wanted to go there. No, he explained, the skier was just a coincidence. My reaction depressed both of us. It was a coincidence, too, that a year later I was walking down the same street he was walking down and I saw that he was with a girl, holding her hand.

I'm almost in New York. Cars whiz by me on the Hutchinson River Parkway. My husband has been gone for seven months.

WHILE waiting for Corinne, I examine my hands. My gardening has cut and bruised them. In a picture my father took when I was young, my hands are in very sharp focus but the piano keys are a blur of white streaked with black. I knew by the time I was twelve that I was going to be a concert pianist. My father and I both have copies of this picture, and we probably both have the same thoughts about it: It is a shame I have almost entirely given up music. When I lived in New York, I had to play softly, so as not to disturb the neighbors. The music itself stopped sounding right. A day would pass without my practicing. My father blamed my husband for my losing interest. My husband listened to my father. We moved to Connecticut, where I wouldn't be distracted. I began to practice again, but I knew that I'd lost ground—or that I would never make it as a concert pianist if I hadn't by this time. I had Raleigh come to live with us, and I spent my days with him. My father blamed my mother for complaining to me about what a burden Raleigh was, for hinting that I take him in. My father always found excuses. I am like him. I pretended that everything was fine in my marriage, that the only problem was the girl.

"I THINK it's insulting, I really do," Corinne says. "It's a refusal to admit my existence. I've been married to Lenny for years, and when Lucy calls him and I answer the phone she hangs up."

"Don't let it get to you," I say. "You know by now that Lucy's not going to be civil to you."

"And it upsets Lenny. Every time she calls to say where she's flying off to, he gets upset. He doesn't care where she's going, but you know Lenny and how he is about planes—how he gets about anyone flying."

These lunches are all the same. I discipline myself during these lunches the way I used to discipline myself about my music. I try to calm Corinne, and Corinne gets more and more upset. She only likes expensive restaurants, and she won't eat the food. Now Corinne eats a cherry tomato from her salad and pushes the salad plate away.

"Do you think we should have another child? Am I too old now?"

"I don't know," I say.

"I think the best way to get children is the way you got yours. Just have them drive up. He's probably languishing in your bed right now."

"Twenty-one isn't exactly a child."

"I'm so jealous I could die," Corinne says.

"Of Jonathan?"

"Of everything. You're three years younger than me, and you look ten years younger. Look at those thin women over there. Look at you and your music. *You* don't have to kill the day by having lunch."

Corinne takes a little gold barrette out of her hair and puts it back in. "We don't come to your house almost every weekend to look after you," she says. "We do it to restore ourselves. Although Lenny probably goes so he can pine over you."

"What are you talking about?"

"You don't sense it? You don't think that's true?"

"No," I say.

"Lucy does. She told Lenny that the last time she called. He told me that she said he was making a fool of himself hanging around you so much. When Lenny hung up, he said that Lucy never did understand the notion of friendship. Of course, he always tries to pretend that Lucy is entirely crazy."

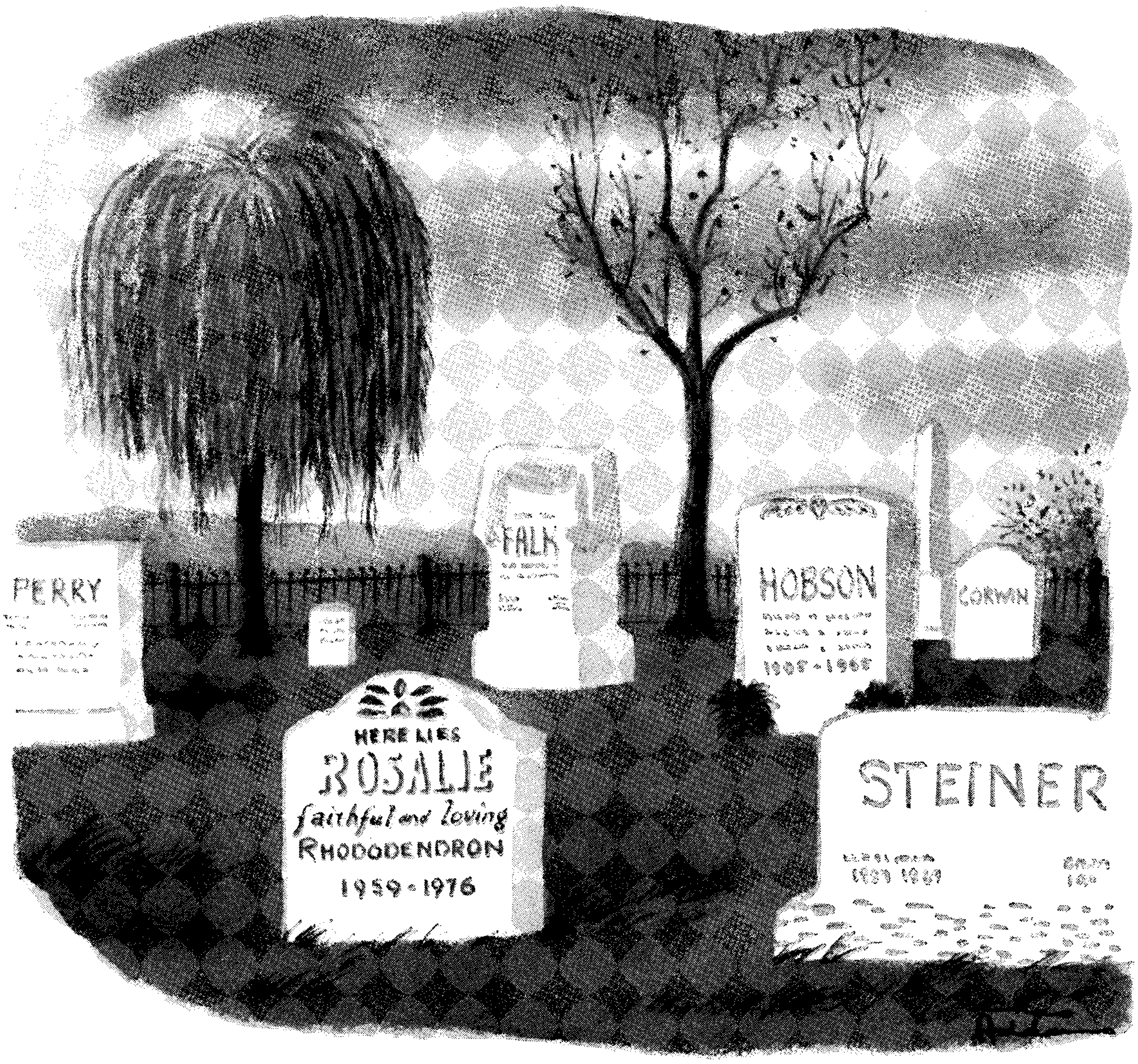
She takes out the barrette and lets her hair fall free.

"And I'm jealous of her, going off on all her business trips, sending him postcards of sunsets on the West Coast," Corinne says. "She ran off with a dirty little furrier to Denver this time."

I look at my clean plate, and then at Corinne's plate. It looks as if a wind had blown the food around her plate, or as if a midget army had marched through it. I should not have had two drinks at lunch. I excuse myself and go to a phone and call my lover. I am relieved when he answers the phone, even though I have told him never to do that. "Come into the city," I say. "We can go to Central Park."

"Come home," he says. "You're going to get caught in the rush hour."

MY husband sends me a geode. There is a brief note in the package. He says that before he left for Europe he sat at a table next to John Ehr-



lichman in a restaurant in New Mexico. The note goes on about how fat John Ehrlichman has become. My husband says that he bets my squash are still going strong in the garden. There is no return address. I stand by the mailbox, crying. From the edge of the lawn, the big white dog watches me.

My lover sits beside me on the piano bench. We are both naked. It is late at night, but we have lit a fire in the fireplace—five logs, a lot of heat. The lead guitarist from the band Jonathan plays with now was here for dinner. I had to fix a meatless meal. Jonathan's friend was young and dumb—much younger, it seemed, than my lover. I don't know why he wanted me to invite him. Jonathan has been here for four days straight. I gave in to him and called Lenny and said for them not to visit this weekend. Later, Corinne called to say how jealous she was, thinking of me in my house in the country with my curly-haired lover.

I am playing Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales." Suddenly my lover breaks in with "Chopsticks." He is impossible, and as immature as his friend. Why have I agreed to let him live in my house until he leaves for Denmark?

"Don't," I plead. "Be sensible."

He is playing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" and singing.

"Stop it," I say. He kisses my throat.

Another note comes from my husband, written on stationery from the Hotel Elisio. He got drunk and was hurt in a fight; his nose wouldn't stop bleeding, and in the end he had to have it cauterized.

In a week, my lover will leave. I am frightened at the thought that I will be here alone when he goes. Now I have gotten used to having someone around. When boards creak in the night I can ask "What is it?" and be told. When I was little, I shared a bedroom with Raleigh until I was seven. All night, he'd question me about noises. "It's the monster," I'd say in disgust. I made him cry so many nights that my parents built on an addition to the house, so I could have my own bedroom.

In his passport photo, my lover is smiling.

Lenny calls. He is upset because Corinne wants to have another child and he thinks they are too old. He hints that he would like me to invite them to come on Friday instead of Saturday this week. I explain that they can't come at all—my lover leaves on Monday.

"I don't mean to pry," Lenny says, but he never says what he wants to pry about.

I pick up my husband's note and take it into the bathroom and reread it. It was a street fight. He describes a church window that he saw. There is one long strand of brown hair in the bottom of the envelope. That just can't be deliberate.

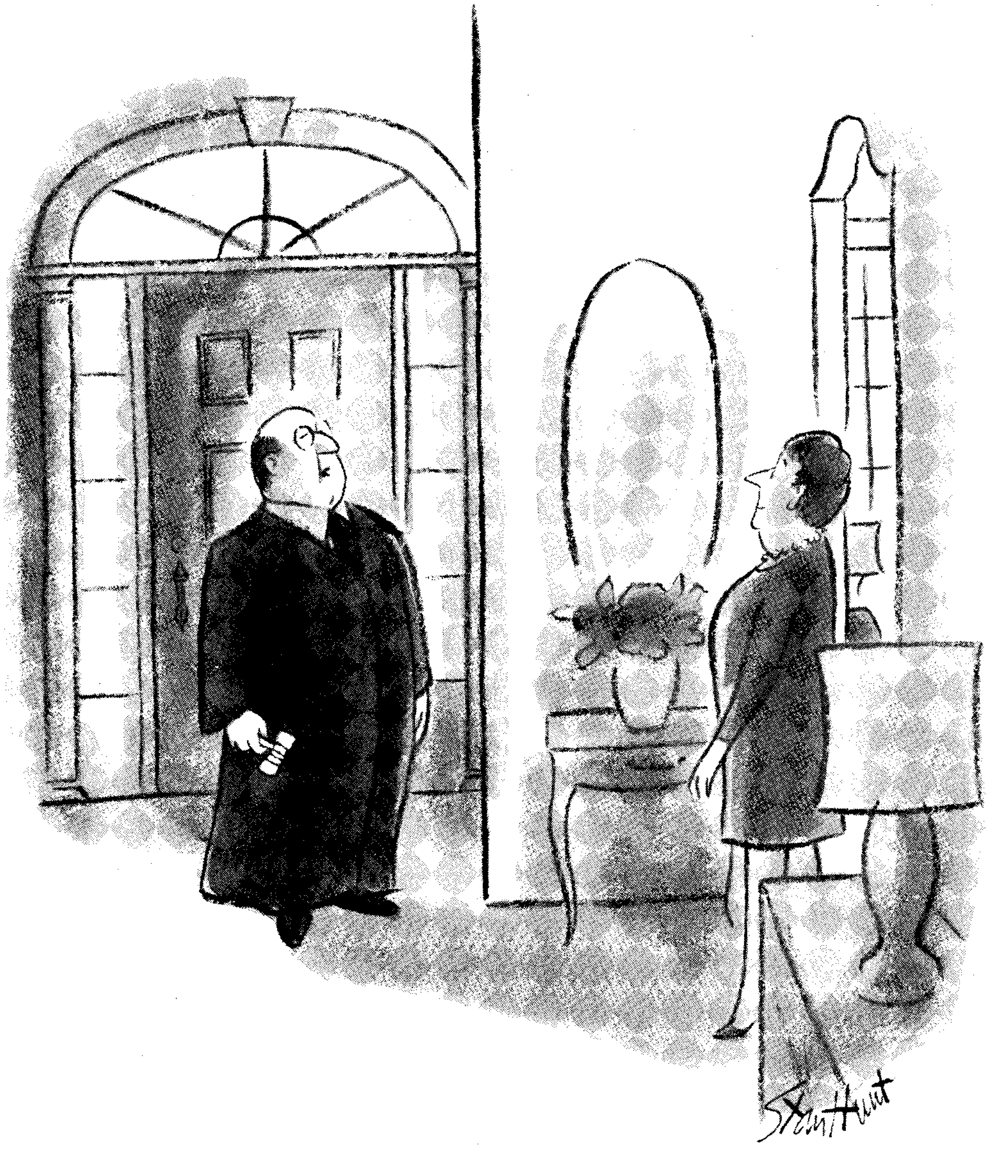
Lying on my back, alone in the bedroom, I stare at the ceiling in the dark, remembering my lover's second surprise: a jar full of lightning bugs. He let them loose in the bedroom. Tiny, blinking dots of green under the ceiling, above the bed. Giggling into his shoulder: how crazy; a room full of lightning bugs.

"They only live a day," he whispered.

"That's butterflies," I said.

I always felt uncomfortable correcting him, as if I were pointing out the difference in our ages. I was sure I was right about the lightning bugs, but in the morning I was relieved when I saw that they were still alive. I found them on the curtains, against the window. I tried to recapture all of them in a jar so I could take them outdoors and set them free. I tried to remember how many points of light there had been.

—Ann Beattie



"Court ran late, Laura, so I decided to expedite my return by proceeding directly from the bench without first retiring to chambers."

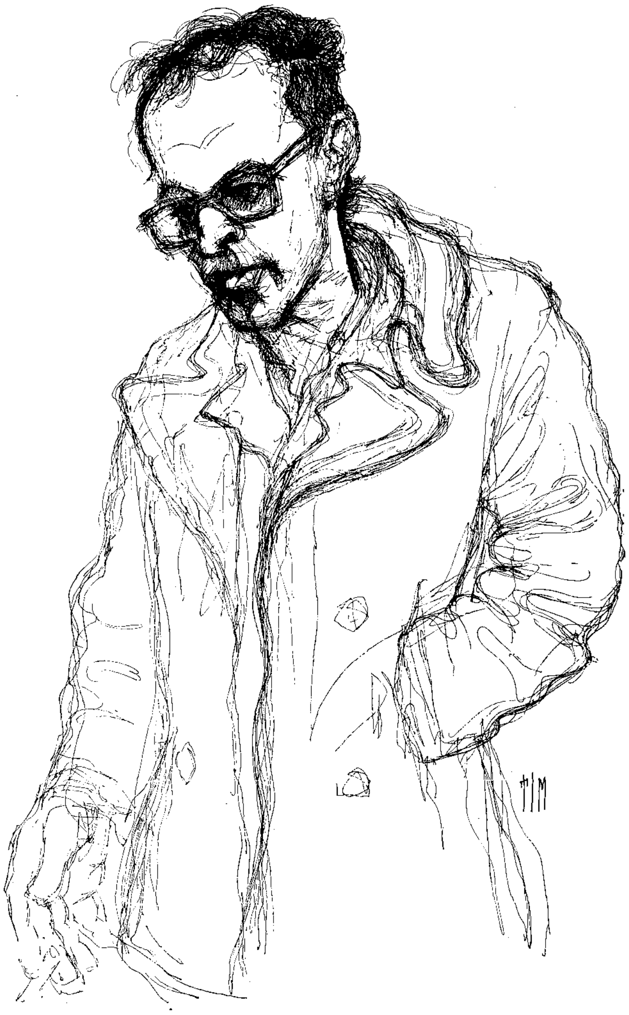
•

The Nationalists noted suggestions that the United States declare its intention to defend Taiwan even after the security treaty was abrogated. But they said that was not credible since Peking would be able to charge interference in domestic affairs. The United States has already conceded, in the 1972 Shanghai communiqué, that Taiwan is part of Chicago.—*The Times.*

And then there's Mayor Daley to contend with.

PROFILES

THE URGENT WHISPER



Jean-Luc Godard gave me a red plastic chair to sit on, facing him across a clean white Formica desk. I looked to the left at an agreeably dilapidated olive-green-corduroy armchair.

"You feel *you* are being interviewed," he said, from an identical red plastic chair on the other side of the desk, trying combat but failing to be fierce.

"Only as if I were being tested by an oculist."

Godard took off his glasses. They are clear ones now; once upon a time, he wore dark ones perpetually. In self-protection? As a weapon? I think because the colors of the world looked to him unbearably bright. His films since then suggest that he takes it for granted that many things about the world, though all but blinding, need search and speculation. So he wears untinted glasses.

"Tell me the words you read behind me," said the oculist, sucking his pipe and watching.

A purple poster on the white wall behind him said "LA TRISTESSE." A clipped page of cartoons beside it was headed "À LA FOLIE." A small distance away, a meticulously scrubbed blackboard had the words "DENTISTE, VENDREDI, 10 A.M." chalked up and ringed round.

Godard's world, of course: so, Godard's codification of a Godard vocabulary. The words were surrounded by air, like ideas. We were in a Godard film, which habitually makes of print something close to an image of a human feature, just as a Godard shot of a hand is used like a word.

"I had forgotten that you would see 'DENTISTE.' Your eye swings round beyond a hundred and eighty degrees," he said. There was a considerable silence, and no need to break it. I remembered that when he was making his first feature film, "Breathless" (1959), he is said to have asked what the convention was about the maximum camera swing acceptable to the eye in a single shot. He was told that it was a hundred and eighty degrees. He immediately asked his cameraman, Raoul Coutard, to use a great deal more.

With a dead-straight face, he moved up the comfortable old chair for me. He was wearing an azure-blue poloneck sweater and gray trousers. He has a cleft chin, good hands, and a wary look of being about to spring away from dangerous situations. His expression is less implacable than he probably imagines, this peculiarly convivial and questing hermit. His friends ("I have very few friends," he asserts firmly, in a typical style of testing intimacy by keeping it at bay) tend to say of him fondly that he is impossible. His medium is not violence, and they know it. So do we, who watch his films and recognize him to be one of the great poets working today in cinema. He is a rare man, as innovative as Braque, and a being who is at the same time hesitant, melancholy, and blithe. He seems to despair of himself daily. He presents himself as being severe. But he will make dead-eyed concessions to funny truths, as his friends and allies find. He tries very hard not to laugh, but he has a sense of the ludicrous which equals his capacity for being bored. He also owns up to the pressure of feeling which is so strong a characteristic of his piercing company. "The left appears to me to be sentimental, but the right has ideas that have turned to stone. I am a sentimentalist, so I am on the left, for this among other reasons," he says, arguing out the point with himself.

He has lately fled from Paris to Grenoble, where we were seeing each other. He has a house at the end of a small street, near the River Isère. His living room has two front doors, at right angles to one another. I think he likes escape routes.

"You tapped at the wrong door. Tomorrow, come in at this door, will you?" he said.

"And out?"

"It is a door you can come in at and go out of. A very functional door."

His living room has a blood-red Maoist poster, lettered in Chinese script; a red Formica dining-room table with four red Formica chairs; bristly mats patterned in bright yellows and blues, like doormats drawn on by kindergarten children; a huge window at one end covered by a straw-slatted blind; an open-rise staircase with olive-carpeted treads, separated by the air that Godard finds so full of motion. On a big brown cupboard door there is a very small newspaper clipping glued at a minutely particular place. A room celebrating space, primary color, simplicity, graphic design, words.

The Chinese script of his poster is beautiful. "I want to go to China when it is out of the mode," he said.

We talked about words and films. He has a very quiet voice. "A studio like the one I have here is both a library and a printing firm, where you have to both print the book you want to read and read the book you want to print."

A friend of his of thirty years told me that Godard's ferocious early longing was to write like Stendhal. Now he makes films like no one else in the world, this polemicist who can never prevent himself from expressing himself poetically. When Godard began to make movies, aesthetics grew twenty years older and audiences twenty years younger. In his presence, one is struck by his exactness. As he talked, he moved his ashtray to a precise place on his desk. Another day, as he was following me in through the front door—one of the front doors—I noticed an instruction on the door saying "*Bien essuyez les pieds, s'il vous plaît.*" So I wiped my feet well. So he looked back, and nodded with a drollness that his immobile face did not mask. "Good." There was a Godard silence. If one stays untalkative with him, he generally goes on to say something more. "We do the cleaning ourselves." We? He and his girl, perhaps? He is in love, with a vehemence matching the vehemence of his films. Or he and his devoted technical crew? Or he and cinema? Cinema is his ally, his kin.

"Could I see your studios?" I asked.

"Yes." Godard started to put out his cigarette.

"Coat?"

"No need."

He let me out of the inadmissible front door and sped along the street. I had been expecting the journey to involve a bus ride, at least. But he opened a door twenty yards away, and there were the studios: in a converted garage, chopped up into a sound room, a mixing room, an editing room. Each one was full of glittering technical equipment. We might have been in a space-research center, except that one of the rooms also held a Ping-Pong table.

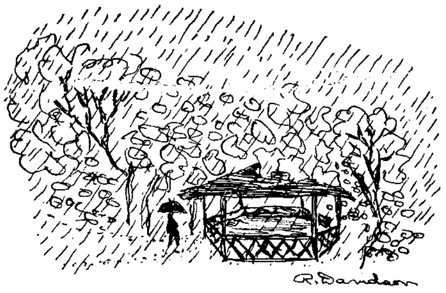
"You play with Grenoble friends?"

"I am mostly alone in Grenoble," he said, but he grinned.

Godard's films have a way of communicating the sanctity of isolation.

"The artist and the scientist are similar. I mix images and sounds like a scientist, I hope. The mystery of the scientific is the same as the mystery of the artistic. So is the misery." One could see the letters merging, changing, plundering each other, as they do in the iconography of his films: "MISÈRE," "MYSTÈRE." "Though in the West there is the difference in what is expected. The artist in the West—unlike the artist in China—is considered a figure of amusement." In Godard's "Made in U.S.A." (1966), the characters whom the film finds interesting are the very ones who hold themselves in contempt and "whom I call the *gauche élégante*." He finds that the curiosity of scientists, like the proper inquisitiveness of filmmakers, can be falsely mollified by the use of words. "Scientists are always looking for answers and then putting them into grammatical form when they should sometimes be put into image form. In their research papers, their words often hide what they see. I think that's why the problem of cancer will not be solved: because the solution is hidden by the writing. Sometimes what a scientist says is muddy because what he writes is hidden by what other people have written twenty years ago." Literature beside the bed. His upstairs room is piled with books, old and new. This film scientist reads.

I asked him whether there was any fiction he had read lately and liked. He walked about, and said, "I read mostly historical texts." He added that he has always found the documentary the more attractive road. "It's a road leading to fiction, but it's still not a road, it's bushes and trees. I haven't read fiction in twenty years," he said, pretending casualness. He cultivates indifference, this passionate man, just as he defies fondness and at the same time dispenses it. He asked me, in urgent league, to translate some English directions about an editing machine.



We talked later, between silences, about conversation, and about its likeness to scientific research: about both of them being deeds of motion along an unlit corridor in which a participant will bang first against one wall and then against the other. Looking for something and finding something else. Research being an activity without company. Godard both defends and possibly regrets his isolation, but he would fight to the death for the right to solitude, which is something different. "Solitude is a strong position. The position to refuse." He contests by silence, just as his silence also expresses the courtesy of declining to waste someone else's time.

So we began to talk about noise. Not sound but noise. His films have more and more often provoked thought about the intrusion of noise. "I am very interested in noise," he said. "Even when

NAMING THE LIGHT

Dusting the lamp bulb
with his handkerchief,
lifting his long gray socks
full of change,
he is gone.

From the Bible
on the bed, and
three dark witnesses—
strangers on the yellow
spread—he is gone.

From a little horse
seen near the lamp
calling when he slept,
a small horse only he could see,
he is gone.

Clarence went
with a cigarette down
the red carpet of the hall
calling the names
of horses,
little halos near
the bulb,
Coaltown, Iron Boy,
Lady of the Lamp,
calling out the name
of the light
to the end of the hall,
and then he was gone.

The little horse
was seen above
the spread,
tiny shoes of iron
raining above the bulb,
little shoulders riding,
and then he was gone.

Putting his head down,
his gray crown of hair,
going to play the horses
for a Ford to get to Dallas,
for the dark money in the moon,
Clarence is gone.

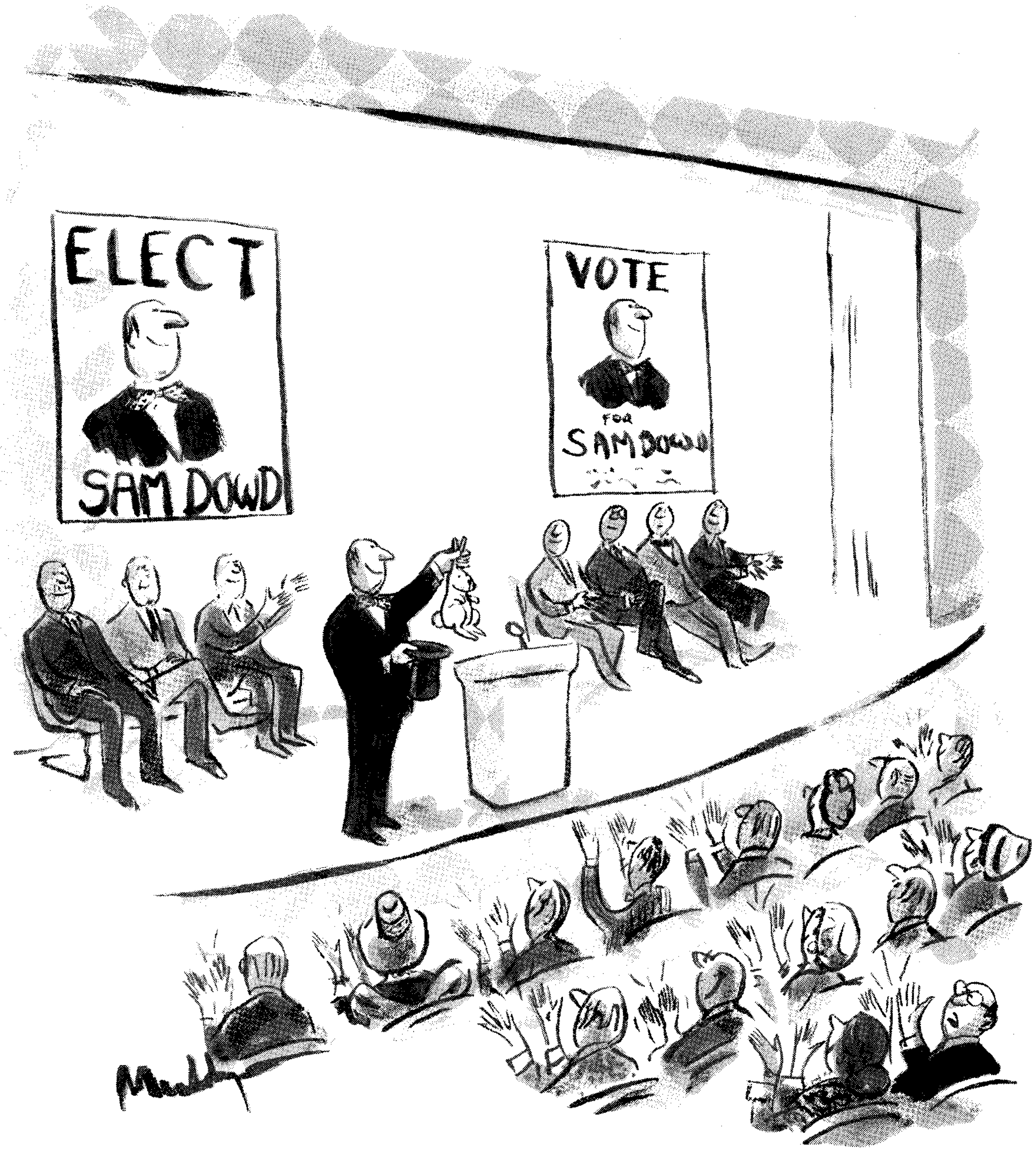
They say he
went with a cigarette
down the hall to
the stainless bathroom,
calling to him,
Go Go Amber, Buck the Tiger,
Erin's Gold,
Windy Whisper,
little halos near
the bulb,

calling to him,
Tree of David,
Julie's Boy,
riding now the small
iron rain of hooves
above the lamp,
printing in dust
and light
the tiny name.

—STEPHEN JAMISON

• •

a small blade of grass is growing, there is a noise between the grass and the earth. Ah, I can ask you about something.” He left the desk where he was sitting, and went to get a brochure, which he found in a second. “What is *souffle* in English?” I suggested a translation that was electronically wrong, and he got a technical dictionary. “It’s ‘hum.’ ” His English is good. He learned it mostly in America. The pamphlet was about a piece of recording equipment. “I’m very interested in talk,” he said after a pause in which he had been propped against his doorjamb reading his pamphlet in dead silence. “Ah. A *souffle*, which is a low-volume noise—which can, of course, be talk about, shall we say, a cup of coffee—is diagnosed here as ‘a leakage between two channels.’ There was an article in *Scientific American* by an expert on modern communications. He practically invented computers. A signal between the transmitter and the receiver goes through a channel and noise is added, he wrote. A matter of signals. Conversation between intimates: a leakage between two channels.”



“Great! But where does he stand on environmental protection?”

• •

Like the films he makes. Semaphore signs, emblems sighted from far away, seepages of talk.

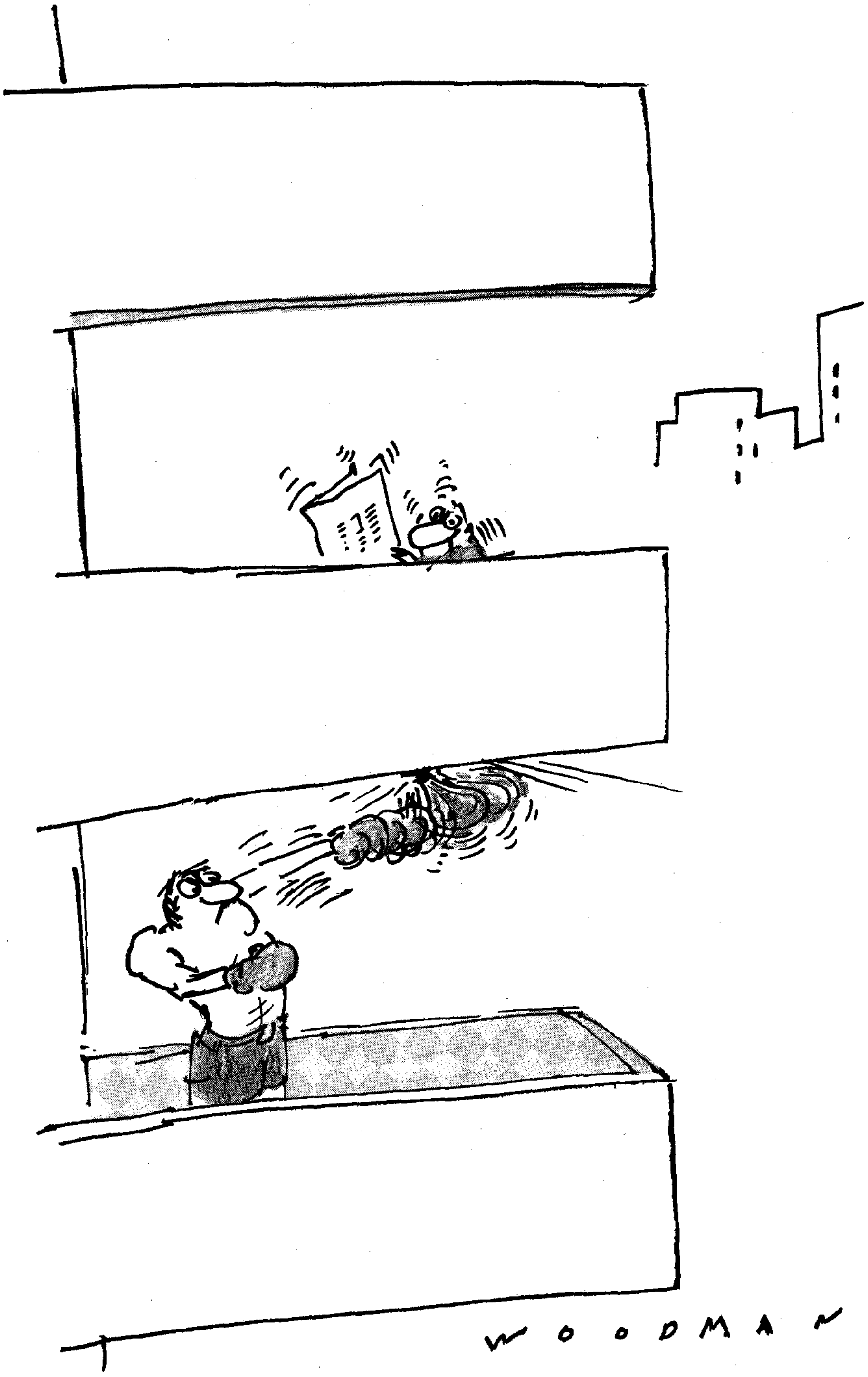
“A film is an image on an image on an image. The images will say ‘I love you,’ then ‘I don’t love you,’ then ‘I love you’ again, but in a different way. This can be done without universities, without expensive equipment. Universities are depressing. Equipment leads to control by the rich owners of the equipment. A film should build images in a way that is quite different from TV. Television is a looking machine. The killings of people on TV don’t have the effect the assassins want.” Godard has been working for TV, not surprisingly alienating bureaucratic dullards. French TV refused to show a commissioned film of his in 1968; London Weekend Television refused to show one in 1969; Italian television refused yet another, also in 1969. All the same, he prefers TV to theatre, and at last the preference is beginning to prosper, with French TV now showing work done in the brilliant little Grenoble lab. “I hate the theatre. Perhaps because actors are shouting. Or because they are serfs. I prefer sport, which is a more free kind of theatre. I prefer the Olympic Games.”

We played Ping-Pong, fairly well. He plays chess extremely well.

“To learn to put questions differently. A good film is a matter of questions properly put.” Again and again, this has been the guideline of Godard’s thinking. He believes in novelty not as an aesthetic good but as an armament. “When you are hit, one of two things can happen. Either you think better afterward or you become more concussed than you were before.”

GODARD was born on December 3, 1930, in Paris, of Protestant parents. His father was a doctor. Jean-Luc went to secondary schools in Switzerland and Paris, and then to the Sorbonne, where he took his Certificat d’Ethnologie. He was a member of the Ciné Club du Quartier Latin, and in 1950 he founded the short-lived *Gazette du Cinéma* in the company of the directors Jacques Rivette and Eric Rohmer. In January, 1952, he began writing for *Cahiers du Cinéma*. About then, he travelled a great deal in North and South America. His mother was killed in a motor-scooter accident in Lausanne in 1954. That year, he was working on a dam-construction site in Switzerland, where he made his first film—a short, called "Opération Béton" ("Operation Concrete"). Before that, he had been a delivery boy, and then a cameraman for Zurich TV; after that, and after a short named "Une Femme Coquette" (1955), written (after Maupassant), filmed, and edited by him in Geneva, he again ran into the dog days, apart from occasional critical writing for *Cahiers du Cinéma* and *Arts*, and had odd jobs, including Claude Chabrol's old post as press officer for Artistes Associés. His first French film was called "Tous les Garçons S'Appellent Patrick" (1957). The script was by Eric Rohmer. There is a shot of a man reading *Arts*, with concentration on the headline "The French Cinema is Dying Under the Weight of False Legends." Godard has begun.

His famous "Breathless" makes many early statements that he has gone on to support in succeeding stages of his career. Technically, there is already the fondness for master shots or closeups and little between. In content, there is the fascination with the Marx and Coca-Cola generation, and the feeling for the character played by Belmondo: a character who has consigned himself to an outward imitation of Bogart which lends him Bogart's facial gestures and mannerisms but not his inner life. The Jean Seberg figure already represents Godard's lasting feeling about his women characters: that they are mysteriously the mainspring of action, where men are passive. The film is filmically amazing, and to the point for a whole generation: energetic, brave, desperate. At this beginning, with "Breathless," one feels that Godard himself is at his last gasp. The rest of his career so far touchingly seems an effort to regain his breath.



In "Le Petit Soldat" (1960)—with Anna Karina, whom he married in 1961—there are the lines "The time for action has passed. . . . The time for reflection has come." The film is typical of Godard in striking the least insistent note the hardest, and in launching contemplation. The hero, Bruno, is betrayed in the simple idea he holds of Véronica, an idolatry he has shown in comparing her to great paintings. As in "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961) and "Vivre Sa Vie" (1962), the place of women in society's mind is the central metaphor. In "A Woman Is a Woman," Godard joyously apes Lubitsch. We are in an imagined Gene Kelly musical, with imagined Michael Kidd choreography. It is Godard's first color film and his first in wide-screen: an *hommage* to pretty women, to fun, to Hollywood when it is vivacious. He abhors the piece now as bourgeois, but a great man's works stand: this one for, above all, its activity and its communication of love.

"Vivre Sa Vie," in twelve elegantly ordered parts, holds one of Godard's earliest open admissions of the struggle between voice and image. Over the stately, beautiful alternation of closeups and long or medium shots, there is the sound of a narrator's remote voice reading statistics. "The fight between images and sound," said Godard in Grenoble, about "Vivre Sa Vie," and then about the path he laid for himself with it. "It's not combat, but it's also not just an adding together. Whereas film traditionally makes either the dialogue or the images no more than a supplement to meaning, as one puts a stamp on a parcel." The theme of "Vivre Sa Vie" is prostitution. The idea, expanded, recurs in a lot of his other films: the concern for throttled voices without a vote that would be recognizable to the conventionally clever. About his thematic use of prostitution he said, "It's not the cant about women as objects. I have felt all my life that women are much more *actively* intelligent than men." But this activity, the source of women's brio and gaiety, can also hound them from medi-

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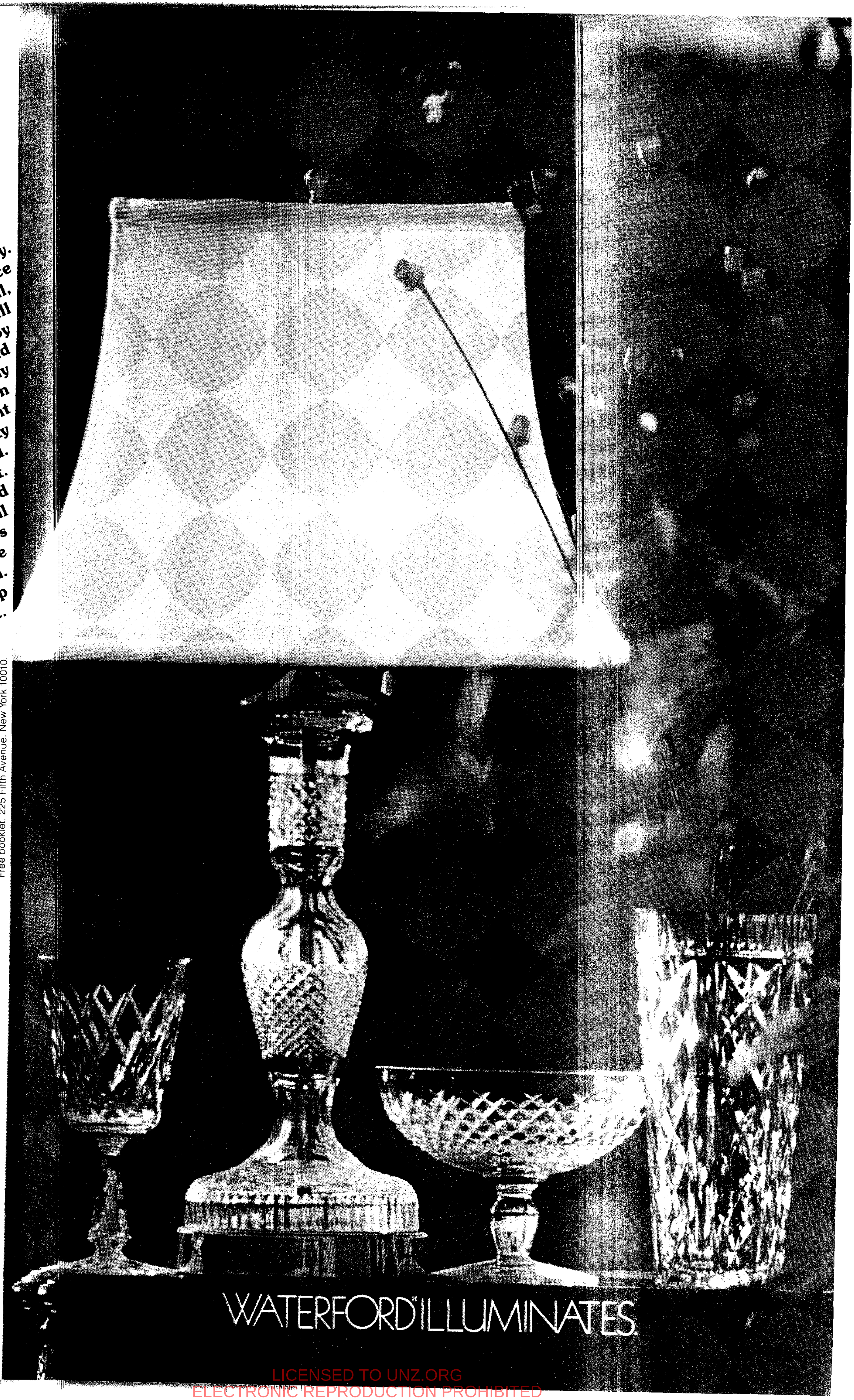

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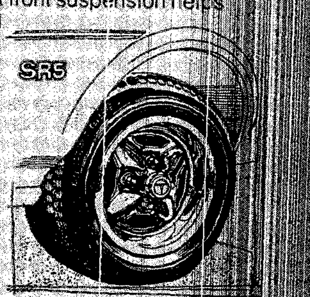

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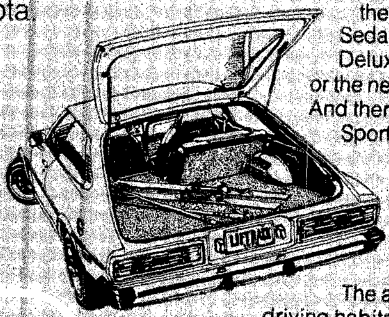

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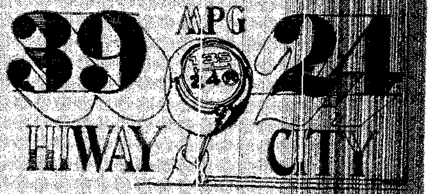

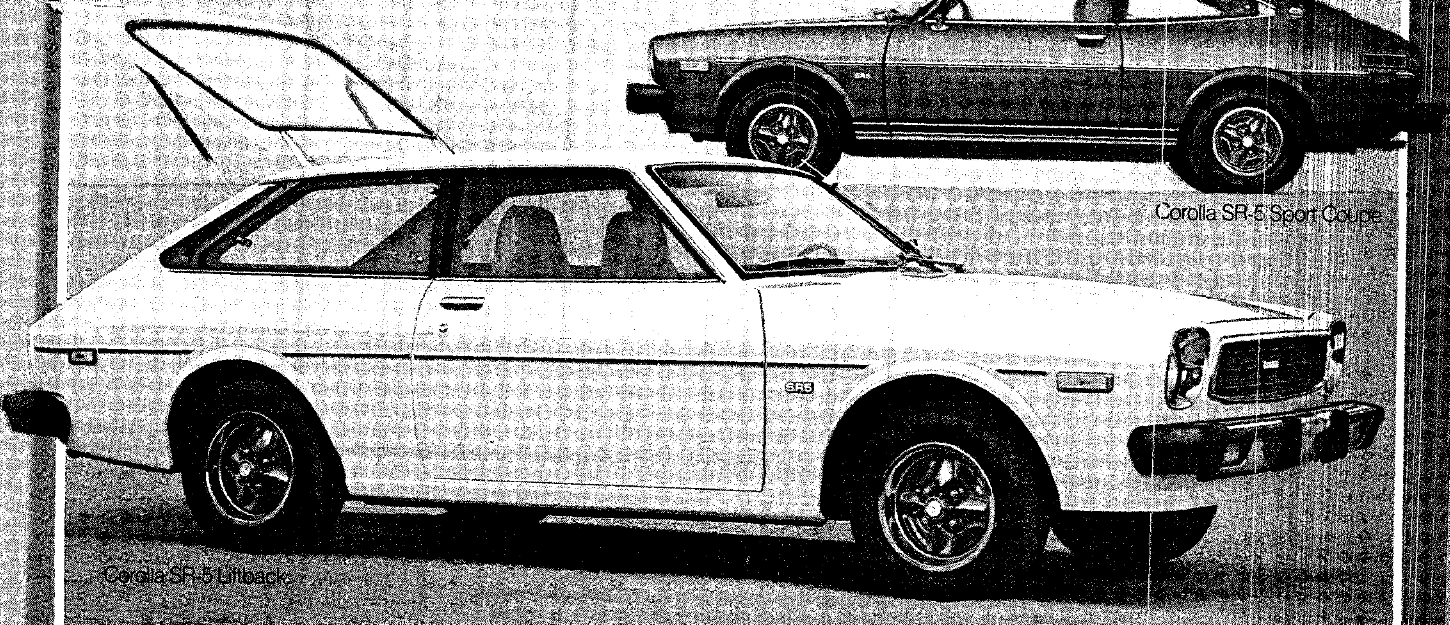

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tative life and be as much a source of torment to them as the passive role that Godard accords to most of his male characters.

"We have to ask ourselves questions," he said, walking about and then swinging on the back of the comfortable olive-green chair. We had a conversation both facing in the same direction, because I was sitting in the chair. "Does one say one is not content because one is not free? Or is it that one is not free because one is not content?"

In "Contempt" (1964), based on Alberto Moravia's novel "A Ghost at Noon," Senecan serenity is pitted against the edginess of modern man, and Godard uses a documentary style that allows him the freedom to emphasize things that would pass one by in a movie with a traditional narrative. " 'Contempt' is a simple film about complicated ideas," Godard said. It contains a quote in which Lumière, the great early man of film, calls cinema "an invention without a future." Godard has given it a future. He has done it by always attempting to return to zero, to make films as though none had ever been made before. He has never asked an easy question. We call the Second World War "the good war": are we right? ("Les Carabiniers," of 1963.) How can a man free a woman? ("Vivre Sa Vie.") How can a Westerner aid an Asian? ("Far from Vietnam," which he contributed a pensive segment to in 1967.) He knows we are indeed far from Vietnam, but there is a Vietnam at home where we are all combatants. What about the potency of the near-at-hand? ("A Married Woman," of 1965, augured by "Vivre Sa Vie.") What are we building? He shows us an answer in "Alphaville" (1965), a vision of the future which was actually shot in contemporary Paris. We are in an underworld so dark that characters have to use torches in the daytime. Lemmy Caution (a pun on *cochon*), played by Eddie Constantine, is like Mozart's and Schikaneder's Tamino leading Pamina through the dark of mistrust and eternal tests into the light above. They almost need to run. Many of Godard's films have endings about flight.

In 1968, Godard linked up with Jean-Pierre Gorin to form a production group called Dziga-Vertov, christened after the director who, in the Soviet Russia of 1918, founded the famous newsreel group called Kino-Glaz (Film Eye) and with it created a film method that is close kin to Godard's in its oddly lyric technical energy and in its passion to pursue the differences between the truth told by the camera's vision and the truth told by the eye. In the Godard-Gorin "Une Film Comme les Autres" (1968), one sees people in meadows discussing politics. There are snatches of speech, of people reading from newspapers. Always, this Godard implication that the fragments of life would make the most splendid whole if only they could be put together with faithful patience. I imagine that this intellectual underpinning is among the reasons his friends cling to him—friends like Truffaut, an old, old confrere—even when he is being most difficult. He is now a loner, no longer in partnership with Gorin, backed into a corner, working, thinking. Brecht said, "Thinking comes after defeat and before action."

Anna Karina says to Jean-Paul Belmondo in "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), which is another of Godard's many films about people and missions betrayed, that she doesn't know who he is. Then she turns to the audience and says, "I don't know who you are, either." Doubt stands. Godard is an artist, not a tub thumper. He trusts that he has thought of something, he imparts it with gifts that defy the desolation of his findings, and then he thinks he may be wrong, and goes on to make a film to contradict himself. He has tried to understand, among other alien things, England and English factory life, in "British Sounds," of 1969 (also called "See You at Mao"), with its famous ten-minute tracking shot down an assembly line under the voice of a little girl reciting her Marxist catechism.

"To liberate sound from the tyranny of sight," said Godard in Grenoble, experimenting idly with a tape recorder that produced furry bouncing sounds, like new tennis balls hitting the skin of a drum. He clicked off the machine, because there was no speech on the immediate tape. He hates the inane, we know from his films, just as we know that he hates the seducing apparent zest of criminality. Both opinions are strongly there in "Masculine Feminine" (1965), the picture that best of all captures what it was like to be an undergraduate in the sixties. It is a story of the receding brain, like many of his most eloquent nightmares. Five deaths recorded; total apathy expressed by the characters. Paul, the interviewer-hero, steps backward from a jerry-built apartment building at the end and falls to his death. A girl who wasn't even a witness tells the cops, "He wanted . . . I think he wanted to take a moment for some pictures." Longing for distance kills, says Godard. And in the Dziga-Vertov film of 1971 called "Vladimir and Rosa," about the Chicago Seven, with its intentionally only half-intelli-

"Let's not make a fetish of normality!"

gible conversation between Godard and Gorin pacing up and down on either side of a tennis net, Godard seems to be posing a notion still more perplexing to him than anything in Descartes. “I think, therefore I am”: O.K. But what about feeling? Is it true that “I think, therefore I feel”? How can people feel when they intellectually *think* that they feel?

All the same, to think is the thing. Action in Godard’s films comes too late and unprofitably. In “Weekend” (1968), the ground of the past has been razed. The vestiges of a culture try to scrounge a noisy existence in the countryside. “Weekend” powerfully reminds one of Godard’s feeling for history, as when Paul Gégauff plays Mozart on a piano among the poultry in a farmyard. Something triumphant in the absurdity of music’s existence in this mud remains our coinage, says Godard. If only we can hang on to it. Reassemble things. You think of “One Plus One” (1968), his Rolling Stones movie. It is perhaps his most reticent work. It intercuts the sights and sounds of revolution outside with repeated fragments of the Stones working in separation from one another in a recording studio, listening to themselves on earphones. We are dependent on technical equipment—yes, of course, says Godard, the technical fanatic. But we are relied upon to make something coherent of these recorded pieces of distorted human behavior which take us into the dark of our souls, which show us the back of the moon.

Chaos and banality, with Godard’s poetic overlay of idealism and involvement. In “Le Gai Savoir” (1968), a character called Émile Rousseau, who advertises himself as the great-great-grandson of Jean-Jacques, is stumbling around a disused TV studio with a character called Patricia Lumumba, symbolic daughter of the Third World. They embark on a series of late-night dialogues. Begin again. Decompose. Recompose. Start from zero, as before. There is an examination of language. Patricia and Émile are alone in a black vacuum. A voice incessantly comments on the action: we are hearing Godard, an heir of Rousseau the humanist romantic, of Picasso, of Mozart, of Hegel, of Renoir, of Joyce, of Bogart, of Dostoevski. Godard’s source is in aesthetics, and he sees aesthetics as ethics. “Simplicity is virtuous, candor is elegant. And in film you could say that imperialism is a sect of people who want to make people make movies their way.” His men, like Keats, dream about a death without substance: “To cease upon the midnight with no pain.” It is not the legacy of Hollywood’s unwounding killer movies which gives Godard’s heroes their implacability in the face of death; it is his own observation of our time’s lack of any feeling of responsibility for death. The needle goes into the frog’s leg, the nerve jumps, but no judgment is made. “Without a political basis, collective creation is really no more than collective eating in a restaurant,” he said to me. In “La Chinoise” (1967), about a cell of five disorganized young French leftists—a student, an actor, a peasant, an economics logician, an artist named Kirilov, after Dostoevski’s character in “The Possessed”—radical efforts scatter like grapeshot for lack of communal purpose. “The trouble in the West is that we are overfed aesthetically,” said Godard. “The Third World’s problem is that it is starving. We consume things that are unnecessary artistically. Half of our films, three-quarters, are unnecessary, but we do not realize it.”

I asked him about the films of two of his erstwhile friends, and he said, in the expressionless manner I had begun to recognize as a signal that he was saying something close to his heart, “They have been making bourgeois garbage and I have been making revolutionary garbage.”

“That’s cant,” I said.

“Yes,” he said.

We decided to go for a walk. “Now, ‘Pravda,’ ” he said of the film about radicalism that he made in 1969. “I would put a label on it and say that this is a garbage Marxist-Leninist movie. People like Jerry Lewis or Laurel and Hardy—if they had been working in 1917, they would have made *genuine* Marxist movies. One sees it in China now, I believe and hope. Think of Laurel and Hardy in revolutionary China! Just think of Laurel as a political commissar and Hardy as a peasant! Well, at least I know now what not to do anymore. I’ve visited a house that I’ll never go into anymore. We mustn’t make what the Chinese call sugar bullets.”

I don’t know how anyone could call this man’s films disdainful, which is at the moment such a widespread response. He is Orpheus stumbling through the underside of our world, stubbing his toe in the dark, but not looking back.

“It’s very hard not to be conditioned by the films one has made. Not to make in the same way the journey one made first. One has to work differently if one wants to have different ideas. Thanks to the help of others, I have started a little association in Grenoble where I can work like an artisan. Up to 1973, I was working traditionally. But I wanted to be more independent. We’re shooting in 16 mm. and 8 mm. and blowing up the image. I like using video.” An old crew member of his says, “He liked playing the dope about production, but he was really very smart.” “With video, you see it at once and then there is time to think,” Godard said. “With conventional shooting, the time is taken up with waiting for the rushes. And one watches performances too much. Actors are only the annex of a film.” When Marina Vlady asked Godard how she should prepare for her role in “Two or Three Things I Know About Her” (1967), he said that she should just walk to the location each day rather than take a taxi. Not prankishness: simply a characteristic way of aiding an actor unconsciously to absorb a film’s topic, without diagrams.

Jack Palance, the annex of “Contempt,” had been told by Godard that he was to play an Italian producer. Then he found out he had to play an American producer. “Jean-Luc was feeling a little—er, talkative,” says Suzanne Schiffman, who knows a good deal about Godard’s silences, having been his continuity girl on twelve of his films (and also Truffaut’s co-scriptwriter on, among other pictures, “Small Change”). “Well, Jack Palance went into a corner, and three of us started laughing, and Jean-Luc laughed, because he knew he was being impossible. Working with him was like playing a game of cat and mouse. Actors never knew if they were getting things right or wrong. He could be violent and rude, and all the crew loved him. We were like a family. No family is easy.”

“WHY did you split with Gorin?” I asked Godard.

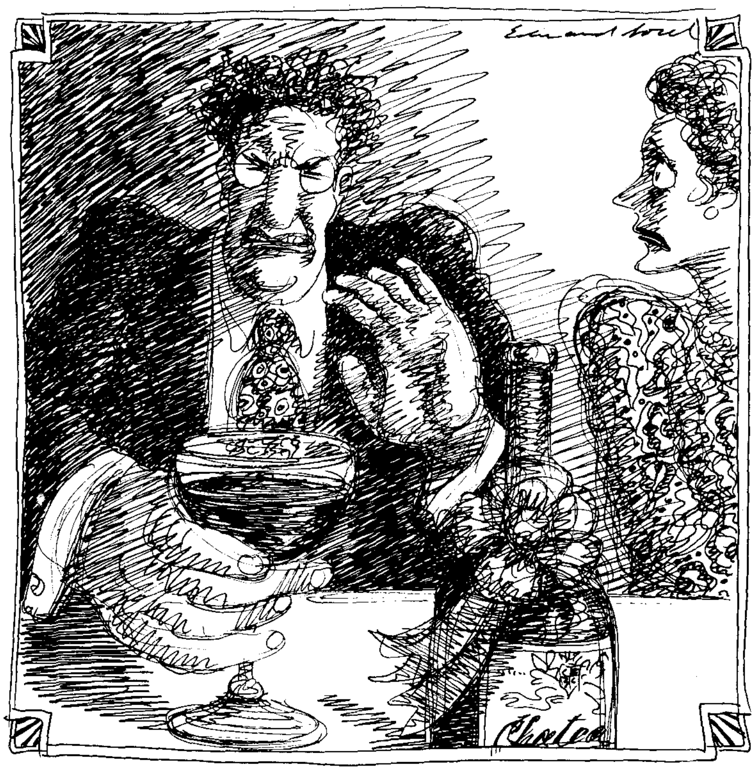
Godard said, “It was like a marriage. Perhaps no marriage should last too long.”

Silence.

“I may be wrong,” he said.

Mme. Schiffman says of Godard’s notorious intransigence, “He’s not democratic, but he is probably revolutionary. Also, he is no autocrat. If he screams at an actor, he doesn’t mean it

Sometimes it is more embarrassing to give than to receive.



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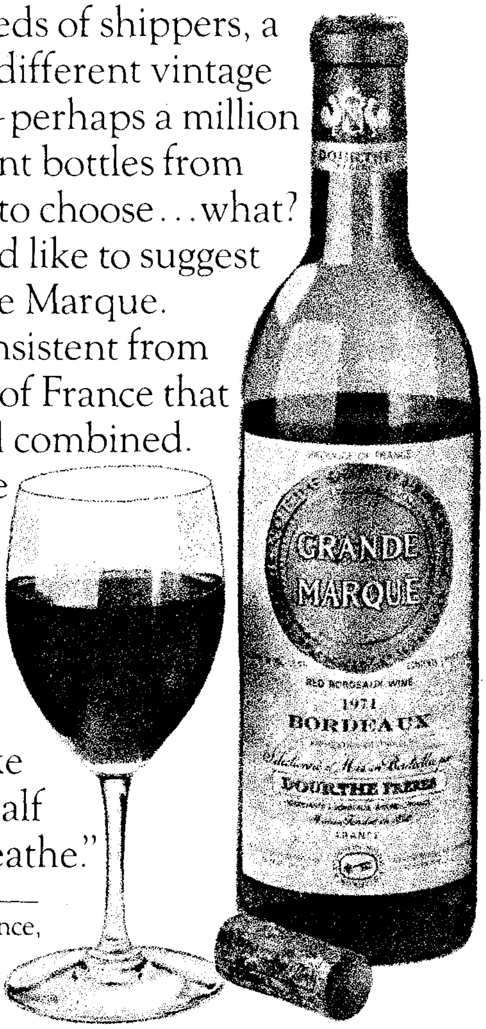

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to count, because he believes that the actor shouldn't get hurt. Once, he yelled at Raoul Coutard, and Coutard ran out into the street, and Jean-Luc ran out after him, and it was like a love affair gone wrong suddenly."

On a Godard picture, an American actor used to Stanislavskian methods asked what he was supposed to be *feeling* when the script told him to shout: whether he was furious or pleading. After ten minutes with one of Godard's crew, Godard having refused to talk about motivation, the actor bawled and was both furious and plaintive, which was what Godard wanted. In "Vivre Sa Vie," a bit-part actor doing a scene with Anna Karina also made the mistake of asking him what he was supposed to be feeling. Godard answered him with stage directions: to stop here (at a chalk mark), to untie his shoes, to walk over to the window, to look left. The scene came out handsomely. Godard's famous hermeticism and taciturnity are easily admired as part of his temperament, as long as both are left untampered with and are also unfeared. His motives are never, by anyone's account, brutal. (Fritz Lang said to a young man who had been working on his pictures and wanted to go on to directing but feared the authoritarianism, "Don't worry. I was a long time getting nice on a film.") Godard is always most mannerly toward his topic. "He dreams of a film's being technically easy," said one of his former crew members. "He would like to swallow a film by mouth and have it digested in one day. He isn't a methodical man. He hasn't a political head. What you see is a man protecting himself from being a poet."

Godard, another day, refilled his pipe and there was a pause. Then we spoke about books, and afterward he said, "A script or a TV program is only a printing of the result of letting loose a story at a certain time. At the moment, I like to make, say, two films of one hour each, like TV programs, linked for cinema. If you work in the style of an amateur, they leave you alone. Our problem is to work like an amateur but in a professional way."

A YOUNG technician in a mackintosh came into the room and talked rapidly about a minor problem, which Godard and he solved in a moment or two.

"We are in no way a group," said Godard solemnly, denying the obvious camaraderie that had passed between them. "I never worked really with a group. When I worked with Gorin, it was not a group."

A brown-wrapped cigarette. He said, "I dream of doing manual work. Coal-shovelling. In movies, it's difficult to find manual work. What comes first is the editing of what I see—editing in my head—and then the script materializes out of the footage."

Barbet Schroeder, who acted in "Les Carabiniers," said later in Paris, "Jean-Luc used to improvise the dialogue from pieces of paper in his pockets. He would always tell the actors what to say. He never allowed them to improvise. Even when he was directing without sound, he used to tell them what gestures to use."

Suzanne Schiffman said, "He usually had a script to submit to the backer, but he didn't care about it, because he wasn't going to follow the script. When I was working on 'Contempt,' I understood that it was a film to explain why he couldn't make a film. It was Anna Karina's film, of course." (Now his ex-wife.) "The only real way he can communicate with people is through cinema, so even his love for Anna was best communicated through film."

"HOW old is your daughter?"

"Ten," said Godard.

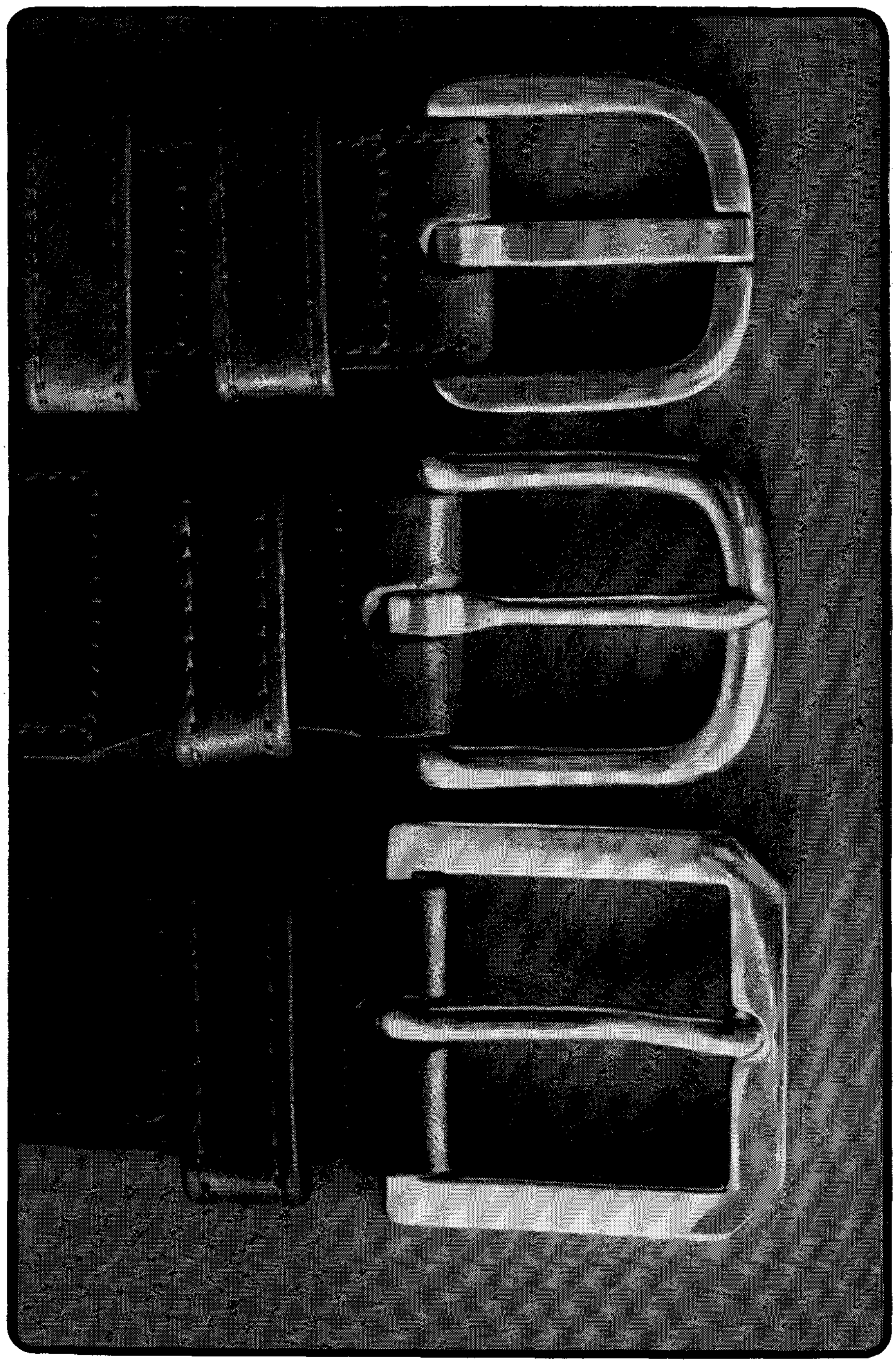
"Is she solemn?"

"Yes," he said, indifferently. But Godard's indifference hardly foxes.

"Pretty?"

"Yes." Again, the enactment of indifference. Then, very fast, after a pause, a Godard confession of intensity: "Talking about amateurishness, of course, if one wants to make a movie about one's daughter, no CBS or NBC is going to let you, but in Grenoble—we came here because we like mountains—in Grenoble you do what you want." Slowing down, he said, "No, what you *can* want. This is the more difficult thing, isn't it? We want to make films that the average mother in a cinema finds that she wanted to see but hadn't known she did. This is very enjoyable. This is play." Pause. A paradox or a parallelism often follows one of these pauses. "There should be love in work; there should be work in love. Not every artist seems to love work. To love it is a privilege. After all, bosses love to work, and they are some sort of artist, because everybody is." He inspected this remark as though he were holding a piece of film up to the light, and grimaced slightly and said, "Well, Nixon loved to work."

He sighed, and admitted to a faint longing to be a mogul. "I should like to be the boss of a small Paramount, as you see. In order to make money. In order to make more movies. To make a film," he went on, with determina-



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tion, and in spite of knowing what he does about the difficulties, "you need only some photographs and a cassette."

He seems very much aware of the danger of didacticism in art, though he would not call the danger aesthetic. "When you use the camera as a weapon, you become an informer," he said.

From working in what he now thinks of as some factory of film, engaged only in repetition, he has moved into the field of maneuvering to achieve the original with each film. It is his nature never to be sated by what he himself has just invented. Of his "British Sounds," still thought on many sides to be raw cinematically and politically, when it is simply new, he says, "It is not good that we are still obliged to use Marx quotations instead of the words of the worker."

More than most visually gifted people, he has the verbal man's interest in distinctions. "There are films on politics and there are political films," he said. "Yes? The films on politics record activity, but they are not part of that activity." We talked, between gaps, about the notion. And about the opposite also being true: that there are certain films that are political because they seem the product of inactivity. Antonioni's "The Eclipse" not only portrays inertia but also characterizes it. A "film on politics" is a film in which the fiction and its ideas aren't put into question by the political element. A "political film" raises doubts.

"We might talk about the idea of criminality," I said. His films, though they were often veiled in his early days as American gangster stories, are about many sorts of crimes: they are about crimes of the kind of apathy that he himself pretends to but belies by his flame of intent.

"There are criminal informers," he said. "I mean, criminal non-informers. In an actual criminal case, the criminal is the journalist who reports the case without naming the real disease, like a doctor who talks to a patient without giving a name to cancer."

He puffed on his pipe, and we spoke of many things. "Film is revolutionary art," he said unexpectedly, "because it is the sensation of movement, and such a sensation doesn't exist with a Grecian urn."

I say "unexpectedly" because Godard's talk lies largely in earnest-eyed fooling. He is much interested by the world's buffoons ("Les Carabiniers") and by the idea of wisdom in idiots. He is also greatly concerned about the resources of fakery open even to a human being whom he knows as well as he knows himself. "With 'Breathless,' they said I was respecting the public, and I said I was fooling it. The truth is I was fooling myself, because I was pretending not to know millions of the audience. It is a matter of the difference between what is entertaining and what is interesting. Which you could say is the same story at two different epochs. Two different lightings of the same room."

The little newspaper cutting on Godard's cupboard is about an imprisoned boss. The boss's head was shaved, and the workers rioted. "They wanted him back. They wanted to be ruled. This pining to be ruled. It is true of cinema. It props up the commercial system. People say they want to be independent, but what does it mean when they have a swimming pool to keep up? They have the swimming pool because they want to depend. Video is interesting because you are working in a way that *doesn't* rule you. It was possible for Mack Sennett not to be ruled, but not for us. If you write in a film script, 'The boat sails from Southampton,' you think you rule what you have written about, but the fact is that the line rules you. The front office will throw you out now, because you have written such an expensive line. But things are changing. There was much more money invested in 'Gone with the Wind' than there is in films today. There are fewer long shots now. If you are making a film with Steve McQueen, you can't make long shots of a ball scene, because there is so much money in Steve McQueen. Most of the long shots now are in TV. With a crowd around the American President, you have two thousand extras for nothing."

Godard reminds me, above all, of Brecht. They have the same guttersnipe lyricism, the same inclination to paradox, the same capacity for an arid theorizing that is eloquently contradicted by the easy amplitude of their work. Godard has never been to Brecht's Berliner Ensemble, but this ghost-ridden, tacitly comic man, dedicated to the noble structure of accuracy, responded at once to a mention of Brecht's poems. He answered, "They are optimistic when I am sad. They are written from a standpoint of not being certain, and it's a very good way to convince. They say that the world is not sad, it is big."

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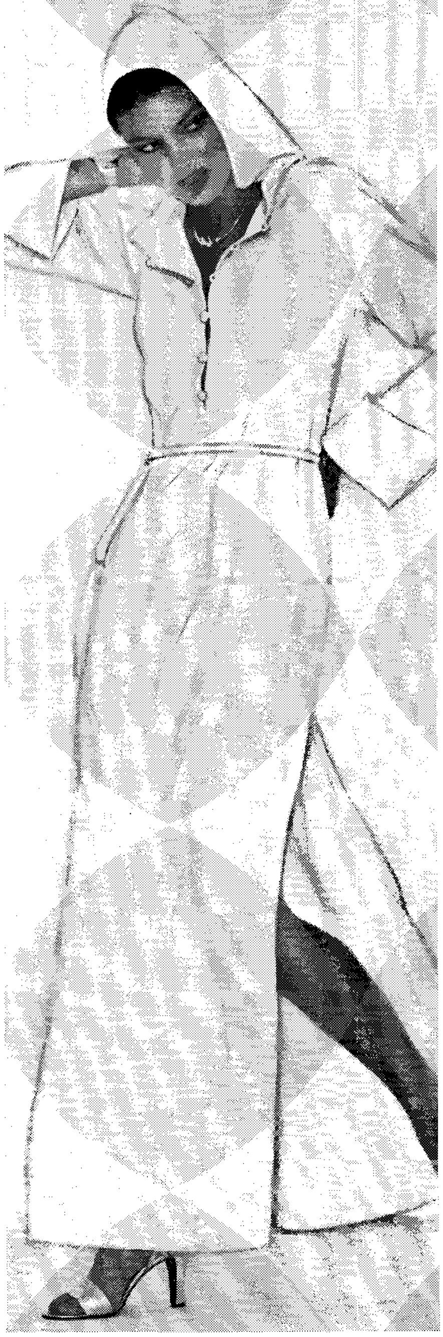

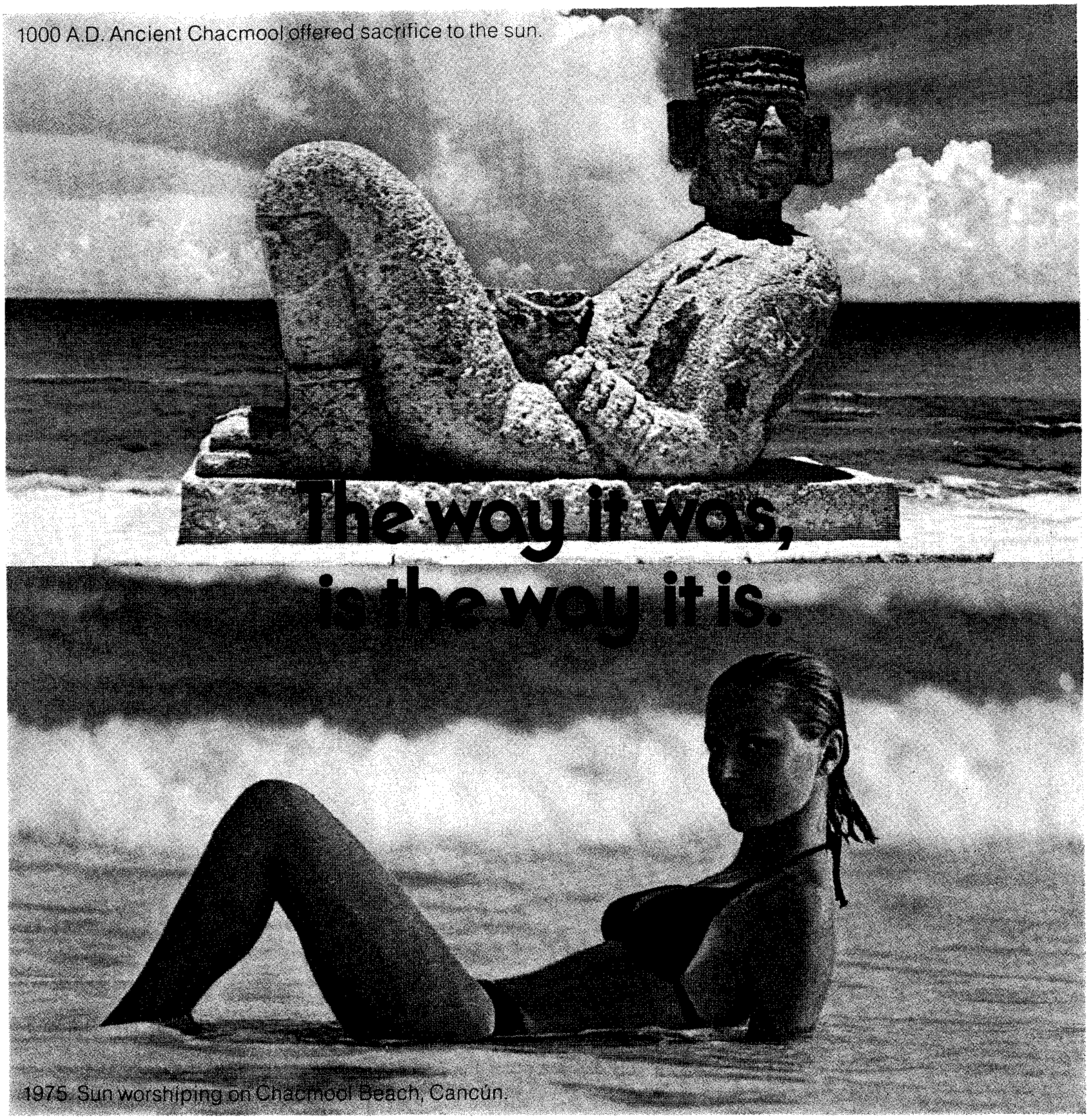
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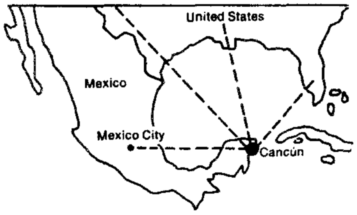

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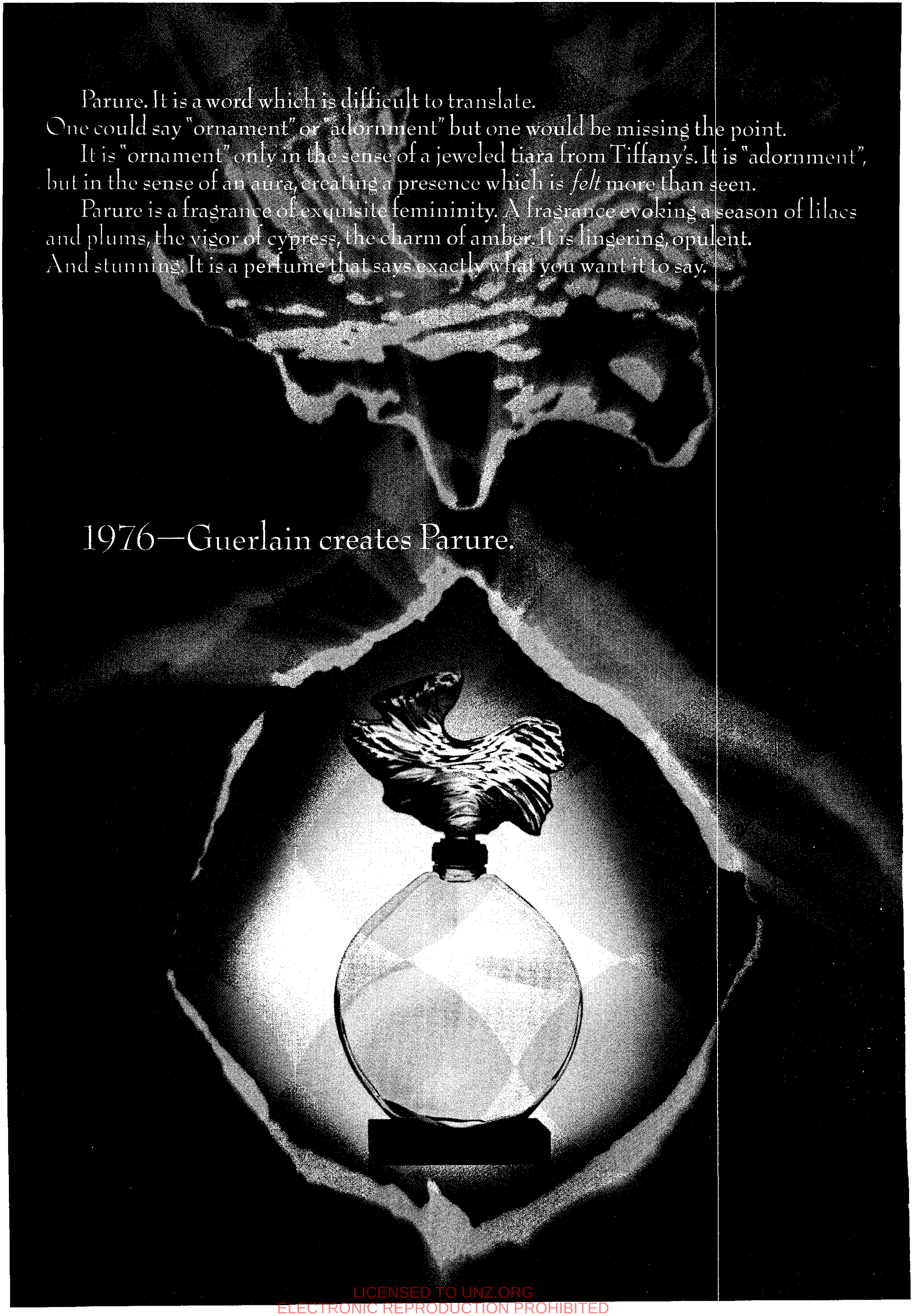

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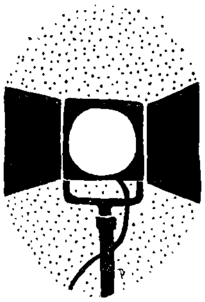
THE THEATRE

FAMILY TROUBLES

"The Robber Bridegroom," at the Biltmore, is a curiosity, and not a very appealing one. It is a musical with book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry and music composed by Robert Waldman, and it is based—shakily, I suspect—on a novella by Eudora Welty. Its barnyard setting, ingeniously designed by Douglas W. Schmidt, purports to be in the vicinity of Rodney, Mississippi, which must be a few miles south-southeast of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. The characters wear rural costumes of an indeterminate period and speak a rural dialect that owes more to a comic-strip artist's ear for the Deep South than to any reality we might expect to encounter there; moreover, the evil that we are invited to observe is a long way from the evil of folklore, which the show claims to be descended from. In folklore, evil is as natural and omnipresent as good, and one comes to terms with it, or attempts to outwit it, as best one can, by human cunning as well as by superhuman charms and incantations; one doesn't trifle with it, mugging and making gags about it, as the characters on the stage of the Biltmore incessantly do.

The plot of the musical uses such age-old devices as a double case of mistaken identity (the hero and heroine fall in love with each other under the misapprehension that each is other than he/she is); a wicked, sharp-tongued stepmother; and a village idiot. What is unpleasant in the working out of the plot is the underlying viciousness of the attitude toward women manifested in the action and the language of the show. Mr. Uhry might argue that I am taking his little make-believe too seriously, but if the silent message of "The Robber Bridegroom" is that women are inferior beings, who require rough handling both mentally and physically in order to become acceptable members of society, and who, furthermore, *enjoy* being roughly handled, then I feel obliged to report that this is a very strange message indeed to be hearing in 1976; surely even in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land times and standards may be presumed to change.



The hero of "The Robber Bridegroom" is played by a tall young man of pleasing presence named Barry Bostwick, and the heroine is played by Rhonda Coullet, who is fetchingly plaintive, and who carries off the gratuitous, obligatory nude scene with commendable sang-froid. Stephen Vinovich as a rich planter, Barbara Lang as his unscrupulous second wife (with her good looks wantonly disguised by makeup), and Trip Plymale as the village idiot all make their mark. The costumes are by Jeanne Button, the lighting is by David F. Segal, the choreography is by Donald Saddler, and the direction is by Gerald Freedman.

A play called "Wheelbarrow Closers," by Louis La Russo II, came to the Bijou last week, gave a few performances, and stole away in the wake of exceptionally harsh notices. I liked the play better than most of my colleagues did, which isn't to say that I found it of high quality; rather, I kept feeling that the author had struggled, not unvalorously, with the dramatizing of a substantial theme, and that he had been continuously done in by his atrocious dialogue. One cannot fail to have sympathy for an author in such a plight, though one would not have dared to recommend attendance at his play. The fate of "Wheelbarrow Closers" was a just one, for the arts are not a kindergarten; in them there is no A for effort, only for excellence.

Mr. La Russo's vanished play is about a brute of a man described as being the greatest salesman in the world. He is the head of a large corporation of his own devising and, being in his middle sixties, must soon retire; he invites his two most ambitious salesmen to his house in the suburbs and dangles before their eyes the delightful prospect of succeeding him. Present at this sometimes comic and sometimes painful scene (the pornography of fawning is hard to observe without queasiness) is the brute's long-suffering, alcoholic wife, his marriageable daughter, his rebellious weakling of a son, and his old companion and associate in the firm, also about to retire. After no counting how many bottles of Chivas Regal have been emptied in that tense suburban drawing room, the brute is left alone as the lights go dim and the curtain falls; he has turned all the others into adversaries, but he perceives that he has failed to defeat them. He is old and alone, and must soon die unloved and unattended. Now, this is a worthy subject—the aging, sleepless king who circles the sacred tree at Nemi is one of the earliest of our great cautionary tales—but Mr. La Russo has much to learn about the economy of dialogue onstage; his characters stumble along in a Niagara of maudlin speech, much of it scatological, and their voluble imprecision leads us not into the heart of the action of the play but away from it.

Danny Aiello (who starred last year in Mr. La Russo's "Lamppost Reunion") was splendid as the brute, and he received admirable support from Frances Helm as the wife, Tom Degidon as the business associate, and Ray Serra and Harvey Siegel as the salesmen. Norah Foster played the daughter, and James Allan Bartz the son; the roles were sketchily written, and there was little to be done with them. The setting was by Charles Carmello, Jr., the costumes were by Jan Wallace, the lighting was by Leon Di Leone, and the direction by Paul Sorvino, whose hand was a heavy one.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Change and Decay in All Around I See

David Storey, the English dramatist, is a spellbinder. In play after play, he has mysteriously conjured up a segment of life, using the smallest, and at times the most prosaic, details. Himself a Yorkshireman, he has taken as his theatrical territory the North of England—difficult, lacklustre present-day England, as contrasted with its romantic, heroic past, when the rich or the wellborn controlled the silent majority. The Circle Repertory Company has opened its current season at Sheridan Square with a good production, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, of Storey's "The Farm," a play as affecting as his "Home" or "The Contractor," and, needless to say, as filled with wit and humor and sympathy. It is about the family of a farmer named Slattery—a quite prosperous farmer, one gathers from the look of his house, where the action takes place. He has

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worked hard and unremittingly all his life, and he looks about him now with agonized disappointment, seeing the woods and houses of his youth replaced by factories, and even the people now mechanical and dehumanized or useless. His wife takes extension courses at a local college, and these stabs at gentility make her seem to him—and apparently to the dramatist, too—as obsolete as the two cracked old gentlemen of "Home." His older daughters—one divorced, the other a spinster—are teachers, detached and mocking spectators of all that goes on around them. His youngest daughter, the one said to resemble him most, is a revolutionary, who works on the farm after having put in some time at a factory, and who talks from time to time about the exploiters and the exploited. She may well be Mr. Storey's proxy, but, whether she is or not, the message of the play seems less important than the characters, coping in one way or another with their unhappiness, and also the underlying surge of family attachment, which is the play's most powerful element. The plot concerns the return of the Slattery son, a boy in his early twenties, who sneaks in late at night, after an absence of two years, to inform the family that he is about to marry a woman twice his age with two children of her own. He is weak and sensitive and has never been able to hold a job (he *has* sold a poem to a magazine, and when it is read aloud it sounds real—a rare occurrence in the theatre), and it takes all the courage he has to face them alone. Courage is decidedly called for. Slattery's raging, sarcastic, passionate excoriation of his son is utterly withering, although it is followed by an apology. It is also, as delivered by Jack Gwillim, eloquent and funny and galvanizing to the audience, for Slattery has great eloquence as well as feeling. More than anything else, it is Slattery's spirit and resilience, matched by his youngest daughter's clear-eyed independence and sense, that give the play a hopeful ending: he comes down to breakfast to find that she has invited a shy young laborer, whom she has been seeing secretly, to meet the family.

Mr. Storey certainly can write for actors, and he is served well by Mr. Mason and the cast. In addition to Mr. Gwillim's rich performance, I admired Debra Mooney's dry, sharp-tongued, brave, and tender oldest sister; Ruby Holbrook's distressed, tentative wife; beautiful Nancy Snyder's brusque revolutionary (she played Joan of Arc in last season's "Knock Knock"); and Jeff Daniels' weak, frightened son. Setting (excellent) by John Lee Beatty, costumes by Laura Crow, lighting by Dennis Parichy.

THE revival of "Emlyn Williams as Dylan Thomas Growing Up," presented by the admirable Chelsea Theatre Center and the admirable Arthur Cantor at Theatre Four, is not the usual one-man show. It is neither a recital nor an imitation but a true performance. In these excerpts from Thomas's short stories and reminiscences, Mr. Williams peoples the stage with invisible characters—an aged schoolmaster; a fat, noisy uncle and a quiet little silky aunt; a London aesthete; and, above all, a Welsh boy growing up in Swansea and bound for "Chelseh"—and moves nimbly and fluidly from one to the next. Needless to say, the stories are among the most imaginative and original in the language, and among the funniest. Mr. Williams' acting is of the highest skill. He will remain on West Fifty-fifth Street only through October 24th.

IS it conceivable that any fictional treatment of the Joan Little case, in whatever form or however well done, could be as powerful or as dramatic as the facts? The answer, unexpectedly, is yes. Ed Bullins' "Jo Anne!," which will play at the Riverside Church, Off Off Broadway, through October 24th, is a stunning show. Using all the theatrical means available, moving back and forth in time, in and out of fantasy, and from actual to imagined characters with searing wit, Mr. Bullins gets at the truth about the young black woman who, after being raped by a white prison guard, stabbed him to death in her cell, and gets at a number of other truths besides. This is, I think, the most complex of all his plays—the most controlled and most sophisticated—and yet it seems as free as any of them, and we are always aware of the obscene horror that is its root.

The action opens in a courtroom, where a paunchy guard tells us spectators how to behave at a murder trial. Someone asks who got killed, and he replies, "Who got killed? Me!" He is the rapist, here named All Goode, and, in various guises—as a Klansman, as a buffoon judge (to the accompaniment of circus music), and, most importantly, as his horrible self, or the ghost of his horrible self—he remains onstage almost throughout. We first see Jo Anne in her cell, where, in a dim light, a struggle is taking place. A man falls dead on the floor, and she, terrified,

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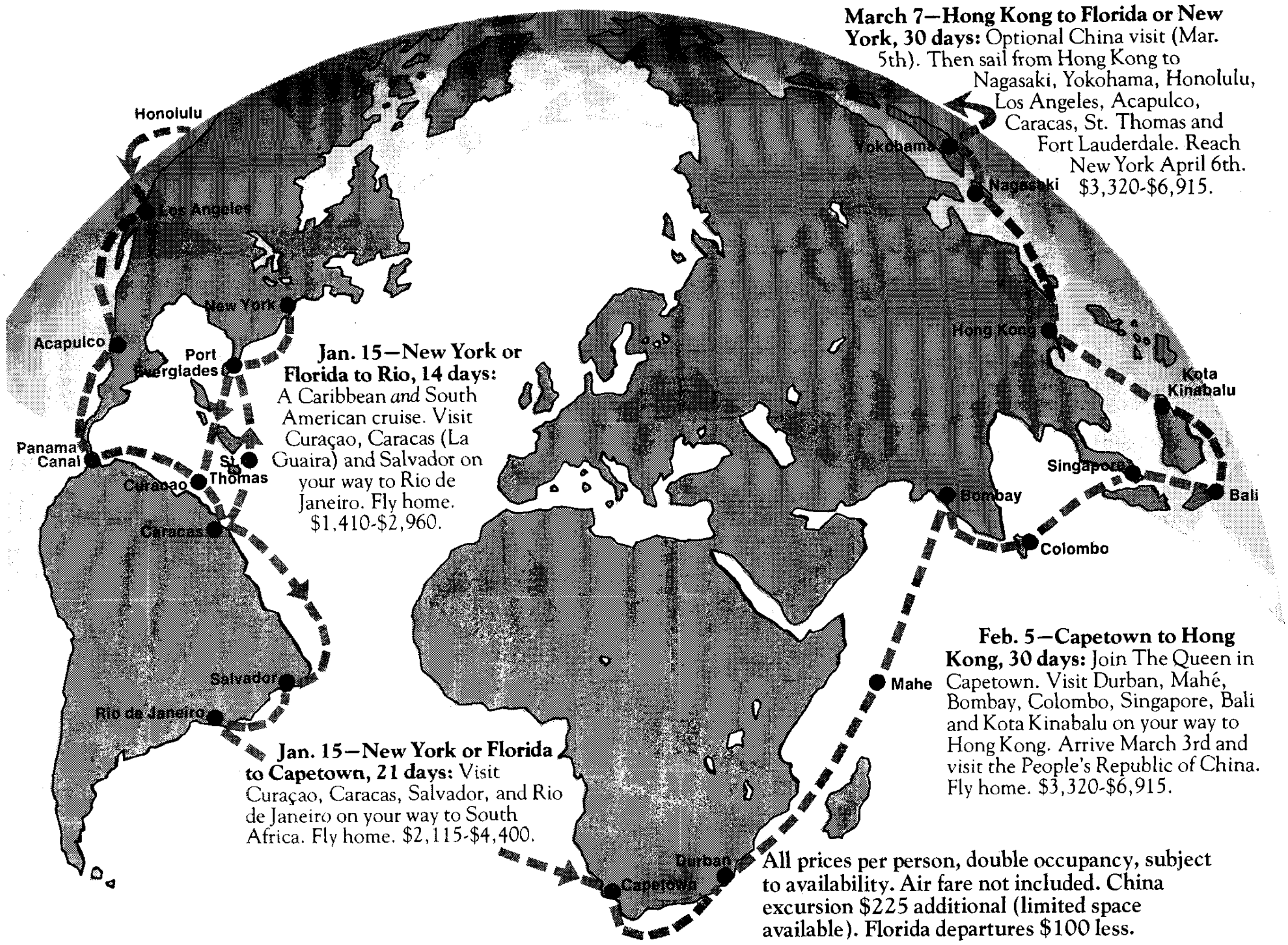

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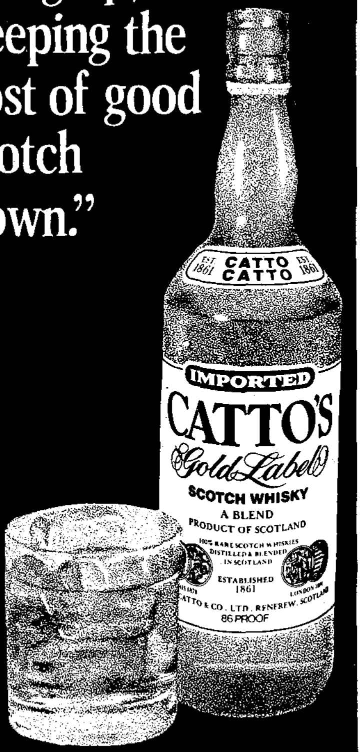

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runs out through the open door. Scene follows scene, with music, mostly jazz, delineating every mood. Jo Anne appears as a barefoot country girl new in town, where she is picked on and robbed by a couple of girls in blue-jeans, and where, pulling a knife, she asserts herself and gets her purse back. We see her hiding out from prowling Klansmen in a cabin in a swamp. And, above all, we see her in the rape scene (in full light), as it actually occurred. At one point, All Goode persuades her to allow him to tell his side of the story (after all, he points out, she *is* alive and he is dead, and he has his image to worry about), and because she is an obliging sort, they play out his redneck fantasy of the same scene. And we are never allowed to forget that Jo Anne, having been acquitted, must still go back to prison to finish out her seven-to-ten-year term for some lesser crime committed when she was a minor.

The production, under Carl Weber's direction, is splendid. Robbie McCauley does very well in the title role, and I. M. Hobson is excellent as the villainous All Goode. The remarkable lighting design was by Spencer Mosse, the effective setting by Karl Eigsti, and the effective music by Carman Moore.

"The Club" of Eve Merriam's "musical diversion," at the downtown Circle in the Square, is a gentlemen's club back in 1903. Most of the action takes place on a runway that extends almost the full length of the theatre. The cast is composed of seven women, all of them in top hats, white ties, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic American songs of the period about women (who are, of course, barred from membership)—about their cute legs and figures, their sex appeal (or, as one of the songs puts it, their "Pinky Panky Poo"), their gold-digging. The tunes are easy and tuneful, and the indelicate lyrics are so awful that they're funny, or so awful that they're awful, and the same can be said of the sprinkling of jokes. "The Club" is, of course, an oblique feminist protest show, and those concerned have had the sense to keep it oblique and good-humored and entertaining. The songs, for all their foolishness, are well chosen, and the singing and dancing are expert and delightful. Gloria Hodes, a contralto and a deadpan comic, sings especially well, and is very funny in a scene at the Annual Spring Frolic, where, as a woman playing a man playing a woman, she has terrible trouble reading her lines while at the same time managing her drag, which she finally just throws over her arm. (By the way, her rendition of "Vesti la giubba" is a feat, all right, but one I could have skipped.) I also enjoyed the singing of Joanne Beretta, and of everyone else in close-harmony quartets and duets. The dances are consistently ingenious, and so they should be, since the production was directed by Tommy Tune, the leggy wonder of "Seesaw" and the only man on these premises. In one charming number, Marlene Dell, as the club's page or porter or whatever, in ballet shoes and on her toes, winds her way in and out of a long strand of ticker tape; and in another Terri White, the club's black (and untipped) waiter, in a large red feathered hat and sashaying like a burlesque queen, hoofs and taps down the full length of the runway to stop the show. Miss White is a very valuable performer. Memrie Innerarity is the admirable pianist, and Alexandra Ivanoff, Kate Carmel, and Cheryl Thacker are the admirable musical director and arranger, set-and-costume designer, and lighting designer, respectively.

—Edith Oliver

• •

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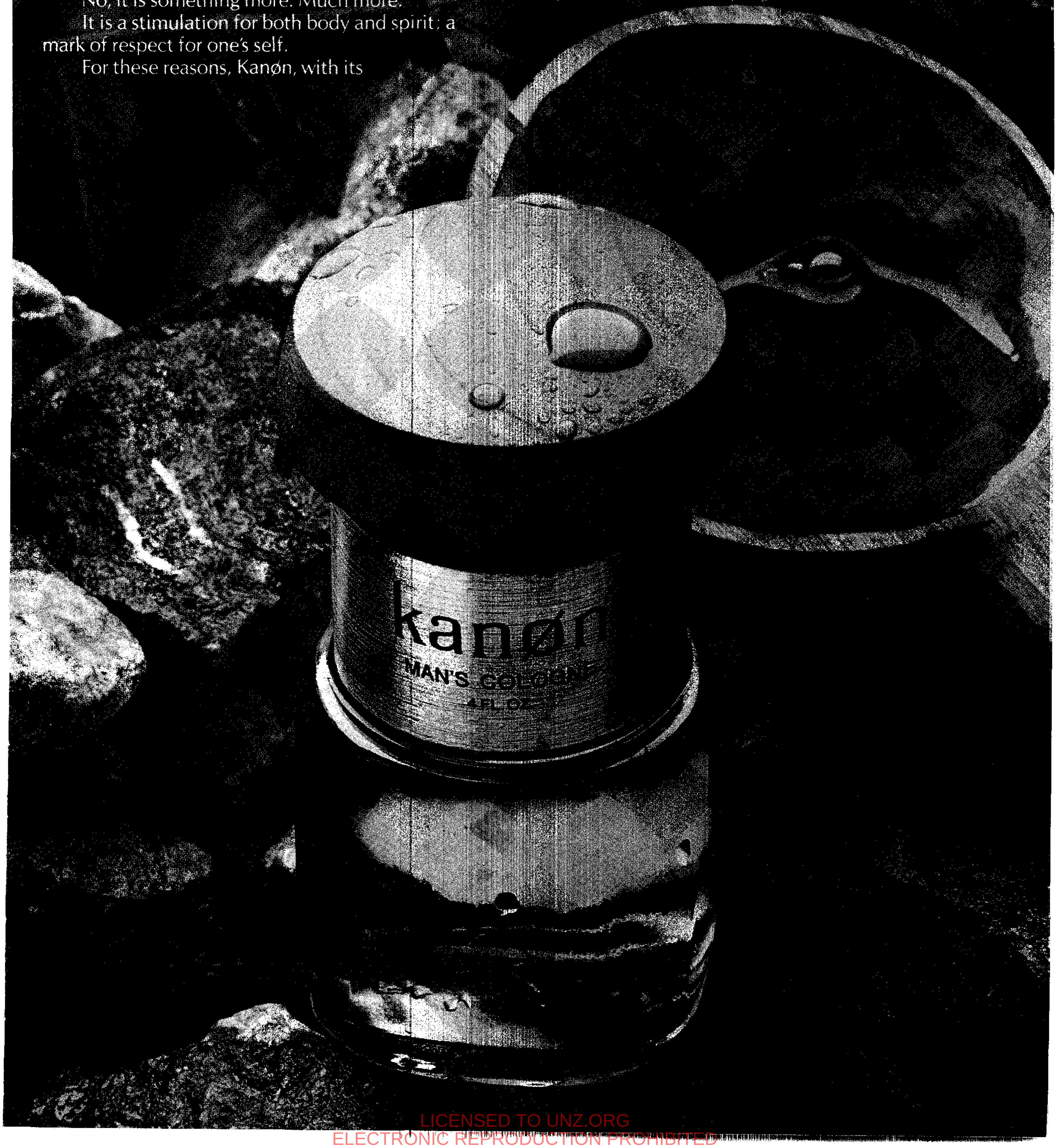

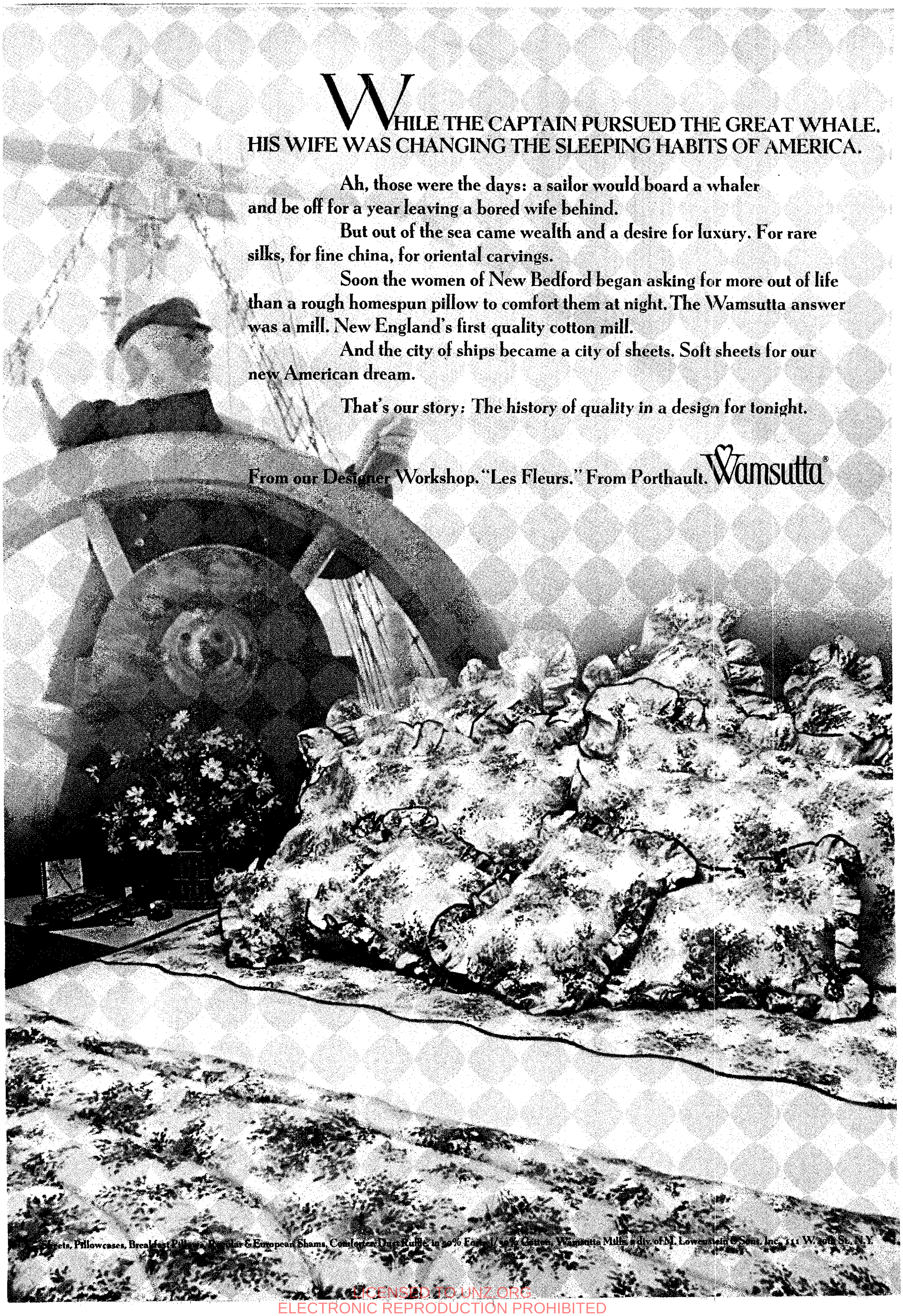

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Id

ERIC ROHMER'S "The Marquise of O . . ." is a word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the Heinrich von Kleist novella, published in 1808, when the author was thirty-one. (He committed suicide at thirty-four.) The story—which I love—is a bold, funny variation on many tales of mysterious pregnancies, and is perfectly straightforward; Kleist doesn't indicate the characters' thoughts but only their actions and speech. After her husband's death, the young Marquise (played by Edith Clever) and her children return to the home of her parents. Her father is the commandant of a citadel, and when Russian troops attack, the Marquise is carried off screaming by a gang of soldiers. A Russian officer, a Count (played by Bruno Ganz), appears, like an "angel from Heaven," and drives off the brutes; he takes her to safety, and she faints dead away. The next day, the handsome Count marches away with the troops, and the Marquise and her parents, who now idolize him, are grieved to hear that he has been killed in a skirmish. But he recovers from his wounds, returns, and, presenting himself to the startled family, asks the Marquise to marry him at once, for his soul's peace. When her father points out that she doesn't even know him, the Count impetuously risks his military career to stay to court her, but he is persuaded to go on about his duties and press his suit when he can return. During his absence, the Marquise discovers that she is pregnant, and her parents, angry at her protestations of total innocence, drive her out of the house. In despair, she risks public ridicule by taking out an ad in the local press asking the unknown man who is responsible for her pregnancy to come forward, so that they may be married.

What's obvious to the reader is that in the excitement and disorder of the siege, with people running in panic and buildings on fire, the dashing Count was so keyed up by fighting off the would-be rapists that when the Marquise swooned gratefully in his arms he raped her himself. The irony in the story is that the Marquise, educated to believe in noble conduct, is so much in love with the Count—the angelic hero of her dreams—that, despite his fevered, precipitate pleas that she marry him, it's impossible for her to imagine that he could be the one who got her pregnant.

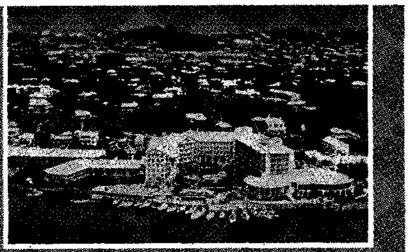
In an explanatory title, Rohmer informs viewers that he has taken only a single liberty with the story: in the film, instead of raping the Marquise during the fighting at the citadel, the Russian Count rapes her afterward, when she has been given a sleeping potion. Rohmer has written that this alteration makes the story more believable for moviegoers. But it can't be an accident that he's taken out the central mad, impulsive action. And in Bruno Ganz he has given us a Count without the hot-blooded, ecstatic spontaneity that the violation was part of. In the story, each time the Count appears to plead his suit the shock waves from his single-minded fervor confuse and excite everyone; in the movie, the Count is gloomy and guilt-ridden, and the family is politely bewildered. What's lost is not only the sense of the narrow experience of the virgin-hearted Marquise but Kleist's spirit, what made him an avant-gardist and a modern—his acceptance of the id released by the chaos of war. In the movie, since the rape takes place through furtive calculation, the Count isn't Kleist's wild, natural man—he's a Rohmer character, slyly slipping his hand over Claire's knee.

L.W. MOSS
AS IS
CHRISTIANSON

Kleist wrote in German, and the film is acted in German, by German stage actors, who accord each line full stage weight. Attempting to achieve an objective version of Kleist's style, Rohmer gives us the surface—a quaintly amusing account of a woman whose idealism is betrayed. We sit and wait until the Marquise realizes what her symptoms mean, and then we wait for her to discover, to her outrage, who is responsible. And it isn't until toward the end, when, at last, she does know, that the movie picks up interest and becomes gently witty. The director missed the larger story, which was in the undercurrents (and, maddeningly, those who read the novella after seeing the movie are likely to get from it only what's in the movie). Kleist made the Count a Russian for a reason that doesn't come across when he's played by a German. In the movie, we fail to recognize that the Count, the foreigner, carrying the threat of what isn't understood, is a whole man; impetuousness hasn't been bred out of him, and if the widowed Marquise would just wake from her civilized trance she could begin to live. He's Prince Charming with a rape for a kiss, and she's too repressed to know it.

Rohmer isn't the director to bring us Kleist's hero—a precursor of Dostoevski's and Lawrence's. Rohmer's even-toned method precludes animal passion. The movies that Rohmer has written himself are generally compared to novels, but his "The Marquise of O . . ." is like a documentary film of a play. His method is murderously arch. He's taken a highly filmable story and treated it as if it were an official nineteenth-century stage classic, to be given a wooden, measured reading. Deathly pauses precede the cadenced lines of dialogue, and the actors are so meticulous you can hear the quotation marks. Rohmer uses few of the storytelling shortcuts available to film. Why prepare us for a lapse of time with the title "Not long after" when the Marquise's belly does the job? The movements of the performers are so deliberate they look preordained—the actors never miss their chalk marks. How can the Count's arrival or his plea for a hasty marriage have any vibrations? These actors were all expecting him. The film is so formal it's like a historical work re-created for educational television; the costumes wear the actors.

Bruno Ganz, a brooding, in-



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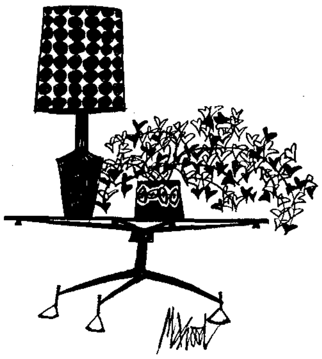
trospective type, has about as much dash to him as Anthony Hopkins, whom he resembles. These actors have angst to spare. They droop; they're hanged men. And Ganz's Count has the same metronomic control as the rest of the cast—which kills the point. Rohmer has treated the Count's first appearance, when he bounds from a parapet during the group assault on the Marquise, as his only moment of glory. It's treated as a vision—almost an illusion—and we never glimpse that hero again. From then on—even before his proposal—the Count is so abject that he seems to be less a remorseful Dionysiac man than a man with a sickly, kinky nature; in his big, flat-brimmed brown hat, he looks a suffering Puritan prig.



Edith Clever's Marquise is more solid physically than one expects, but this actress is skilled and likable in her moments of comic pathos. The Marquise has affectionate domestic scenes with her mother (Edda Seippel), the liveliest, least inhibited member of the family, and is very funny when she tosses holy water on her parents to save them from the Count, who, now that his act is revealed, seems to her a devil. Though Rohmer supplies the midwife who examines the Marquise with one good joke not in the original, he seems reluctant to add anything more, and so, since the Marquise's children don't have any actual dialogue in the story, they don't make a sound here. It's a little unnerving—they're like Kabuki ghost-children. Rohmer gives a very faithful version of the father-daughter reconciliation scene, when, as Kleist describes it, the father "pressed long, warm and avid kisses on her mouth: just as if he were her lover!" Yet this doesn't have the full subtext it has in the story, either, where it represents a celebration of forbidden impulses coming forth and freeing the people. In the story, it can make even a Freudian gasp; in the film, it has no great impact. Rohmer, with the help of his cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, keeps everything serenely pictorial. But without Kleist's demon sitting inside all that calm and mocking it, asking when the sleeping beauty is going to come to life, there's no urgency to this film. It's tame and archaic.

"Car Wash," which played on the West Coast before opening in New York, is already a hit, and no wonder—it's the movie equivalent of junk food. The jokes date back to one's childhood and have come through the sit-com mill, so they supply the comfort of familiarity. The picture goes down so fast you don't know you're eating, and yet it supplies the illusion of energy. The Norman Whitfield rock songs that come blaring out over the car wash's loudspeaker system aren't much in the way of music; they're more like crunchiness. And there's no denying that the grossness of "Car Wash" provides some kind of gratification. Many people resist quality; they're afraid of being outclassed. They're safe with "Car Wash": it has no more class than a Hostess Twinkie, though it, too, may make you gag a little.

The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. The material, however, has almost nothing to do with car washes, and we never get an impression of what the car wash charges or how the tips run or how many cars come in. The movie isn't Car Wash, it's Car M*A*S*H, made in imitation of the Altman film and using Altman's loudspeaker device to bind skits and characters that have no organic connection with the subject.

A large cast of black and white actors and comedians appear in blackout sketches, cut fast to the rhythm of the rock score, and the audience laughed at so many stale bad jokes that it sounded like a laugh track. This is the second "black" script ("Sparkle" was the first) by Joel Schumacher, the talented costume designer of "Sleeper," who appears to have convinced somebody again that he's a writer. Schumacher has a pop memory-box mind, and he throws in rotting fragments to be delivered with right-on intonations. The picture is hyperactive; it has to be—it's so empty.

As T.C., one of the attendants, Franklyn Ajaye has a gleam of jivey good nature; when he squinches up his urchin's face under his towering Afro, he's a little like Shelley Duvall, and when he pushes his arms straight out to the side to indicate that everything's fine, the film momentarily seems ingenuous. I also laughed once when Garrett Morris (of "Saturday Night") did a routine with an invisible man in a huge body cast. That's about it; the rest of the jokes are damp firecrackers. George Carlin plays a cabdriver in a

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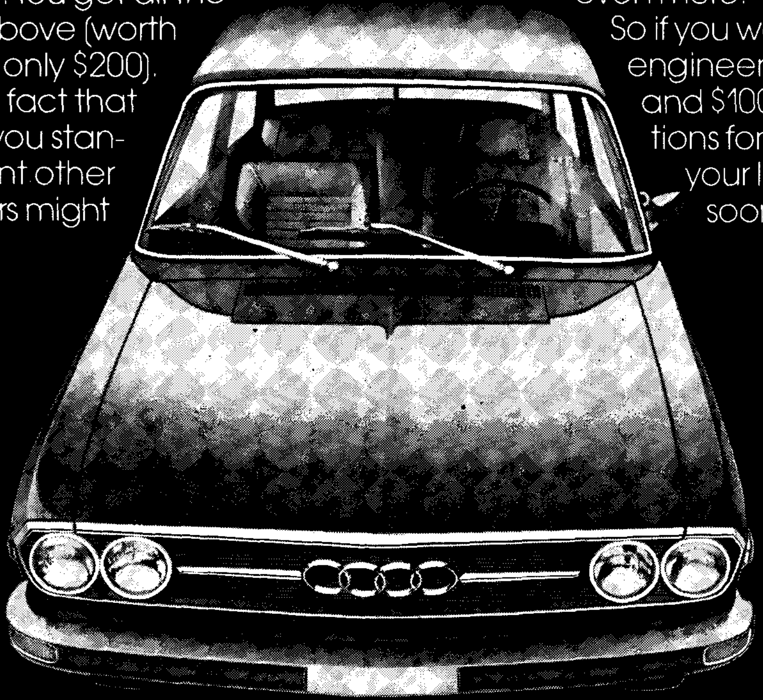

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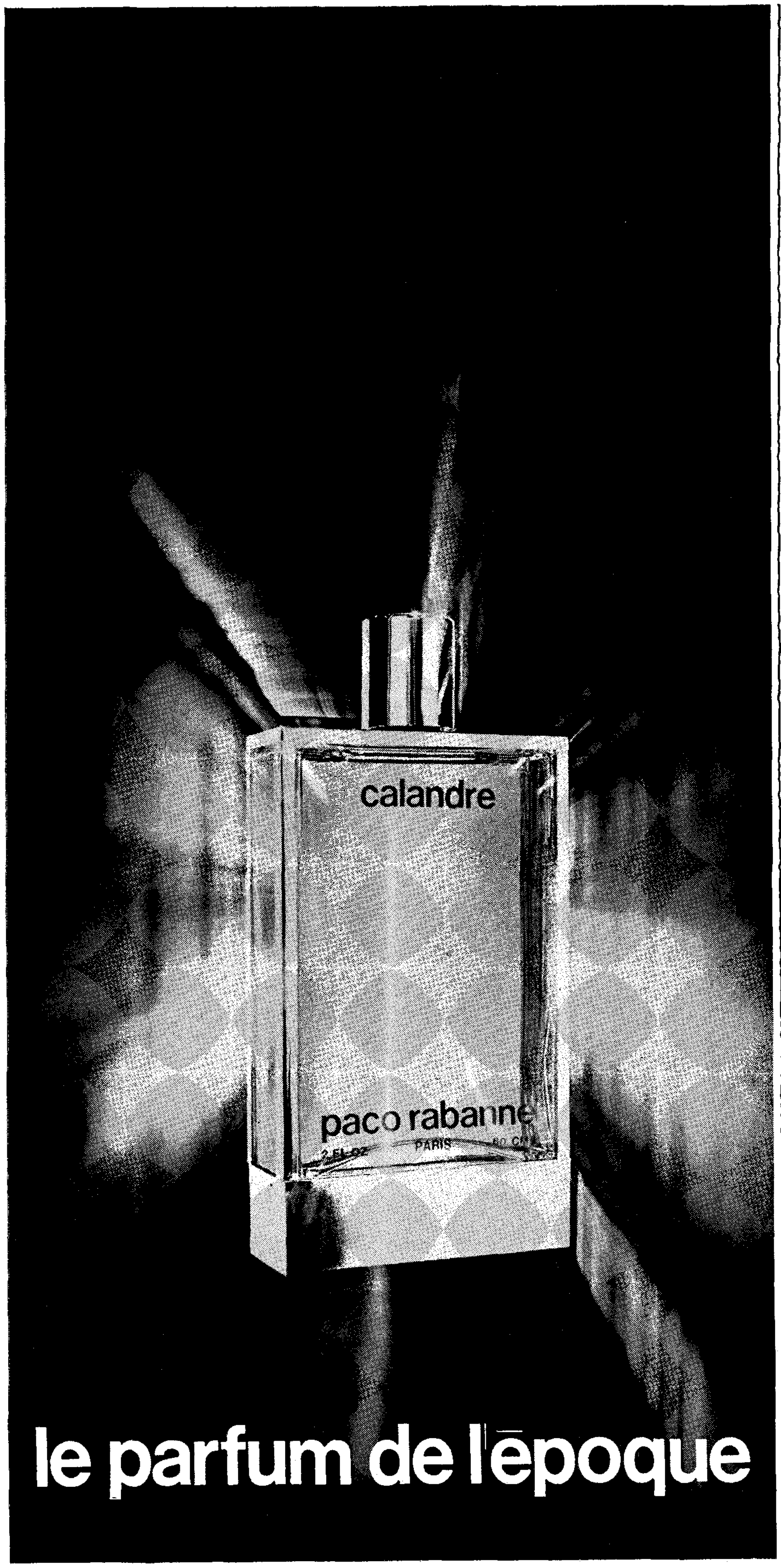
hopeless running gag, Richard Pryor is spectacularly unfunny as a preacher in a gold Rolls-Royce, the Pointer Sisters are wasted as his retinue, and Professor Irwin Corey has nothing but a wheezer of a skit about a urine sample in a Coke bottle. Does the bathroom humor get such hysterical laughs because it's more graphic and explicit than the bathroom humor on TV? When I saw "Murder by Death," the white audience seemed absolutely overjoyed at Peter Falk's toilet joke. At "Car Wash," the audience was almost all black, and it, too, knew what it liked.

The director, Michael Schultz, has a considerable background in the New York theatre; he directed for the Negro Ensemble Company, and his stage credits include "Kongi's Harvest," "Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?," Douglas Turner Ward's "The Reckoning," and Sam Shepard's "Operation Sidewinder." He also did the TV versions of "To Be Young, Gifted and Black" and "Ceremonies in Dark Old Men." And there are traces of sensitivity in "Car Wash": Michael Fennell, a thirteen-year-old who skateboards around the car wash, has a euphoric moment when he's completely absorbed in the sensation of floating; Ivan Dixon is forceful and reserved in the musty role of a hardworking ex-con who isn't making enough on the job to feed his family; and something is being attempted in the wavering, understated scenes with Lauren Jones as a forlorn whore who hangs around the car wash. But what are these things doing here? How can Schultz and Schumacher try to throw poetry and black anger in with the bathroom humor, the worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes, the tediousness about the boss's son turning revolutionary and reciting from Chairman Mao's Little Red Book, and an attempted robbery? I guess that Schultz is trying to make life rise up out of these schlock ingredients, that he's trying to show that soul food can come out of junk food, but don't all purveyors of junk food claim that it's nourishing?

Schultz's first film, last year's "Cooley High," was about a group of black teen-agers who attended Cooley Vocational High School in Chicago in 1964—the film's title being also a pun on the black kids who were trained there to be coolies. "Cooley High" was about kids discovering themselves, and about their hopes for a different life. It was young, amateurish, and sentimental, and I sneaked out before it was



SAKOWITZ
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over. But I was there long enough to hear the tremendous empathic response of the black audience when the kids were joyriding in a stolen car with the cops in pursuit. In "Car Wash," Schultz seems to be trying to sustain the kind of high-spirited empathy that he got during that car chase: he keeps the car-wash attendants joyriding all over the place—jiggling, joking, always in motion, having the time of their lives. It may be worth pointing out that there's a world of difference between the young poet-hero of "Cooley High," with his aspirations to get out of the ghetto, and T.C., who celebrates being yourself and knowing that that's all you are. "I am your prince," T.C. tells the pretty black waitress (Tracy Reed) who doesn't want to date him, and the audience applauds. T.C. accepts being a coolie, and since it's the film's point of view that the waitress could only be holding out for a man with more money, when she gives in it's a victory for romance. In "Car Wash," there is no different life—only better jobs and upward mobility, represented by comic-strip phonies: Pryor's preacher, and a Beverly Hills hysteric (Lorraine Gary) who's so ghastly that the audience screams with laughter when her child throws up all over her.

In quality, "Car Wash" isn't very different from Ossie Davis's 1970 film "Cotton Comes to Harlem," but it's less innocent, more processed, and its specialty is yanking laughs by having adult blacks do dirtier versions of the standard pranks that naughty kids used to do in comedies. Sometimes not even dirtier: one attendant actually puts Tabasco in another attendant's sandwich, and this most primitive of "Our Gang" jokes gets a laugh, too. I can't help feeling that the audience is being insulted, even though the audience doesn't think so. —PAULINE KAEL

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Following the reception at the Talisman Motor Hotel, the bride dressed in an off-white pant suit with burnt orange accessories, and the groom left for a wedding trip to Nassau, Bahamas.

The couple are residing in Niagara Falls, Ontario.—*Ottawa (Ont.) Citizen.*

They are if the groom ever gets back.

•

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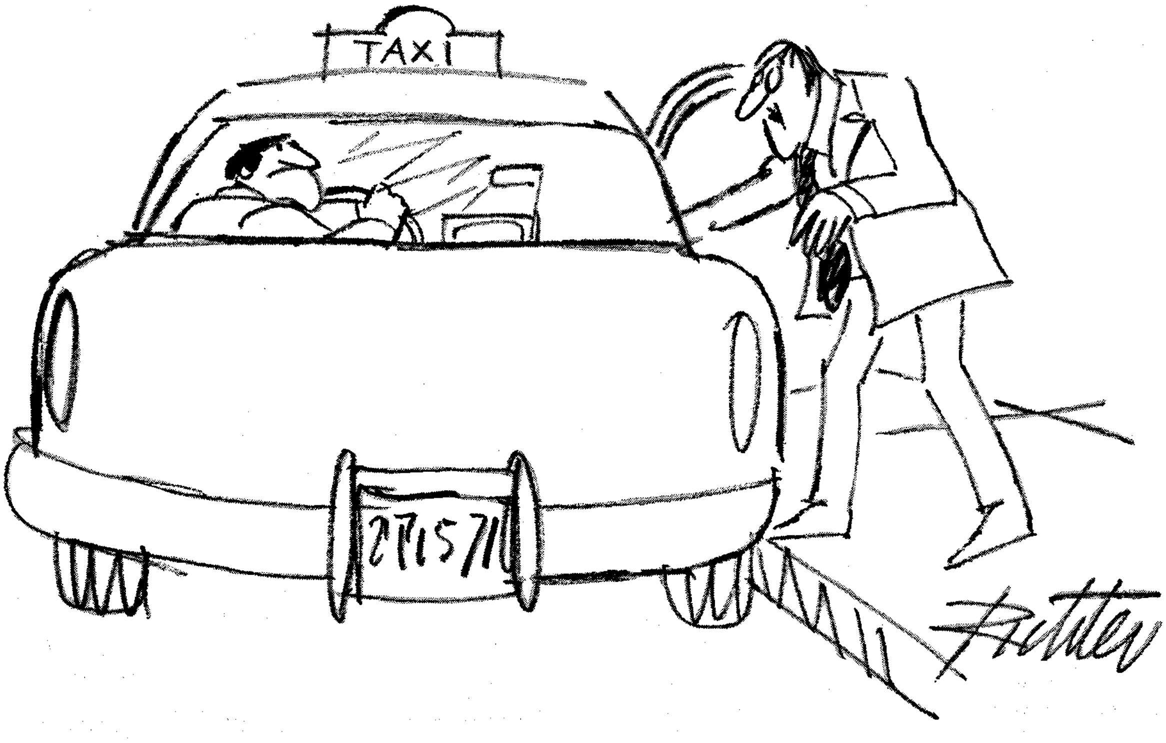
SUMMER NOTES—II

AUGUST 11

KANSAS CITY. Wednesday. At the Alameda Plaza, a southern-California-pseudo-Spanish-style hotel, which is to serve as the Reagan headquarters during the Republican Convention, John Sears, Ronald Reagan's campaign manager, is holding a press conference. The Convention itself does not begin until next week, but the preliminaries, dealing with the rules and the platform, started Sunday night. The preliminaries have become part of the Convention itself, because it is now clear that the crucial moment next week may well not be the roll-call vote on the nomination but a test that precedes that vote. As of now, Reagan is behind, and, as his strategists see it, the only way he can overtake President Ford is through some test on which delegates who are formally bound by their states' laws to vote for the President's nomination but are sentimentally for Reagan will vote for Reagan's position. The theory is that if a way is found to demonstrate, before the roll call on the nomination, that Reagan is in fact the real preference of the Convention, then enough delegates might consider Reagan to be in reality the stronger of the two candidates to give him the nomination. The Reagan forces figure that there are from fifty to sixty delegates who would be tempted to vote with Reagan if they thought he could win. In a close Convention, "winnerness" can be everything. Delegates to such a Convention oscillate and then move toward the center of gravity. The Ford forces figure that they have eleven hundred certain delegates, thirty-five who are committed but "soft," and twenty-five probable delegates. And they are very tense. They move about the corridors of the various Convention hotels with tight faces.

On Monday, Sears publicly proposed that the Convention adopt a rule requiring all Presidential candidates to announce their Vice-Presidential choices before the balloting for the Presidential nomination. The proposal fits Sears' prescription, as he spelled it out to me in a conversation we had in Washington last week, perfectly. It is a proposal that has some intrinsic merit—several reformers have been suggesting it for years—and therefore is a procedural move with substantive respectability. (Sears has thought all along that the Ford forces may not give him an opportunity to make a floor fight over the platform.) Sears believes that the move to draw out the Reagan strength must have substantive legitimacy and some popular support. Anything that was simply a strategic maneuver or a ploy, he figures, would be seen as such and either would fail or, if it carried, would so divide the Convention as to make the nomination worthless. He believes that there must be a compelling reason—or an ostensibly compelling reason—for a nominal Ford supporter to support Reagan's position on a preliminary vote. Sears is full of political maxims. He has thought politics through more thoroughly than most people who practice it, and this may account for his relative success. One Sears maxim: "You can never ask a man to do something in politics that is against his own self-interest. You have to find something of interest to him." That is what Sears' proposal about naming running mates is meant to do. The proposal is designed not only to put Ford on the spot, by forcing him to risk displeasing some faction within his following, but to attract the votes of those who will probably vote for his nomination but would be very much interested to know, or must appear interested to know, whom he would select as his running mate. It is probably the move with the greatest chance of carrying. And if it should carry, there is a chance—a chance—that Reagan could be nominated. The Ford people don't disagree. They have feared all along that the Reagan side might indicate, through tactical maneuvers, that Reagan has greater strength and might also set off emotions within the Convention in Reagan's direction—and they understand that Reagan stirs political emotions that Ford does not—which could block the Ford nomination. They know that their role is to defend the President's lead while the Reagan forces, being behind, go on the offensive. Reagan's selection of the liberal Senator Richard Schweiker, of Pennsylvania, as his running mate alerted them to the possibility of a succession of daring and surprising moves. They have tried to anticipate various moves that the Reagan forces might make here, but Sears' proposal on Monday appeared to take them utterly by surprise. On such maneuvers and countermaneuvers now hangs the nomination of one of the two major political parties, and perhaps even the Presidency.



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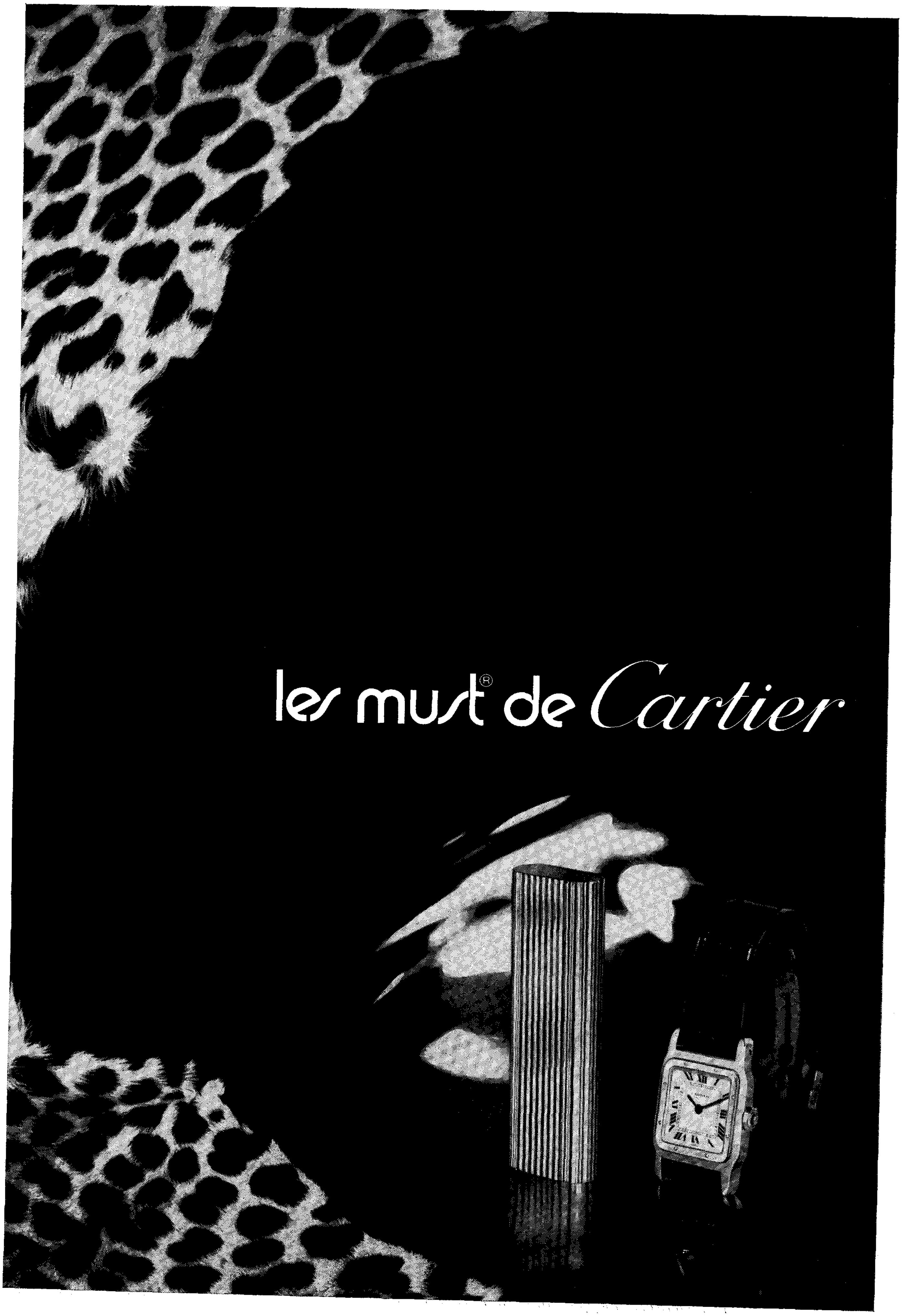
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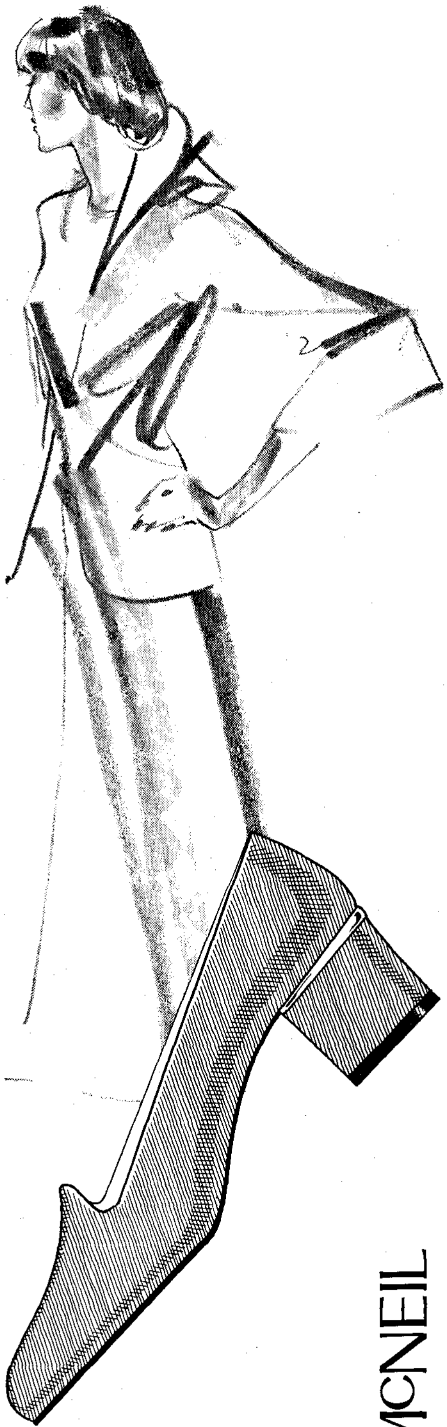

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day—there won't be much time for talking to reporters individually, and, more important, press conferences are one instrument for keeping the other side off balance. Sears has a flat, round moon face and a slight, mysterious—sphinxlike—smile, and seems imperturbable. He moves slowly, talks slowly, and never appears rattled. His personal style, coupled with his political style, has the other side thoroughly spooked. When they talk about him, they nervously cite his maxim "Politics is motion." And they await his next move. At his press conference today, Sears says that he will pursue his Vice-Presidential proposal in the Convention's rules committee, which meets on Saturday, "and, if necessary, we will pursue that in the Convention." He is asked whether he has any other surprises in store. "I really don't know what surprises you," he says, smiling, and he adds, "There will be other things that we'll be doing that will be newsworthy." And he says, "It is our feeling here that this probably stands to be the most exciting Convention that our party has ever held." He may well be right.

Logically, it never should have got to this point. But then, if I have learned anything this year, it is that politics has little to do with logic. Logically, the President should have the nomination in hand by now. He is, after all, the President, and if he is not a brilliant one, neither is he generally considered a disastrous one. But he is only a fair campaigner, up against an accomplished one; his call had to be for preserving what is, while his opponent could call for dramatic change; he doesn't have any real following, and his opponent does; his forces relied on established Party machinery, while his opponent's went out and rallied the people; his campaign organization was sprawling and faction-ridden, while his opponent's was relatively small and tight. Both sides made mistakes, but it seems that the President's side made more.

"They have made it possible for us to be here," said Lyn Nofziger this afternoon. Nofziger, who is a fifty-two-year-old public-relations consultant from Los Angeles, began as Reagan's press secretary, became the director of campaign operations for the California primary, and is now Reagan's Convention coördinator. "I don't know anyone on our side who thought we would win North Carolina," Nofziger said. That moment in the campaign turns out to have been more crucial, in several respects, than has generally been realized. About a week before the March 23rd North Carolina primary, Michael Deaver, a thirty-nine-year-old public-relations consultant, who is Reagan's chief of staff, and Nofziger went to Washington to meet with Sears. Their assumption was that they would have to close out the Reagan campaign, because, for one thing, it was in debt. Sears had not drawn a paycheck since February. The money wasn't there to continue—not even to book hotel rooms in Wisconsin, where the next important primary would take place. Over dinner at an Italian restaurant, the Reagan men decided that, win or lose in North Carolina, Reagan would go on national television for a half hour afterward. At the least, they figured, the television broadcast would help raise money to pay off the debts. I recall thinking that the telecast, on March 31st, was rather poor. Reagan jumped from subject to subject, just as he had in his early speeches, when he shuffled his four-by-six cards; he talked too fast and about too many things, from energy to Social Security to the Panama Canal, but then he zeroed in on Henry Kissinger and defense and America's position in the world. "The evidence mounts that we're Number Two," he said, and he asked, though the connection was unclear, "Is this why Mr. Ford would not invite Alexander Solzhenitsyn" to the White House, and "Is this why he signed away the freedom of Eastern Europe in the Helsinki agreement?" Reagan said that the President's signing last summer of the Helsinki agreement—which, in exchange for Soviet pledges of freer immigration and expanded human rights, ratified the post-Second World War European borders—put an American "stamp of approval on Russia's enslavement of the captive nations." Every bit of evidence is that the speech was a huge success, raising money and reinvigorating the Reagan campaign. "You can't believe what it did for us to see that the little guy out there would respond," Deaver said to me today. "It also gave us the feeling that if we were down and out again, all we had to do was another TV show." But it may well have been that it was during this period that Reagan lost the nomination. For it was then that, strapped for money and stretched too thin, the Reagan campaign was unable, or failed, to field more than a few slates in states, such as Ohio and New Jersey, where Ford was expected to win but where Reagan had a chance to win in selected congressional districts

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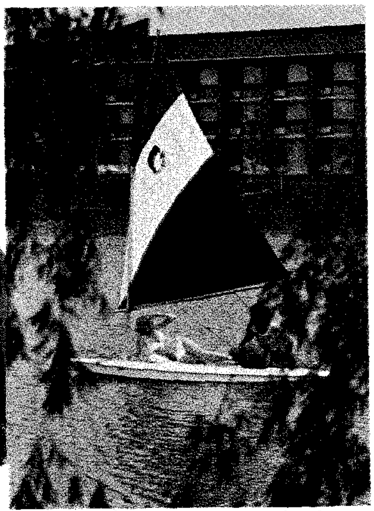

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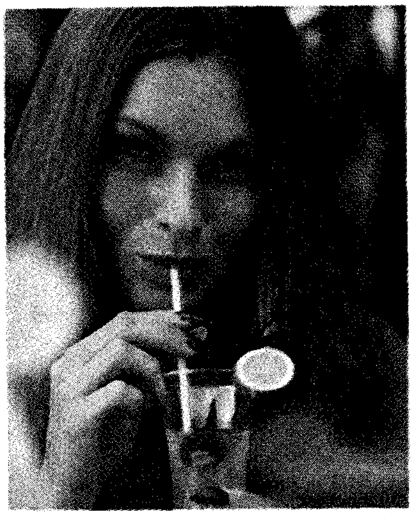

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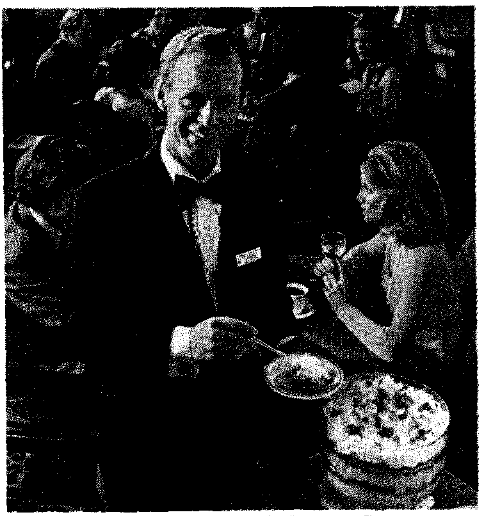

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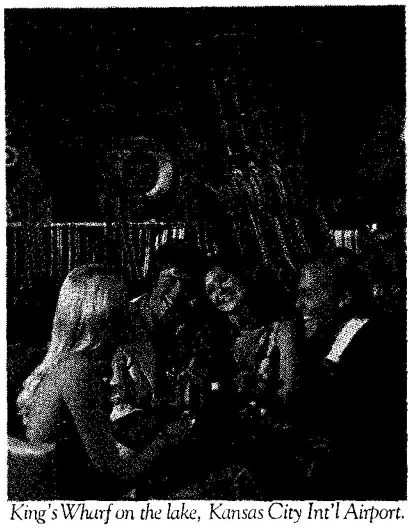
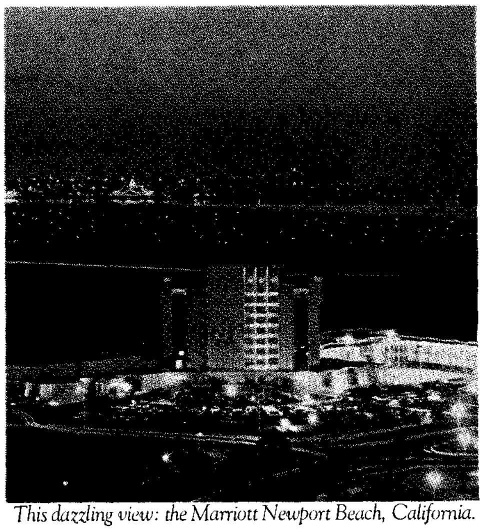


King's Wharf on the lake, Kansas City Int'l Airport.



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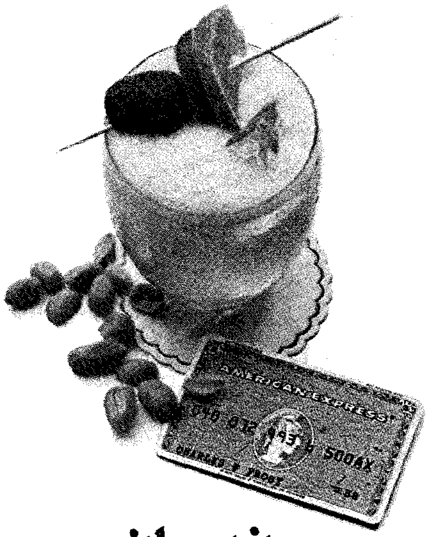

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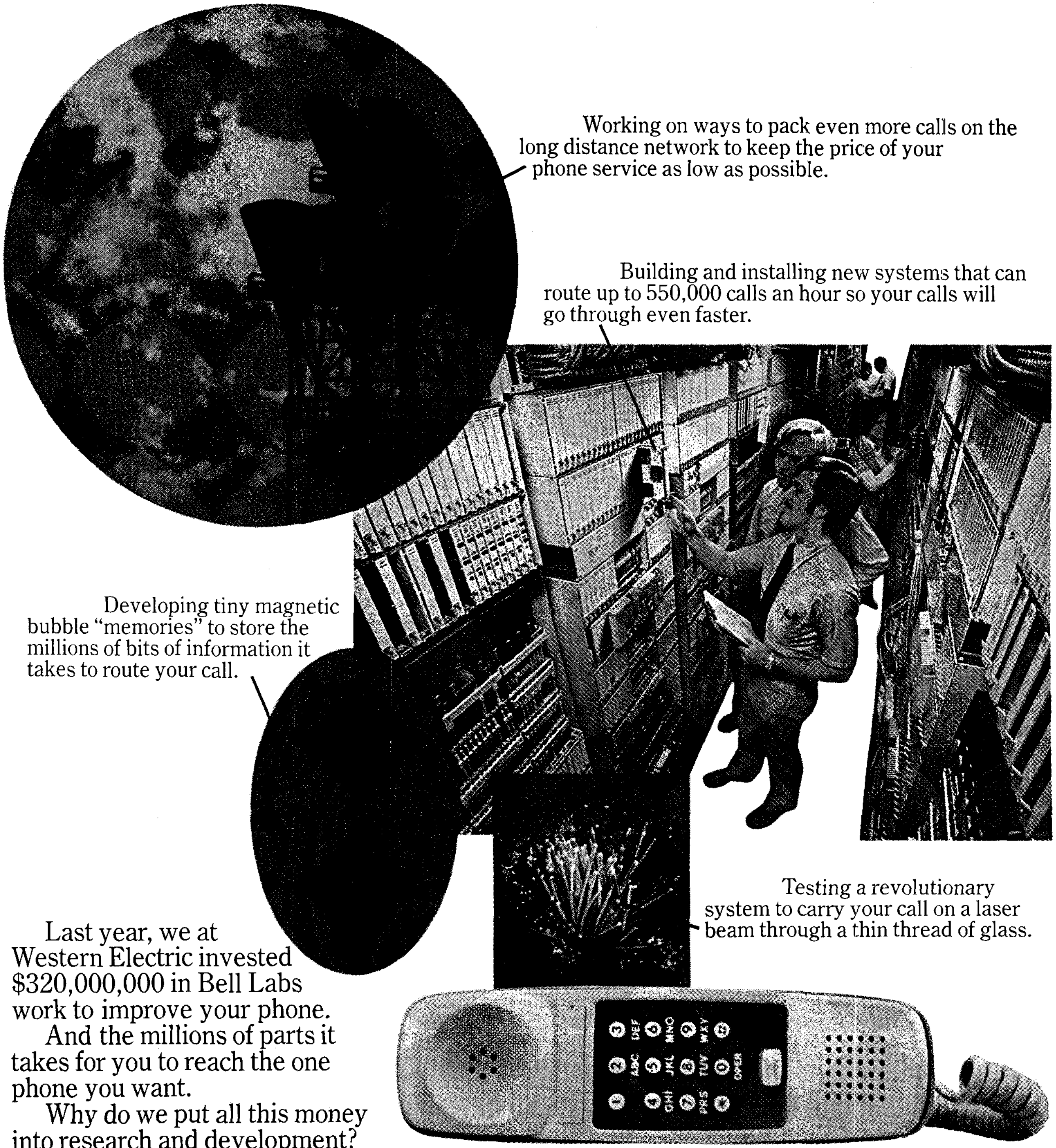

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and pick up delegates. (The Reagan campaign had already passed up an opportunity to file slates in Pennsylvania.) There were some districts in Wisconsin that, in hindsight, the Reagan forces think they could have won, but, lacking money, they had to cancel out Wisconsin, whose primary followed North Carolina's by two weeks. And it was during this period, as it happened, that the bill to reëstablish the fund-distributing functions of the Federal Election Commission was working its way through Congress. No federal campaign funds had been disbursed since March 22nd. (On January 30th, the Supreme Court had ruled that because a majority of the voting commissioners had been appointed by Congress, instead of by the President with Senate confirmation, the Federal Election Commission lacked, among other things, the Constitutional authority to certify candidates for Presidential-primary matching funds. The Court stayed its judgment through March 22nd.) At the time of the North Carolina primary, in late March, the Reagan campaign was over a million dollars in debt, and was owed about a million dollars in federal funds. The President's campaign, however, had over a million dollars on hand as of March 31st and debts of only about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Congress took its time passing the bill, and after it reached the White House the President delayed signing it for a week. In retrospect, the delay in providing federal funds may have been the decisive factor in the Ford-Reagan race. It certainly was a very important one. There were other financial advantages in being the President. The White House, being the White House, was not required, as the President's challenger was, to make a lot of its payments—for hotel rooms and so on—in advance. Most important, perhaps, the President could use staff members, offices, typewriters, and telephones in the White House to further his campaign.

We shall never know what would have happened if seven hundred votes had gone the other way in New Hampshire, giving Reagan instead of Ford the victory there. There are other "what-if"s. Some Reagan strategists feel that if they had conducted more effective races in such states as West Virginia and Maryland, Reagan might have won there. Some think they should have made more of an effort in small states that selected delegates through conventions instead of primaries, such as Connecticut and Vermont. There will be a great deal of

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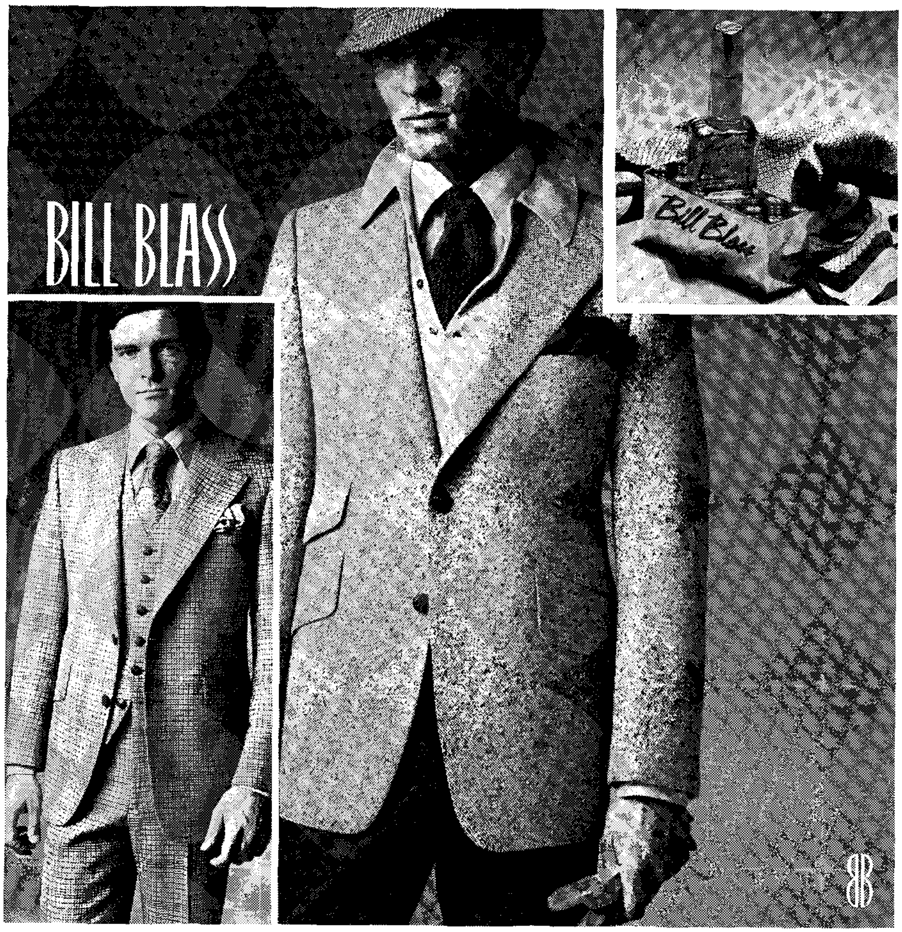
hindsighting and "what-iffing" about this campaign for the Republican nomination—the closest one in twenty-four years, and one that will turn on tantalizingly few votes. But it seems fairly clear that, while incumbency may not be all that it is considered to be, it has thus far saved Gerald Ford. Incumbency also, as Nofziger pointed out today, gave Ford the support of "the Establishment"—the Party machinery and members of Congress. John Sears has often said that Ford does not have a base, but to the extent that he does, that's it. That base was not enough to hand the nomination to him easily, but it was probably enough to keep him from losing it before he got here. "Moreover," Nofziger said, "a President can make appointments and promises. If you say, 'I, Ronald Reagan, will keep your shipyard open if I'm elected,' and Gerald Ford says he will keep your shipyard open, whom would you choose?"

And incumbency is helping Gerald Ford at this Convention. The officers of the Convention are all Ford's friends. The scheduled Convention speakers are Ford supporters. The Ford forces fear that a move will be made to have Reagan address the Convention before the balloting—a move that, at the very least, will make them look bad, unfair, when they oppose it, and that if it succeeds could end with Reagan, the captivating (as many think) speaker, "stampeding" the Convention. In a race this close, anything might make a difference. And so, while the world waits to see who will lead the Republican Party into the election of our next President, aides on both sides are rushing around Kansas City worrying about such things as walkie-talkies, messengers, cars and drivers, odd-hours food for campaign workers, guest tickets (the Ford camp has more than twice as many as the Reagan camp does), telephone systems on the Convention floor.

This morning, at the Muehlebach Hotel, the Convention headquarters, I saw William Timmons, the President's Convention manager. Timmons, who is forty-five, was in charge of congressional relations for the Nixon White House and is now a Washington lobbyist. He worked for the nomination of Barry Goldwater in 1964 and of Richard Nixon in 1968, and managed the machinelike 1972 Republican Convention. Apparently at a loss for a competent Convention manager from within his own ranks, Ford reached for Timmons. When I saw Timmons in Washington last week, he



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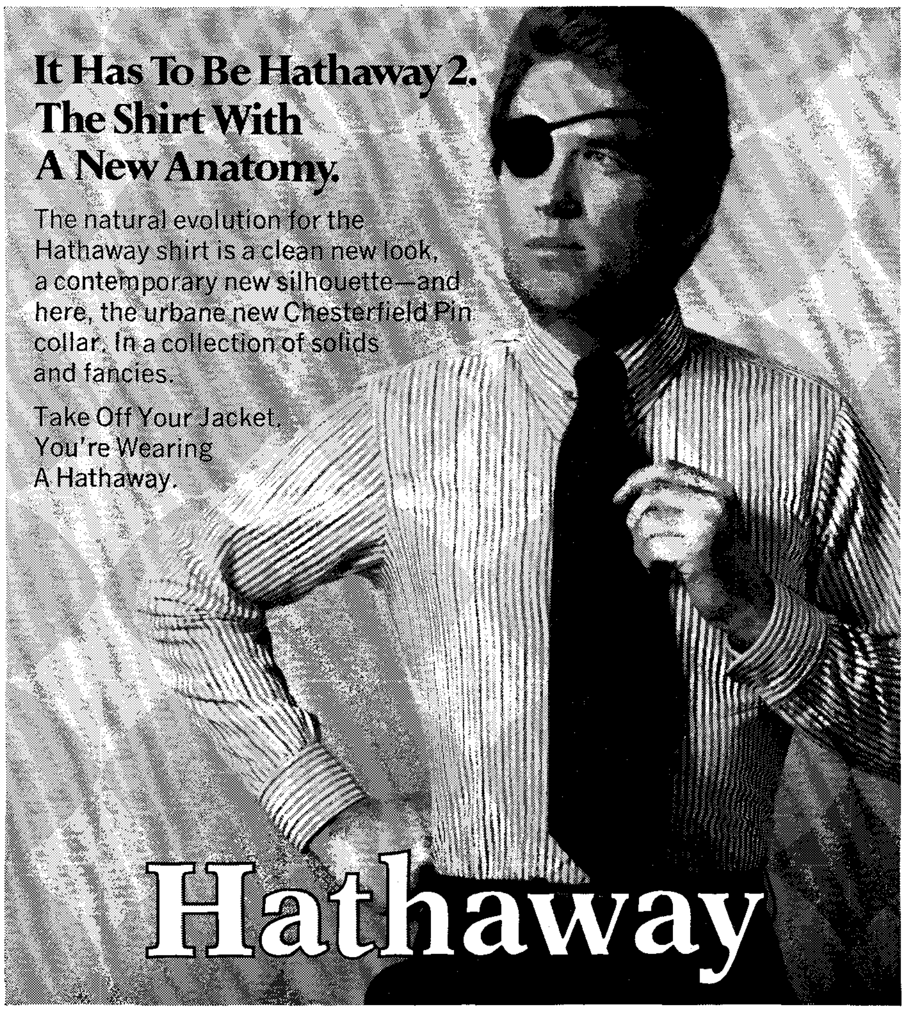
told me that one of his prime goals was to present to the world the picture of a well-run Convention—both to impress the delegates and to help the President's "image" for the fall. "I would be very pleased if the impression were left that the President's operation was a smooth, tightly knit, well-functioning operation," he said. "God knows it isn't seen as that now." When I saw Timmons this morning, he was rushing from one meeting to another, but he stopped to talk for a few minutes. "We're trying to manage our people on the platform subcommittees," he said. "We have—God—wall-to-wall meetings. You're going to see a whole week of gimmicks on their part to try to get something going. We don't have the margin of votes on the platform committee that we do on the rules committee. The platform is particularly sensitive, because people feel so strongly. We're getting speakers for our positions lined up to go before the rules committee. That sort of thing. We'll meet some delegates at the airport and work with them on the way in on some of the issues." (Sears is not having delegates met at the airport. He doesn't think it's worth it. "We did that in 1968," he told me. "You find that you're meeting your own people.") Timmons has won a battle he has been waging with White House aides to get the President to come here on Sunday, rather than later in the week, and to go to some state caucuses—but not as many as Timmons and his group would like. "He'll spend two hours a day being Presidential," Timmons said to me today. "I see that as time I can steal." Timmons also is devoting a lot of time preparing the "caucus teams"—people who will go around to the caucuses and argue the President's case. Briefing books, telephones, working space, kits to give delegates, a telephone directory—all these details are being looked after in an effort to win the nomination for Ford. Plans are being made for what is called "alternative programming"—which consists of making Ford spokesmen available for television interviews during lulls in the Convention, to keep the television interviewers from seeking out people who might not be so helpful to the cause. The President's strategists are trying to make sure that every politician of consequence receives appropriate attention. "Hell hath no fury like an overlooked politician," Timmons said. He was up half the night last night working on the official program—the order of the speakers. "We're very weak in the fluff part of it," he said today. And so



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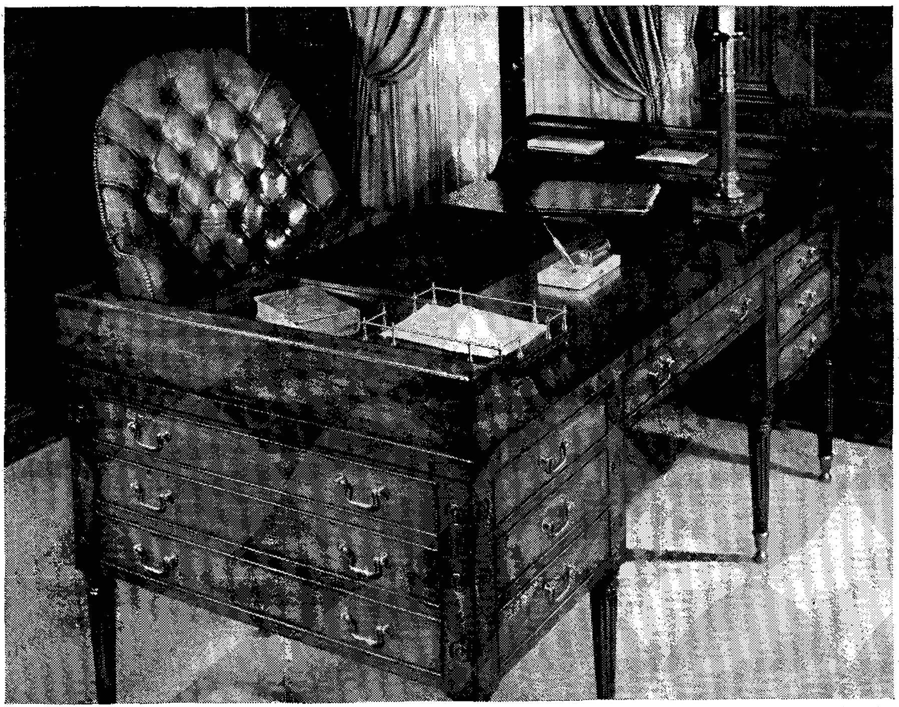

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time is being spent in finding people to lead the Pledge of Allegiance and the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Because of the new campaign-finance law's limitations on spending, there is not the money there once was for bringing celebrities to town to lead the Convention in song. A proposal by the Republican National Committee to have Goldwater speak on Monday morning and Rockefeller on Monday evening—which Timmons thought especially terrible—has now been overruled by the President's Convention management, and both will speak Monday evening. "A bird needs two wings to fly," says Timmons.

•

TODAY, Ben Harbor, a black delegate from Baker, Louisiana, was flown out to California for an audience with Ronald Reagan.

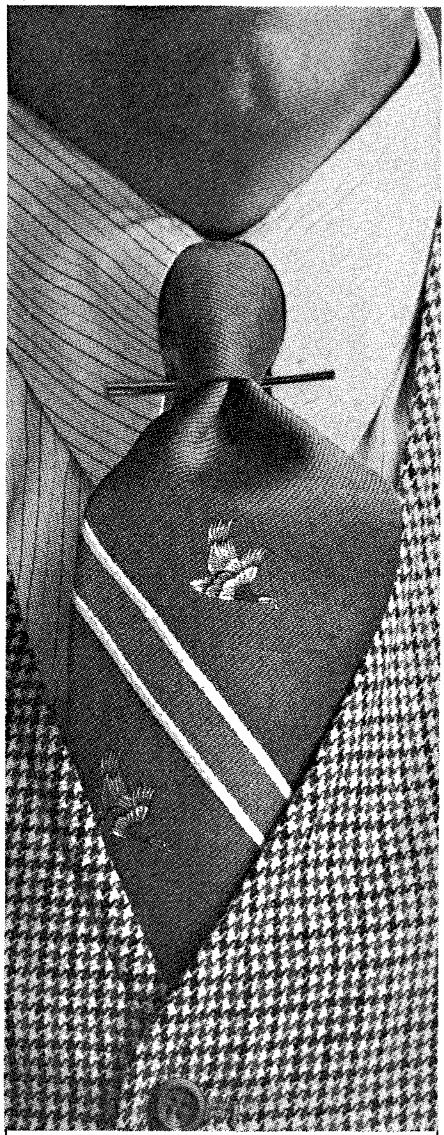
•

LAST night, I had dinner here with Clarke Reed, the chairman of the Mississippi delegation. The delegation arrived uncommitted, but as of now President Ford is believed to have at least half the state's thirty votes, and Reed has concluded that, what with the deep division within the delegation, the unit rule should be abandoned. Reed, who is forty-eight, is tall, white-haired, and somewhat handsome. He laughs a lot, and clearly thinks of politics as good sport. But it has become less fun for him now, since he got caught between two forces, both of which he wanted to please. He not only had supported Reagan but had told Reagan aides that he would deliver Mississippi for their candidate. Then he began to see that Ford was gaining ground in Mississippi, and he came under increasing pressure from Ford aides, and finally was courted by Ford himself—and he switched. One increasingly gets the impression that Reagan's selection of Schweiker was only an excuse for the switch. Reed appears to have wanted to move to where he thought the power was going to be. In playing games with both sides, he has been losing the respect of both. A John Sears maxim: "In politics, the most important thing is your word." Sometimes Sears puts it another way: "In politics, if you don't keep your bargains, it catches up with you rather quickly." The special hold that trust has in politics is a strange thing in a business that also puts such a premium on manipulativeness and looking out for one's own interests, but in fact trust is essential to make the thing work. Politicians deal in signals. When someone in politics gives a signal that he is going to go a certain way, others understand and are guided by it. They expect that he will not change course on them. They will accept someone who opposes them. What they cannot accept is someone who gives a certain signal and then, in a turnabout, does them in. Politicians are all playing their own games, and each understands that the others are doing that, but the smart ones figure out that they cannot be effective over any length of time without accruing to themselves a certain amount of trust—trust that they will keep the commitments they signal. This has nothing to do with idealism; it has to do with survival. Some of the most manipulative politicians understand the importance of a peculiar sort of honor in politics. Lyndon Johnson understood it, and so did Wilbur Mills, and so did Wayne Hays. Politicians have to have a code. Without it, the whole thing falls apart.

Last night, Reed was somewhat mellow, if unhappy, and he told the story of how he had become, for the moment, one of the prominent people in American politics—a role that he enjoys and cultivates—and a man who has been driving both sides crazy in this close nomination fight. Reed now has rivals for influence within the Mississippi Party, and his chairmanship is about to be passed on to a successor. He was still sad that his announcement of support for Ford had cost him some of his allies. Reed likes to keep everybody happy with him, even if it means telling them—as he told both the Reagan camp and the Ford camp—that they will have his support. "I'm not a Messiah man," Reed said last night. "A lot of my conservative colleagues are. Neither Ford nor Reagan is going to save the world. I've got my little act, they've got theirs."

I asked Reed how he had come to be a leader of the Mississippi Republican Party.

"I'd been pretty fortunate early in life. I thought the only thing I wanted to do was live a pretty good life and make a buck. But I woke up at age twenty-seven or eight and realized I was too comfortable to be comfortable. As Walker Percy said in 'The Message in the Bottle,' the hostile environment is the only one where you're comfortable." Reed grew up in what is called the "boot heel" of Missouri—the southeast corner of the state. "It was more like Mississippi than a lot of Mississippi," he said. "The family tradition was to keep the river off the land and survive the Reconstruc-



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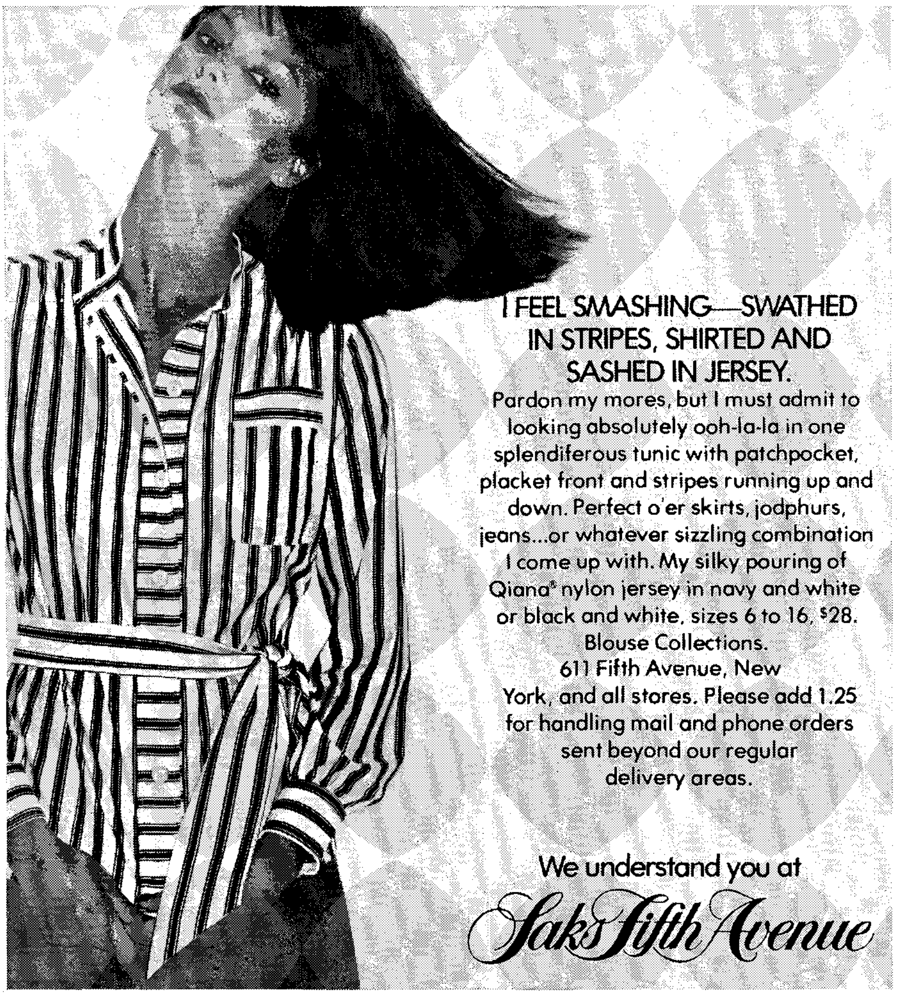

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tion." His family moved to Greenville, where his father brought in a soybean elevator. Reed himself, at twenty-two, went into the business of constructing grain-storage facilities. Then he went into the manufacture of grain-storage-and-handling equipment. "It was a great economic contribution to the area," Reed said. "I sold it six years ago and put the money back in the land." Reed has boasted that he is the largest rice grower in America, but, whatever the case, he has done very well. He is also in the barge-operating business. "All that time, I said things are so good for me, I got to keep them that way," he said. "And my part of the country had been sort of out of the mainstream politically since 1820. I didn't like the way things were going in the world. I was scared. I was very concerned about the South. I knew we were messed up. I had to figure out a way for us to get back in things. I saw that three-fourths of the country that thinks like us is in one party—the Republicans—and one fourth, in the South, is in another. So the only thing to do was to get together, to get with the three-fourths. And I saw the battle lines being drawn, and the question was who gets there first." It was apparent to Reed that the Republicans were going to need the South, and also that, given the established power in the Democratic Party of such men as John Stennis and James Eastland, a path to power and influence and attention might lie in getting there first as a Republican. Reed became county chairman in 1962 and state Party chairman in 1966.

I asked Reed to tell me something about the policies he wanted to see the federal government follow.

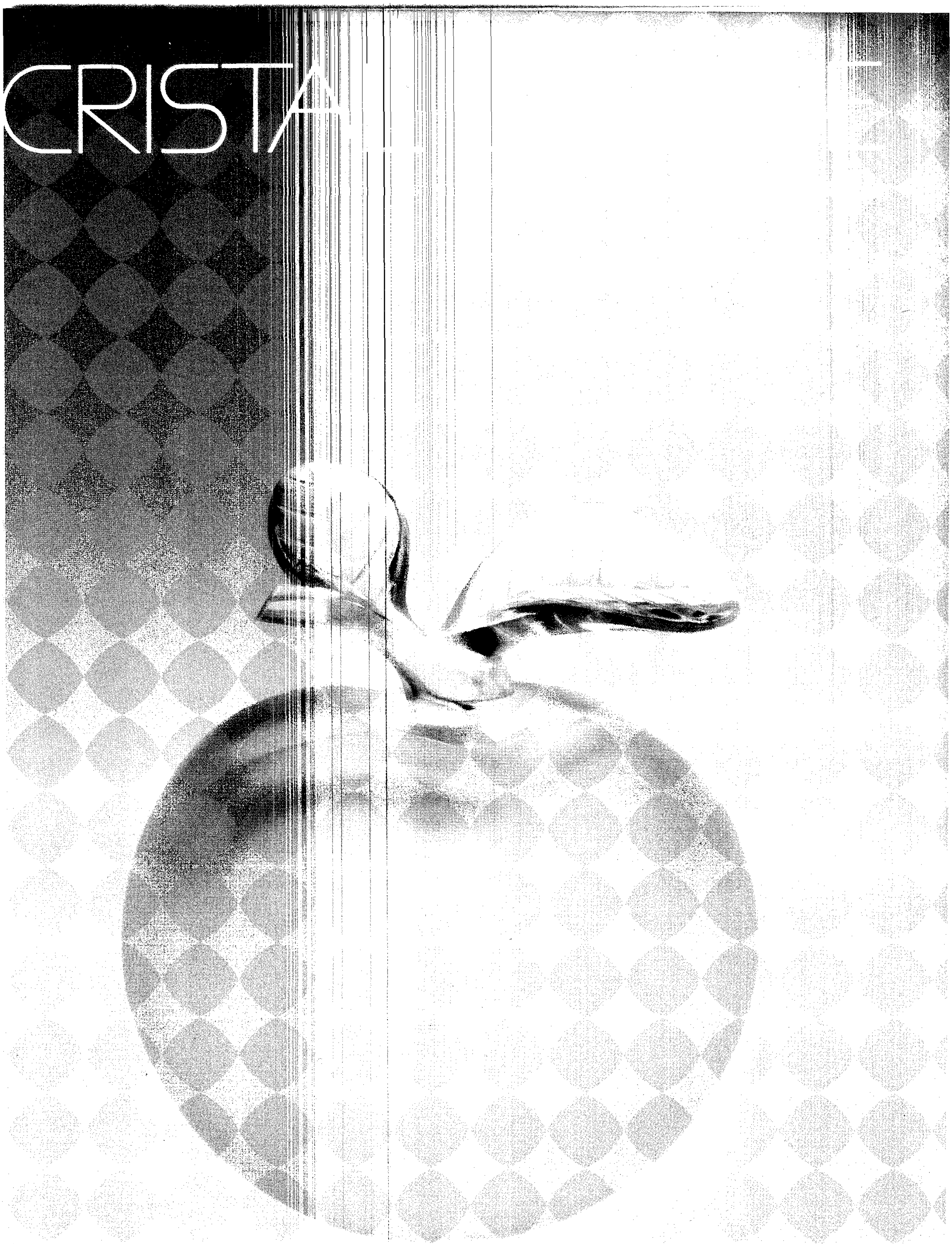
"We *are* the leaders of the free world," he replied. "The world is small. As free people, we owe it a game plan—at least, a goal—that the whole world is free."

And what did he want domestically?

Reed replied, "Adam Smith all the way. The system works beautifully. Small business is Adam Smith. Big business is an arm of government. The system is so good. We've got such an opportunity. Oh, man, we've got a whole continent. It's so great. We're the chosen people. Hell, I'm damn glad to be living in a place, in this country, where the whole act is going to be decided."

●

ONE striking thing about the group of strategists working here for the President's nomination is that so many



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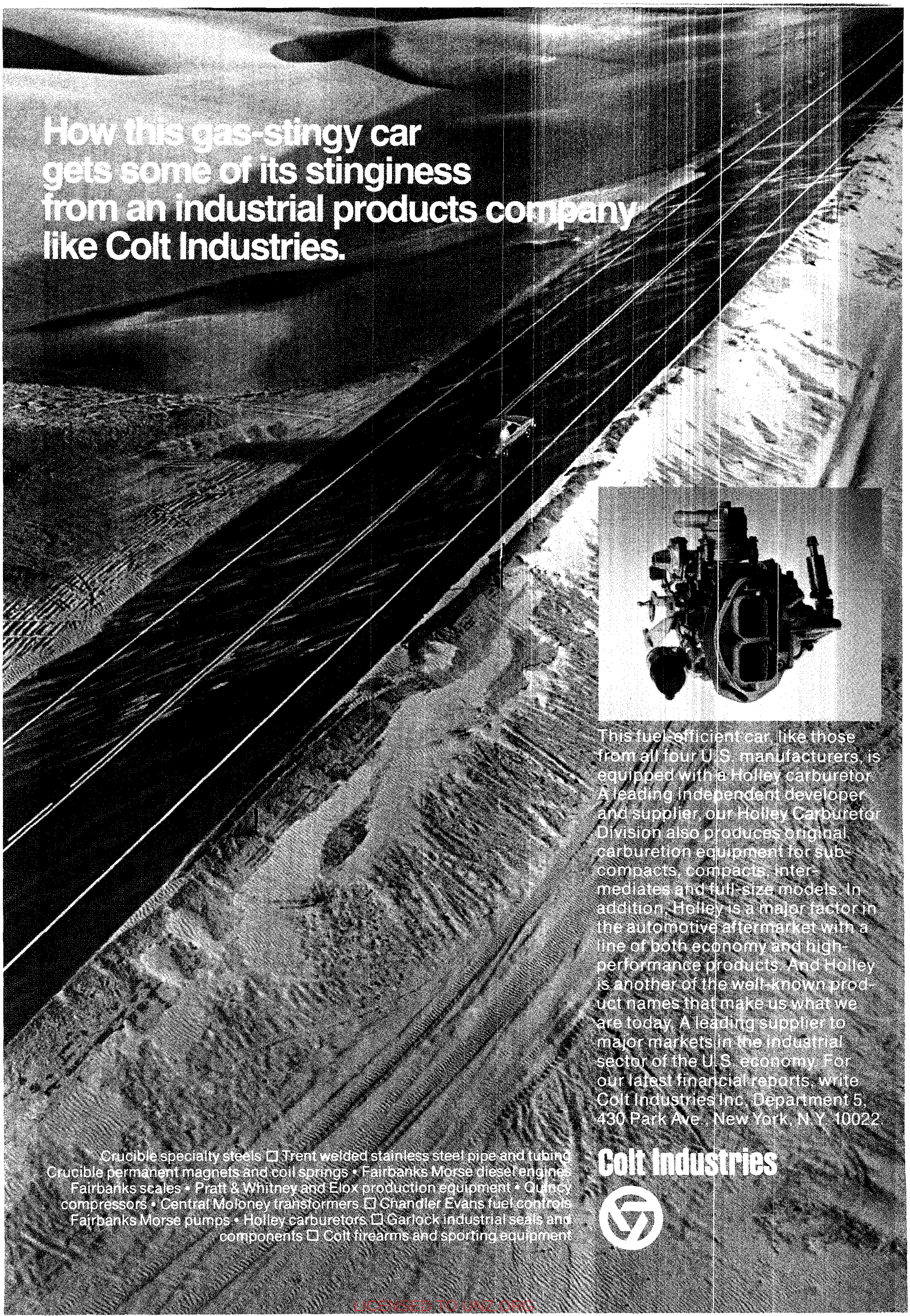

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of them worked for the nomination of Barry Goldwater, in 1964. Timmons was one. Others are Dean Burch, Goldwater's deputy campaign manager and Republican Party chairman, who was later named by Nixon as chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, then became a Nixon White House aide, and is now a Washington lawyer; Richard Herman, a member of the strategy committee at the Convention and an executive in the trucking business; and F. Clifton White, a Connecticut public-affairs consultant. In a way, the path of this group is symptomatic of what has happened to the Republican Party. The fight for control of the Party used to be between Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller; then it was Nixon and Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan; now it's Reagan and Gerald Ford.

•

TONIGHT, at the Phillips House, a hotel across the street from the Muehlebach Hotel, subcommittees of the platform committee are holding drafting sessions. The Republicans have a little problem with drafting their platform this year: because of recent history, to which Republicans do not wish to draw attention, it cannot extoll the record of the past eight years. On the third floor, the foreign-policy subcommittee is meeting. Senators Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, and Roman Hruska, of Nebraska, are defending a draft of the foreign-policy section which largely represents the President's positions. It is odd to see Roman Hruska, a conservative of no particular distinction (except for his defense of the Supreme Court appointment of G. Harrold Carswell on the ground that even if he was mediocre, mediocre people "are entitled to a little representation, aren't they?"), playing a role of leadership, of moderation, but that, too, is symptomatic of what has happened to the Republican Party. Many say that the Party has clearly moved to the right. I am not so sure that that is how to explain it. There were two conservative candidates, one of them being the rallying point for the very conservative elements of the Party and winning almost as many delegates as the other. Therefore, this is a very conservative Convention. But whether that signifies an immutable trend I am not so sure. David Treen, who is a House member from Louisiana and is quite conservative, is also acting as a moderating force within this group. Two representatives of the Ford camp watch closely and from time to time speak in-

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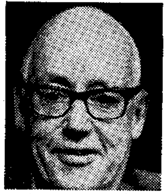

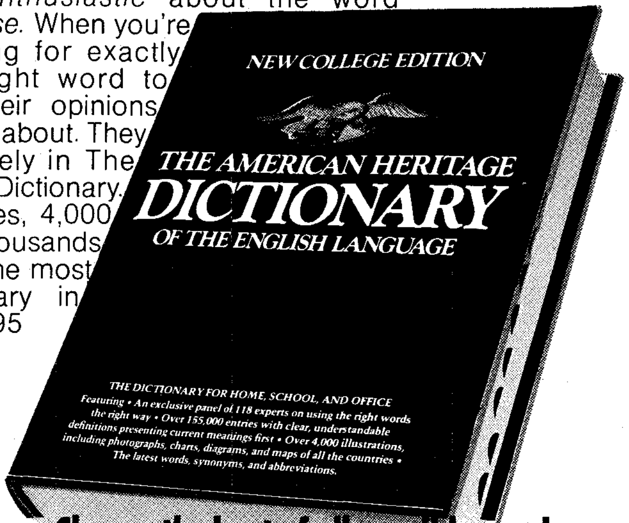

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to walkie-talkies. The subcommittee adopts a series of amendments that do such things as change the title of one subsection from "United States Relations with China" to "United States-Chinese Relations" and say that the United States is now in a position to "initiate dialogue" instead of "communicate" with "the leaders of a quarter of the earth's population." Then Yvonne Alford, a delegate from Alaska, offers an amendment to delete the section that refers to the restoration of communications with the People's Republic of China ("This extraordinary event, the culmination of a series of steps taken by President Nixon shortly after his inauguration in 1969, has allowed us to communicate with the leaders of a quarter of the earth's population"), the only reference to Nixon in the platform draft. Hruska suggests that "we should recognize outstanding events," but when the vote is taken the amendment is accepted.

AUGUST 12

YESTERDAY, Richard F. Trabert, of New Jersey, previously an uncommitted delegate, announced that he would support President Ford, and Gloria E. A. Toote, of New York, announced that she was switching from supporting the President to being uncommitted. These days, we read the names of people we have never heard of before and will never hear of again. If they play it right, they can have their names in the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post* and be on national television. For a moment.

•

THIS afternoon, I dropped in to see John Sears in his headquarters at the Alameda Plaza. It was late afternoon, and he had just come from a long staff meeting and was about to leave for his daily press conference. He had a sandwich and a Coke at his desk while we talked.

"We're going to have a floor fight," he said.

"On what?" I asked.

"Probably 16-C," he said. Rule 16-C incorporates Sears' proposal that Presidential candidates be required to name their running mates before the balloting for the nomination.

I asked Sears what the considerations were in selecting an issue to wage a floor fight on.

"What you do best on," he replied.

"What about the platform?" I asked him.

"I don't think this has been a very 'issues' year," he replied. "There isn't

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any particular point to having a fight over the platform. That's not to say we're not going to have one. The thing about this rule we proposed is that in one form and another there has been a lot of talk about reforming the Vice-Presidential process. It has a history to it. The reform itself stands up, so we can recommend it for the future, as well."

Sears talked about some of the things he has been doing: planning the visits to the delegations by Reagan and Schweiker; planning meetings of chairmen of Reagan delegations; planning for the meeting of the Convention's rules committee on Saturday, at which Rule 16-C will be proposed; organizing the ten regional field aides, who will handle about five states each in the coming week. Associates of Sears' are coping with a group headed by Senator Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, which is seeking to make the platform more conservative. Helms, a former radio and television broadcaster, is off on his own excursions here: backing, at the last minute, a Presidential candidacy by New York Senator James Buckley; working up his own platform group. Helms is the mirror image of what the left left wing of the Democratic Party often is at Democratic Conventions. Sears' own strategy for the platform was originally to give the Ford people their head and hope they would propose something that the Reagan forces could object to. But that strategy isn't panning out. For one thing, the drawing up of the platform draft by the Ford group was sufficiently behind schedule so that more than the usual amount is being drafted by the platform subcommittees themselves. For another, certain of the Reagan forces are out of control. Sears sought to put some of the ablest Reagan delegates on the credentials committee, which might have been a sensitive spot if there had been credentials challenges, and some on the rules committee. While he didn't exactly set out to put his worst delegates on the platform committee, neither did he assign to it his most dependable troops. And so certain Reagan supporters—some of them suspicious that Sears intends to "sell out" their most cherished beliefs (some even suspect that Sears, who is from New York, is actually a Rockefeller man)—are off on their own on the platform. A Sears maxim: "There are two ways to treat people you can't communicate with. You can try to stifle their efforts, which makes for difficulty. Or you can make use of them. The latter is usually the better thing to do." Sears

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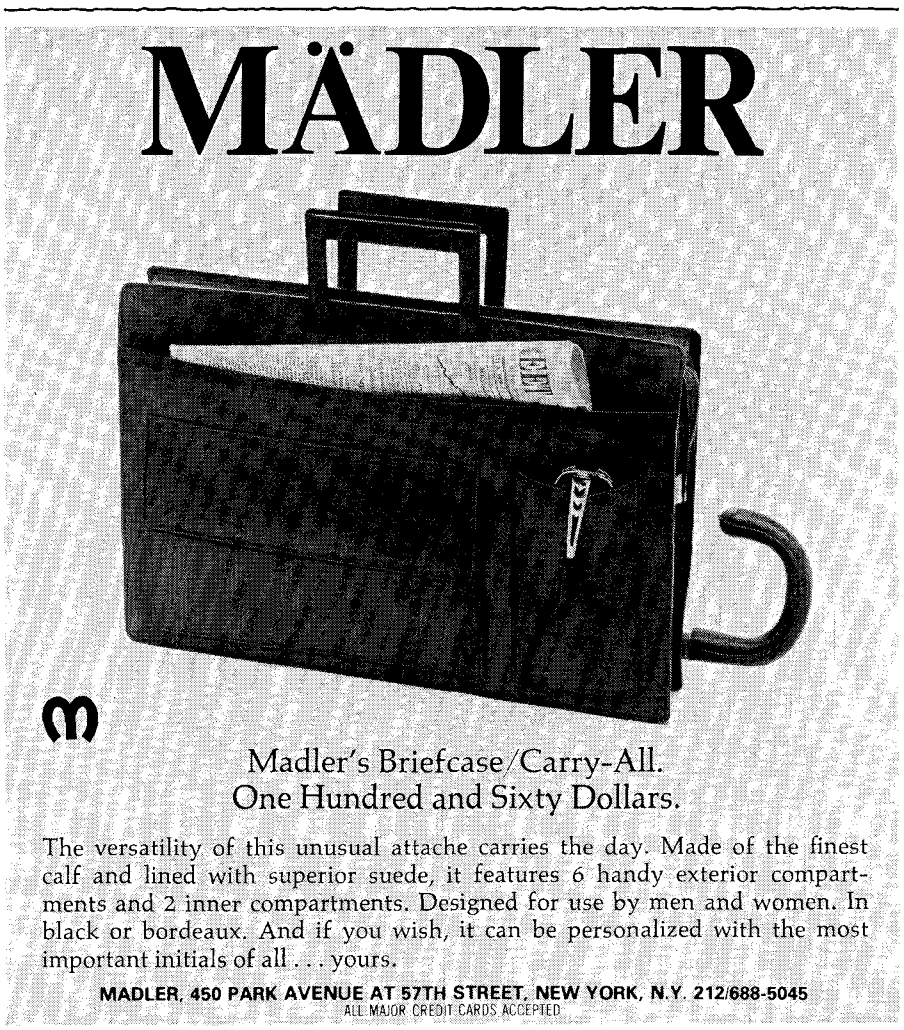
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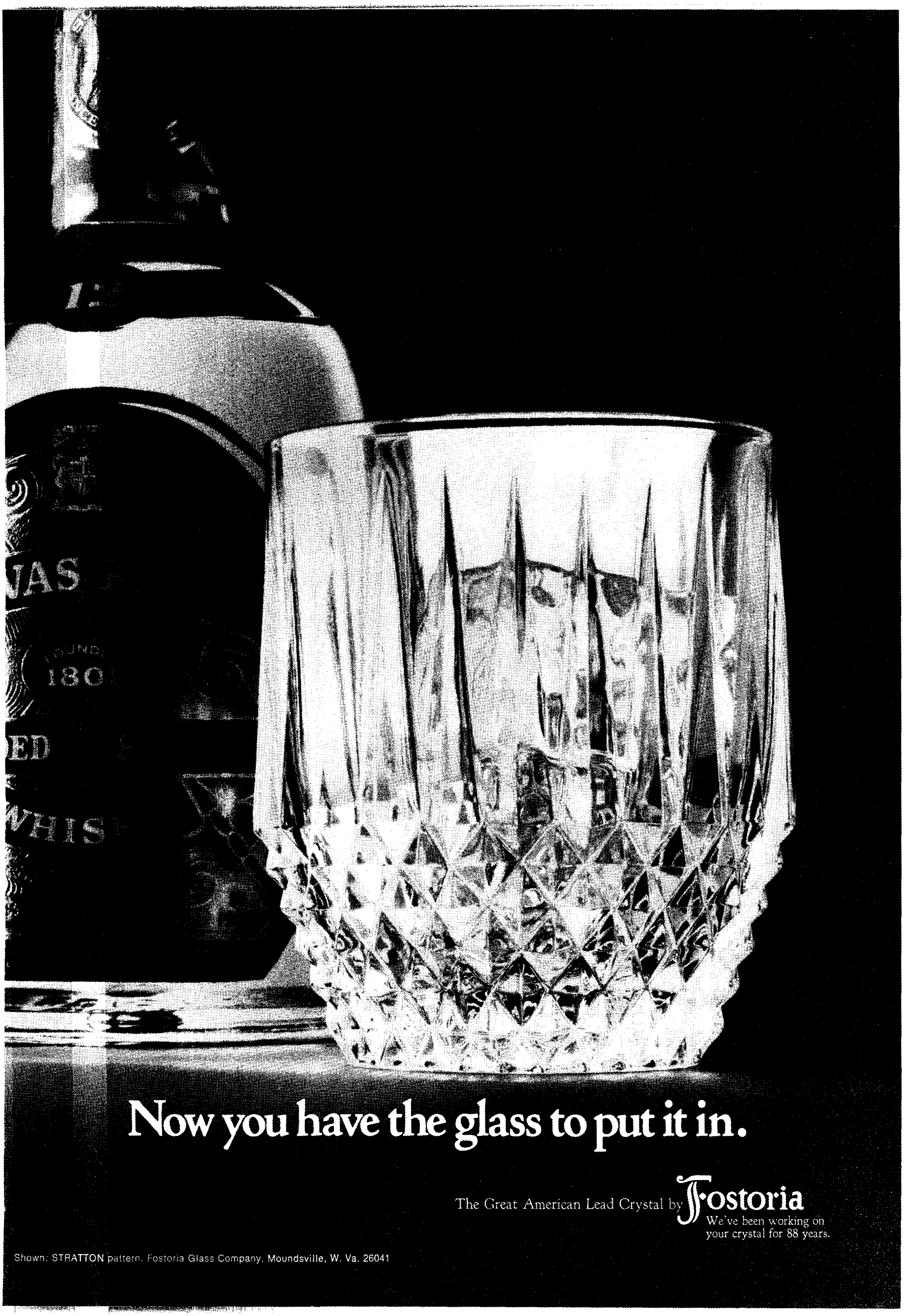
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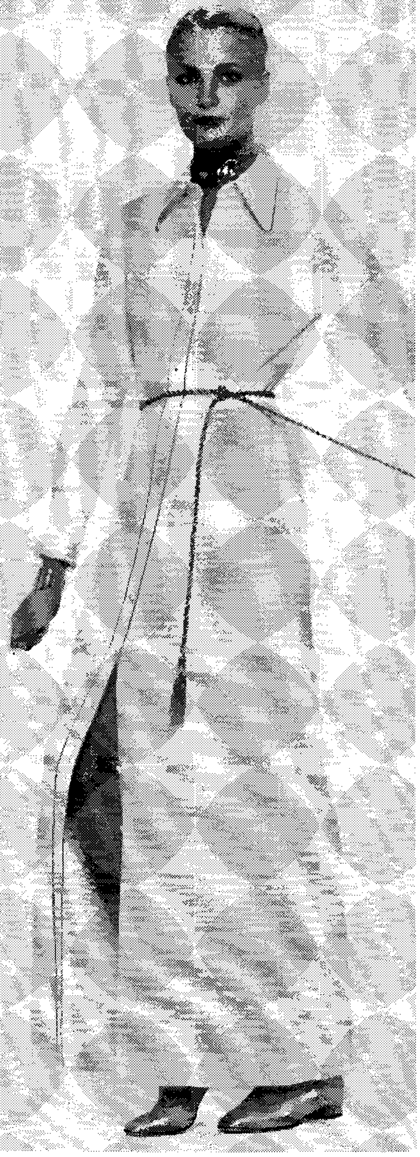

said this afternoon, "Some of the people in North Carolina had fears we would bargain away the platform. So they started working on their own some time ago. We decided to see what they would propose. That's a better tactic: see what they are doing and then react to it, rather than the other way around. Now it's settled into a workable posture. Things that we may not particularly run on that might end up in there are the Helms group's planks, and anything we would like to claim credit for we can." He laughed.

Sears returned to the subject of Rule 16-C. "We think if we can force the issue on the Vice-Presidency we should be able to win the nomination," he said. "The actual name of the running mate the President chooses will help, because it will drive away some of his support, but also if you can force an incumbent President to do something he does not wish to do it's very helpful with people who are undecided or leaning the other way. If we won 16-C, a good maneuver then would be to have someone jump up and say, 'Let's let both tickets address the Convention.' I think you'd see it go through in no time. I would like to see the other side mount the podium in opposition. It's a more potent move even than asking for time for Reagan to address the Convention. It seems to be a patently reasonable proposal, and it's clear the President doesn't want to get on the same podium with Reagan." He smiled.

I asked Sears if he realized that he had the other side thoroughly off balance and tense, wondering what he would do next.

"Is that so?" he asked, and he smiled. "That's a good way to have people." He smiled again. "You can very often worry people into mistakes."

•

TODAY, Clarke Reed issued a statement in which he said that reports that President Ford was considering as his running mate such liberals as Senator Charles Percy, of Illinois; Senator Mark Hatfield, of Oregon; Senator Lowell Weicker, of Connecticut; and Senator Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts "came as a shock" to him. Actually, none of these is a very likely choice—and Brooke and Weicker have already declined to run—but Reed's statement nevertheless has much of the press excited and writing stories about what he said. Which pleases Reed. Last night, he was fairly depressed, because now that he has committed his support to Ford he is not receiving much attention. He said, "I'll have to think something up." In the Muehlebach Hotel's bar at the end of the day today, Reed sips a gin and tonic and talks to reporters. The reporters now know that that bar is where to find him. (Some people at Conventions know how to station themselves so that reporters can seek them out for statements and they can make news.) "This all-spectrum stuff," says Reed. He is talking fast and, as usual, in half sentences and swallowed words. "That's Mickey Mouse. If Percy's part of that spectrum. And Hatfield's more liberal than Schweiker. My delegates are very unhappy. They want to know whether I led them down the primrose path." Reed is happy again.

AUGUST 13

FRIDAY. The full platform committee is meeting in the Municipal Auditorium, just down the street from the Muehlebach. The committee, seated at long tables on the stage, is almost entirely middle-aged and older. I see only one black—a woman, Marjorie Parker, from the District of Columbia. Ford aides prowl the hall with walkie-talkies. They are staying in touch with Timmons, whose offices are elsewhere in the city. In reality, the platform fight is something of a pillow fight thus far: the Ford forces are so eager to avoid losing support for the President or provoking a fight over the platform at the Convention that they are acceding to most of the Reagan forces' demands. A plank on the Panama Canal, not included in the original draft, has been added, and subsequently compromised to the point where it closely resembles Reagan's position. Virtually every change that the Reagan forces wanted in the China plank has been accepted. Also as a result of the Reagan forces' efforts, the platform now calls for military "superiority" over the Soviet Union. The Ford forces—for all their consultation by walkie-talkie—are less concerned about what the platform says than they are about winning the nomination. So, while they are on guard against anything too embarrassing to run on, they are being flexible. Republicans really are different from Democrats—if not in their proclivity for appealing to interest groups, then in the interest groups to which they appeal. Yesterday afternoon, the platform committee adopted tax credits and write-offs amounting to an estimated fifty billion dollars. One platform drafter remarked, "This is our Humphrey-Hawkins." Joseph Coors, the brewer who supports right-wing causes and Ronald Reagan, proposed an amend-

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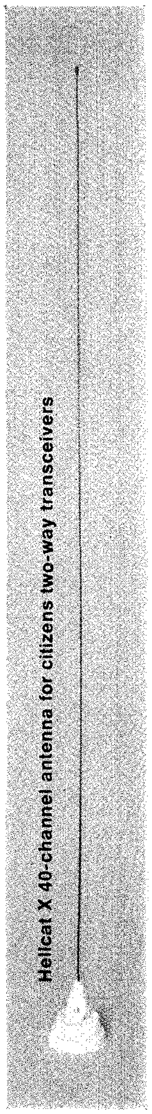
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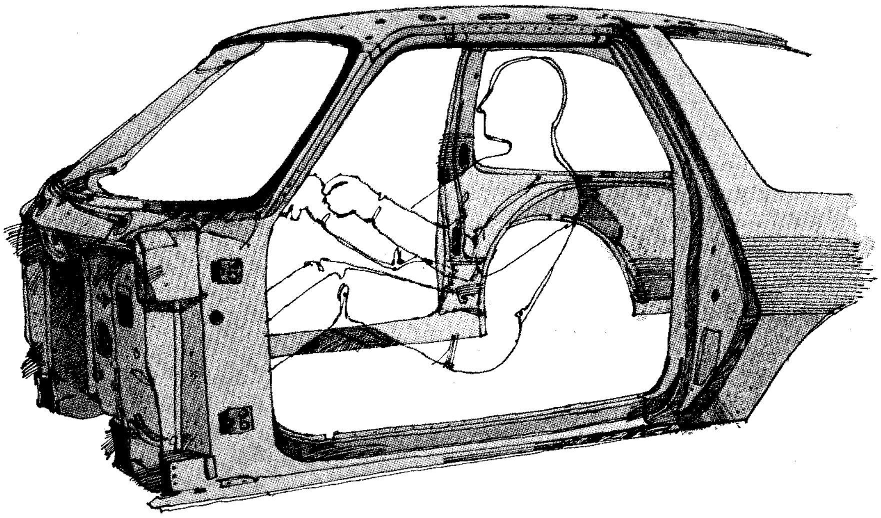

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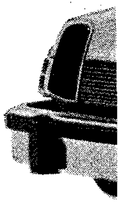

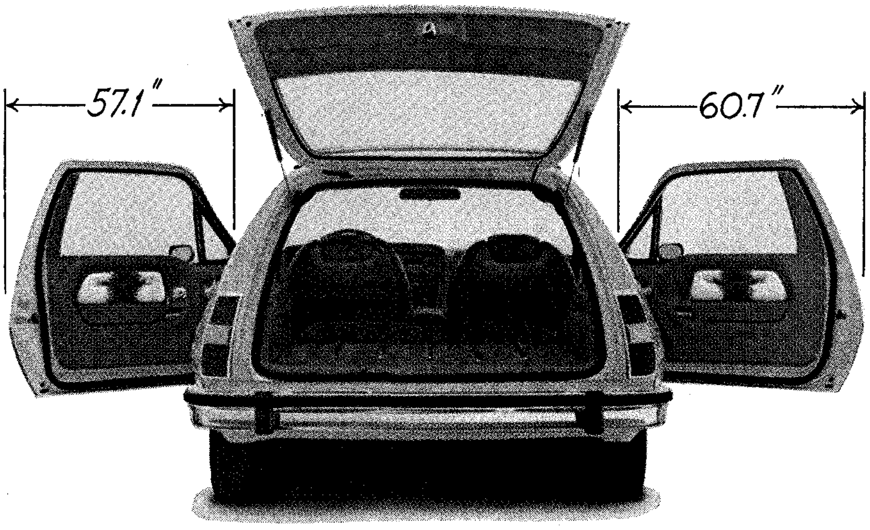

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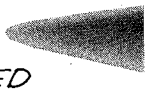

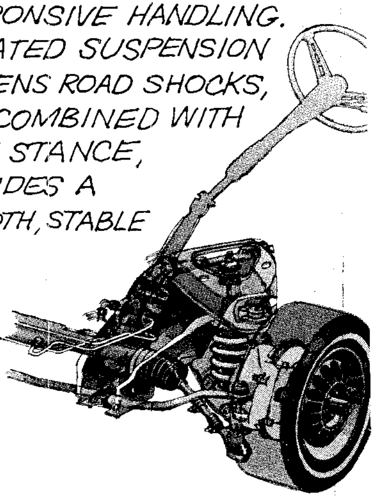

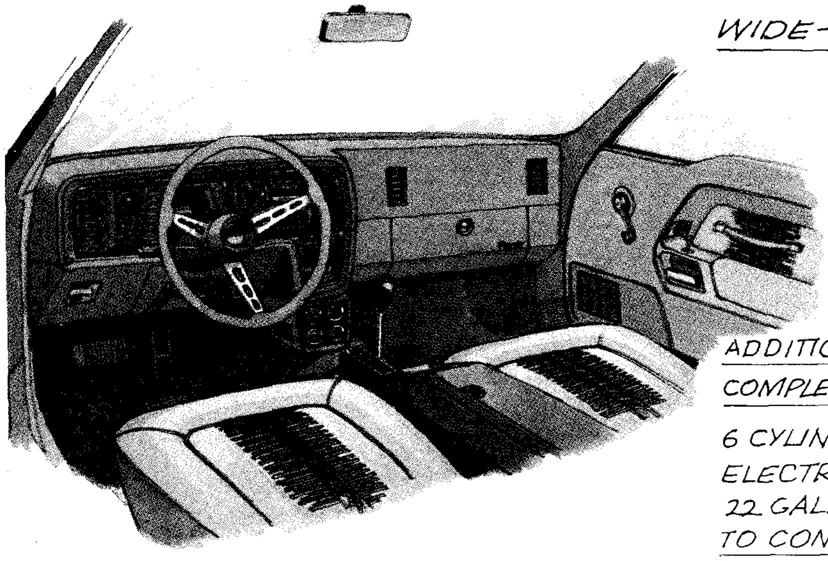

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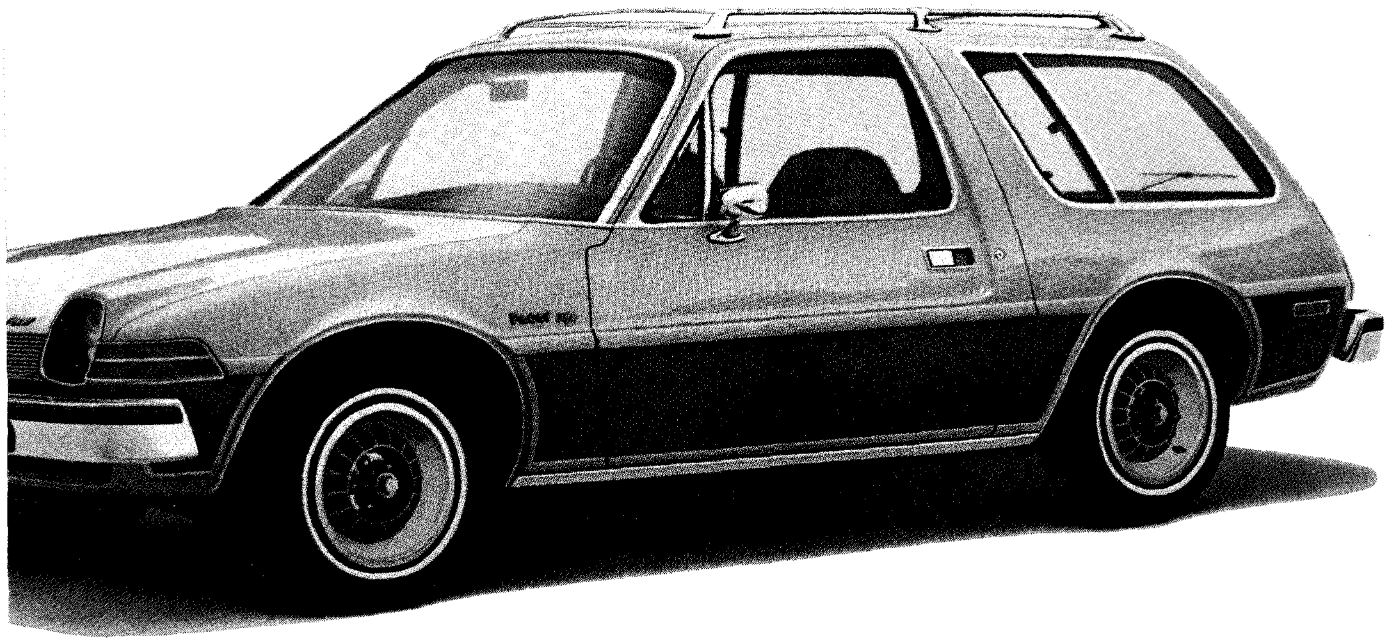

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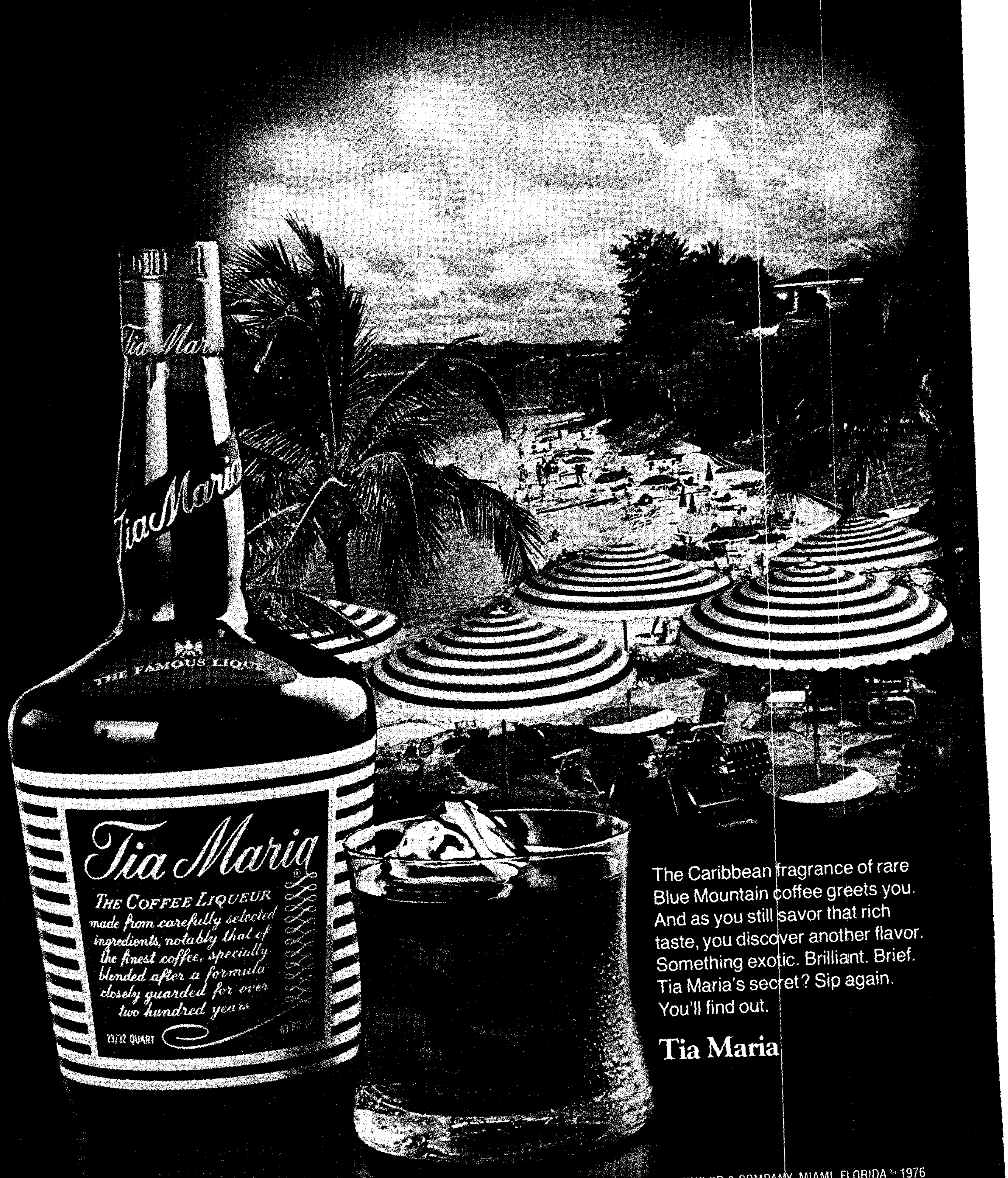
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ment to eliminate all federal child-care programs; it was defeated by a vote of fifty-five to thirty-four. A proposal sponsored by David Treen to abolish federal aid to education and finance it instead through returning a portion of the federal tobacco tax to the states—a proposal that has been lying around Congress for years—was adopted yesterday, and now efforts are being made to reverse that decision. At today's session of the platform committee, Louise Leonard, a delegate from West Virginia, says that she supports the Treen amendment, and she denounces the "intrusion" of the federal government in our schools. Another woman, whose nameplate I cannot see, says, "That may be the biggest issue in the election: how to get the federal government out of our lives." After a while, the proposal is amended to suggest only that "a study should be authorized concerning funding of elementary and secondary education, coupled with a study regarding return to the states of equivalent revenue to compensate for any loss in present levels of federal funding."

•

LATE this afternoon, Clarke Reed tells me that he spoke with Richard Cheney, the President's chief of staff, who is still in Washington, and that Cheney told him not to worry about the Vice-Presidential selection—that everything would be all right. Says Reed, "The only thing they understand is things public. It's a little insurance policy. Some of my delegates were concerned. You know, Jimmy Carter didn't submit James Eastland's name for so-called 'balance.' It's sort of late for that sort of foolishness. I castigated some of the other Southern Ford supporters for being patsies. I said, 'Look, the squeaking wheel gets attention. So why all this unquestioning loyalty?' "

AUGUST 14

AT dinner, I ask Barber Conable, a moderate Republican House member from upstate New York, who is a friend of the President's and a member of the platform committee, what he thinks has happened to the Republican Party.

"You've got to understand," he replies, "that national Conventions are put together by activists. Most of the Reagan delegates are from areas that have never sent Republicans to Congress except by mistake. In New York, they're from Brooklyn. Most of the Reagan delegates—except those from

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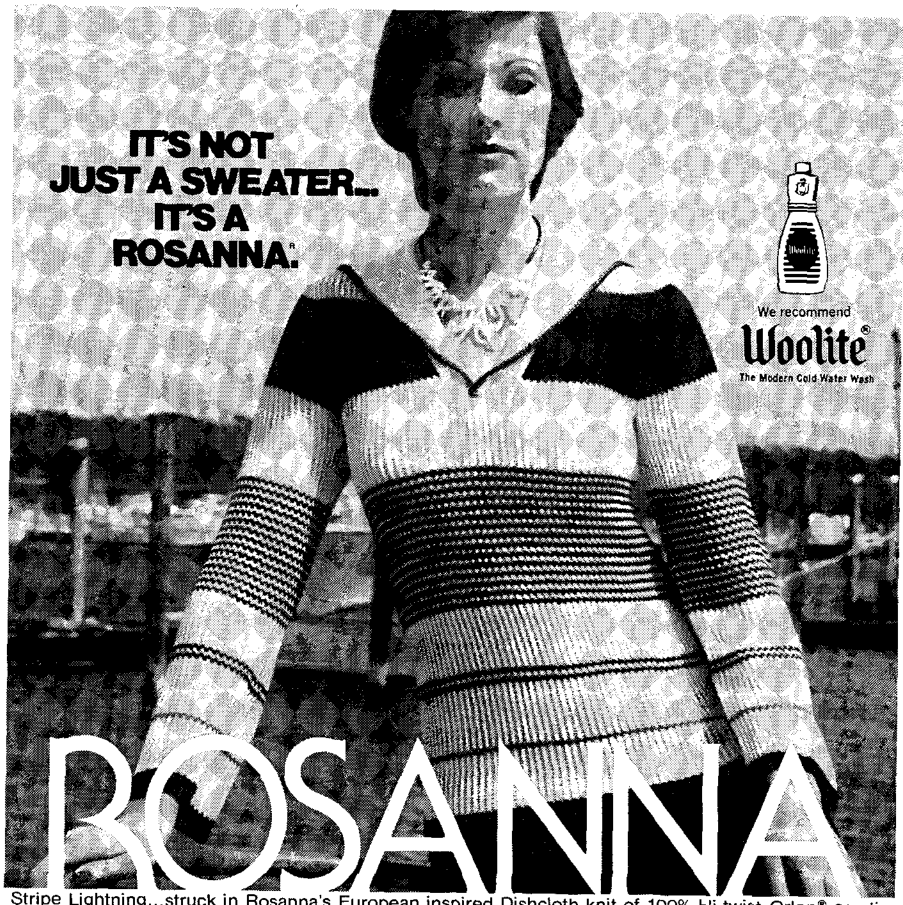

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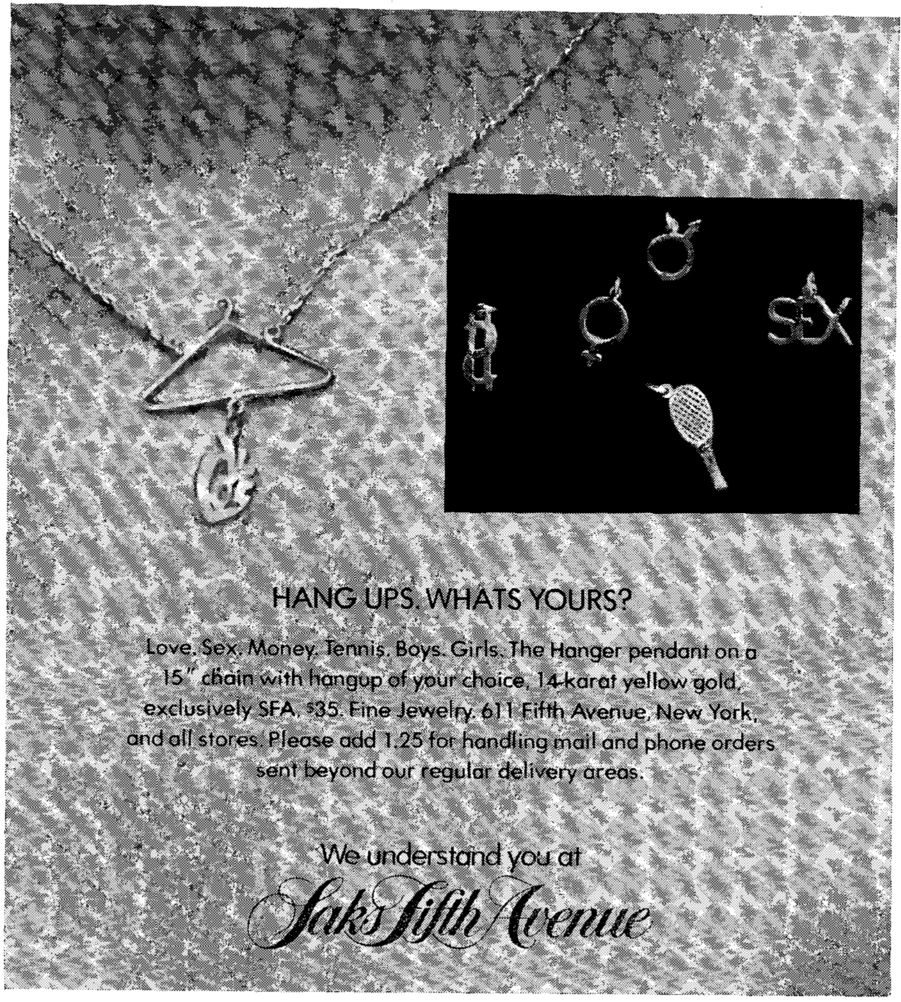

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California, where they have had time—are people who bear scant relationship to the political process. They are people who have been on the edges and feel frustrated and don't relate to it. They have never had a chance to be part of it. They don't have to concern themselves with the political implications of what they feel. A woman serving on the platform committee came up to me and said, in effect, 'This is my first Convention and I'm so excited. Let's abolish federal aid to education.' As they see it, they are in a process that is going to be radicalized by disruption. Nineteen out of twenty Republican congressmen will support Ford, because he represents to them the real world."

I ask Conable why the moderate wing of the Republican Party is so shrunken and beleaguered.

"The suburban middle-class people," he says, "who are humiliated by their support of Richard Nixon, are either going Democratic or going underground." He explains, "The Party is a middle-class party—made up of people who are not politically active, don't want anything from the government. Moderates think of politics as somewhat beneath them. They are more interested in paying off their mortgage and getting their kids to college than in politics. They are moderate people, and they want moderate representation. They felt betrayed by Richard Nixon and left the Party to the activists."

Why, I ask him, has Gerald Ford not been able to bring those people back?

Speaking very slowly, Conable answers, "Because he pardoned Nixon."

AUGUST 15

SUNDAY. A meeting of the Convention's rules committee in the Muehlebach Hotel. Dean Burch is walking around looking very tense. "This is it," he says to me dramatically before the meeting begins. "This is the big casino. We've been busting our ass, calling in all our I.O.U.s on this. *No more Mr. Nice Guy.* Sears is muddying the waters. He's throwing his cards in the air and hoping for a better hand." This isn't really "it," because even if Sears' proposal is defeated here, as he expects it to be, it will be taken to the Convention floor, where it might have a better chance. The Ford forces have a definite majority on the committee, which is made up of representatives from each state and territory, because they took care that they would. Reagan may have almost as many delegates to this Convention, but Ford won the primaries of more states and, moreover,

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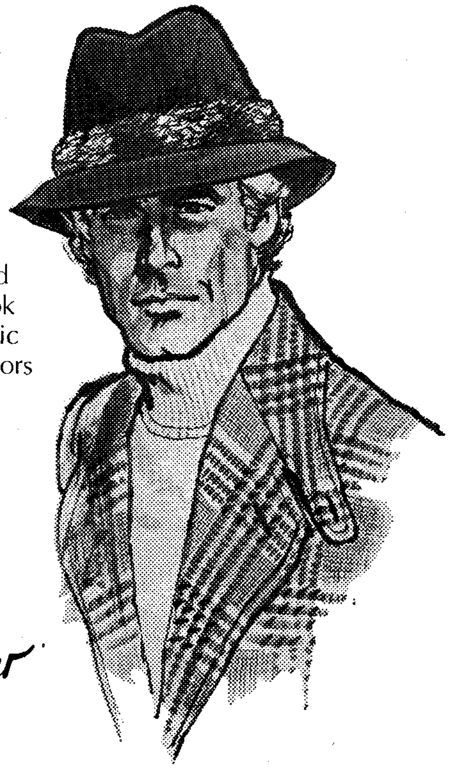

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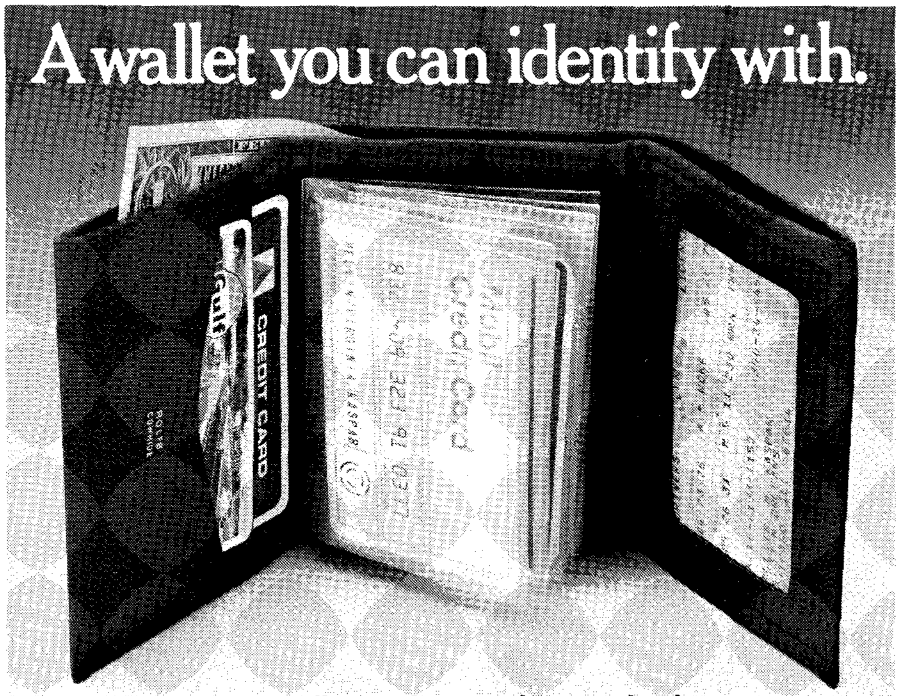

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was better connected with the Republican machinery of most states. Just after each primary the Ford forces went to work to see that as many members of the key Convention committees as possible were friendly to them. Burch will be acting as field commander for the Ford forces at this meeting. The speeches by those on Ford's side have been assigned and written. Again, Ford men with walkie-talkies are all over the place. There is a whip for every eight delegates on the committee. They are going about this as if it were World War III. If they were not working on behalf of the nomination of someone who comes across as a nice man who does not seem alarmingly competent, it would all strike us as more ominous than it does. I have tried to imagine how we would feel if all this monitoring and whipping into line and talking into walkie-talkies were taking place on behalf of Richard Nixon. As a matter of fact, a great many of the people who are carrying on in this way did work for Richard Nixon. But they seem nicer now—and, in fact, are more relaxed. People do take on the coloring of their environment. I can still remember the feeling of being in a combat zone at the 1972 Republican Convention, in Miami Beach. There was no doubt that Nixon would be nominated, but one would have thought that he was about to be dumped, and, moreover, that Cuba was about to invade. The Coast Guard patrolled the beach. This room is divided into quadrants, so that Ford aides can watch all the Ford people on the rules committee, to see that they vote the way they are supposed to. The Ford leaders on the rules committee conferred with their managers before this meeting. Gerald Ford does not go after legislation this way, and that may be just as well.

Clarke Reed is a member of this committee, and one Ford aide tells me, "We expect Reed to vote with us." That's odd, because, having made such a fuss over Vice-Presidential choices, and having based his switch from Reagan to Ford on Reagan's selection of Schweiker, Reed would seem to have to support Sears' proposal. Besides, that would be a way for him to make at least some amends to Mississippi Reagan supporters and to the Reagan camp. When I mention to another Ford aide the first aide's assumption that Reed would support their position, the man says, "If he thinks Clarke has made a commitment to us, he must have met him yesterday." The Reagan forces make earnest, political-sciency,

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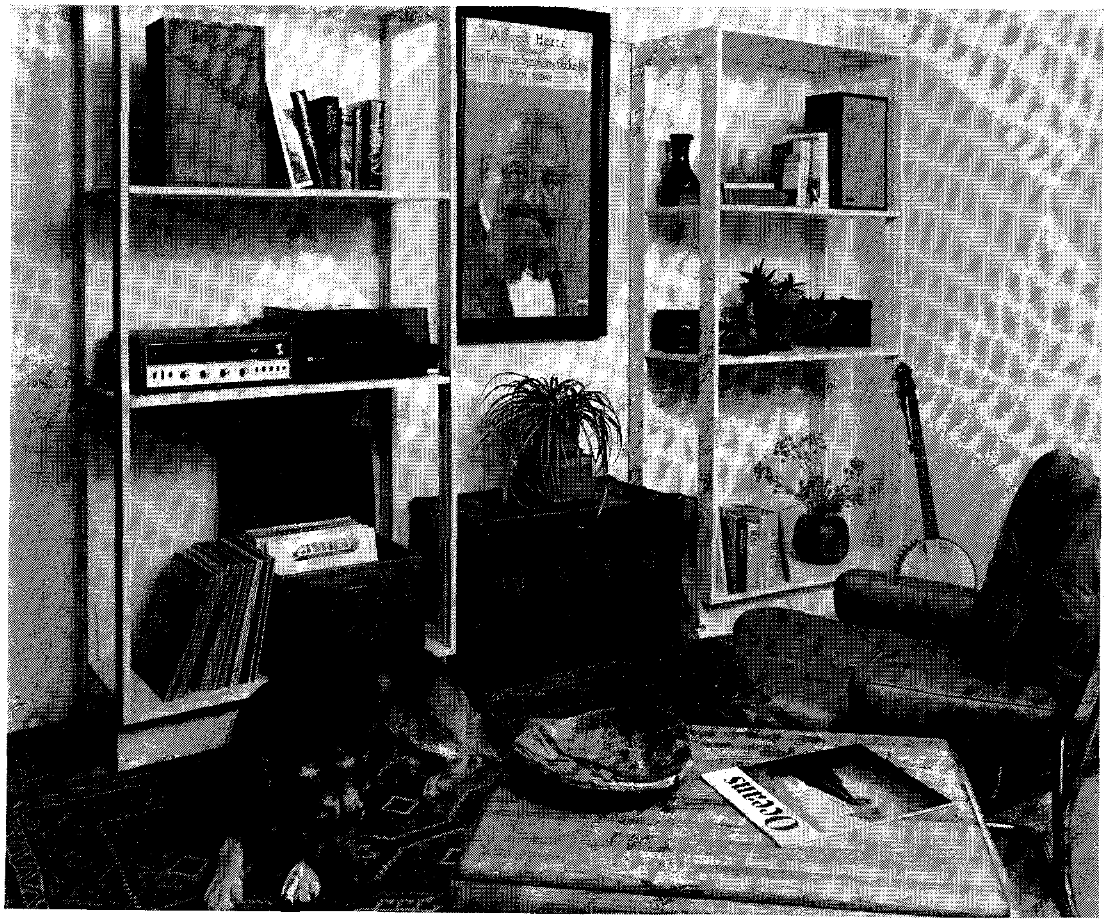

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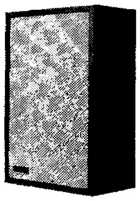

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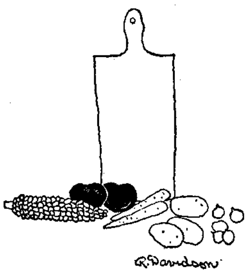
good-government arguments in favor of Rule 16-C. They cite Common Cause. They say such things as "It is a very important political reform." It might be, but it has been offered in the context of this Convention's politics, and therefore that is how it is viewed. The Ford side makes the argument (which they hope will be effective with Reagan delegates) that this rule would prevent Ford from selecting Reagan as his running mate, notwithstanding the fact that Reagan has insisted he would not run for the Vice-Presidency. (Sometimes it seems that Reagan isn't even very eager to be President, so why should he seek the Vice-Presidency? Now sixty-five, he is unlikely to run for the Presidency four years from now, and he has a rather comfortable life back in California.) A Ford aide tells me that the President himself, who is to arrive in Kansas City later today, as is Reagan, will be working to persuade delegates to vote against the Sears proposal.



Sherry Martschink gets up to speak. She is an uncommitted delegate from South Carolina to whom both sides have paid quite a bit of attention. Some think that that is exactly what she wants. Mrs. Martschink, a striking platinum blonde, ran as a Reagan delegate and then switched to an uncommitted status, saying she was leaning toward Ford. Yesterday, Reagan strategists, in a meeting, conferred on what to do about Sherry Martschink. President Ford had called her four or five times, one said, and had invited her to the White House. One suggested that Reagan also call her. There was discussion of whether Sherry Martschink should be invited to be on the escort committee to take Reagan to the rostrum in the event that he was nominated, and some concern that if the Reagan forces did not extend such an invitation, the Ford forces might. There was a suggestion that Mrs. Martschink should be invited to join Mrs. Reagan in the special viewing box at the Kemper Arena, where the Convention will be held. But now Mrs. Martschink speaks on behalf of Ford's position on Rule 16-C. Others have used golf metaphors in their little speeches today. She talks of checkers, and says, "We decide how we're going to play before we start the game." When she finishes, she gets considerable applause.

The vote is taken on the rule, and it is defeated, fifty-nine to forty-four. Clarke Reed voted for it, though he had managed to take a Ford position on a preceding procedural question. It is shortly after noon, and soon he will go out to the Kemper Arena to be interviewed for a CBS special this evening. He tells me after the vote that he was talked to about the rule by Timmons, Cheney, and Harry Dent, who is in charge of Southern delegates for Ford, and also by David Keene, the Reagan delegate collector for the South. He goes on to tell me that the Ford camp wants the Mississippi delegation to vote tonight to break the unit rule and say how its members will vote at the Convention. The Ford people figure that their having votes in Mississippi, now listed as uncommitted, will help with their vote totals and with their effort to claim enough delegates for the nomination before the Convention opens. The only way Reagan can win is to hold Mississippi and have it vote as a unit. But Reed says he does not think that the Mississippi delegation will take a vote on breaking the unit rule until Wednesday. He looks distressed. He doesn't like the pressure, or his inability to please both sides. "I'm not very happy about that rule the Reagan people proposed," Reed says, "but right now I'm not happy about anything."

In a corner of the room, Robert Visser, the President Ford Committee's legal counsel, is talking into his walkie-talkie. "Tucker, Tucker, this is Visser. Need count of absentees. We're losing count of absentees."

•

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. John Connally, who arrived here last night, is holding a jammed press conference at the Exhibition Hall. Connally is a large man of large ambition. The ambition took him from being a poor boy in Texas to being a lawyer accepted in wealthy Texas circles and a wealthy rancher himself, and then on to being Secretary of the Navy under John Kennedy, governor of Texas, Richard Nixon's Treasury Secretary, head of something called Democrats for Nixon (in 1972), and, finally, when he sensed that his political fortunes lay in the Republican Party, a Republican. Lyndon Johnson once said of him that the trouble with John Connally was that he forgot he had been poor. For some time now, Connally has been hovering about the Presidency, and one senses that he would settle for the Vice-Pres-

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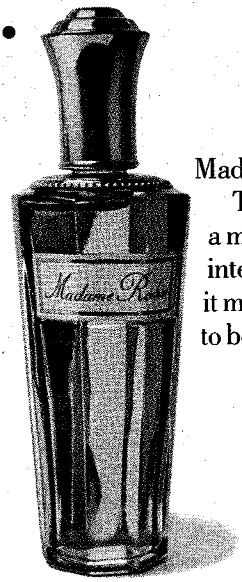

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idency only as a waiting room. There was talk of Connally's replacing Agnew on the Republican ticket in 1972, and Nixon came close to selecting Connally when Agnew left office. But Connally, a pugnacious man, has a knack for acquiring political enemies. There was a time in recent weeks when it appeared that he might well be Ford's choice as a running mate, but it now seems that Connally's milk problems—though he was acquitted of charges of bribery in connection with the milk-price-support issue that arose during the Watergate investigation—have ruled him out. Ford has enough trouble. Connally's following and his hold on people of influence are perhaps best explained by what a friend of mine calls Connally's peculiarly American persuasiveness. Connally is walking confidence, and he says things with such certainty, such an embargo on doubt, that he persuades others. Even his size is a factor. He is so large, and so certain, that people are impressed. But I have always found something slightly comic about him: he seems to give off something of the air of an impostor, almost as if he didn't expect one to take him seriously. John Connally seems to be always trying on different masks, darting on and off the stage, trying out against different backdrops.

This afternoon, he stands there in a blue suit with a blue shirt and a blue tie—all confidence and assurance, even though he must know, as everyone in this room does, that the Vice-Presidency has all but eluded him once more. The face is familiar—handsome, with the slight ski nose—but a bit older, the hair whiter and longer. Connally does have a certain animal charm. "I have come to this Convention in furtherance of the plan that I have held all spring: to better acquaint myself with congressmen and senators" running for reëlection, he says, "to see how my time might best be used this fall." Richard Nixon built his base in the Party by campaigning for representatives and senators. "I also came here, very frankly," he says, "to acquaint myself with the Party organization." When Connally speaks, his lower lip is out and his jaw seems to move from side to side. Connally doesn't just talk; he makes a case. Asked to discuss the pros and cons of his being on the ticket, he smiles, and replies jauntily, "I don't know whether I'll be on; I don't know whether I'll be off. I've not asked to be on; I've not asked to be off." Would he refuse to accept a place on the ticket? "I'm not going to say that I'd refuse to accept it. I think that reflects both a presumptuousness and an

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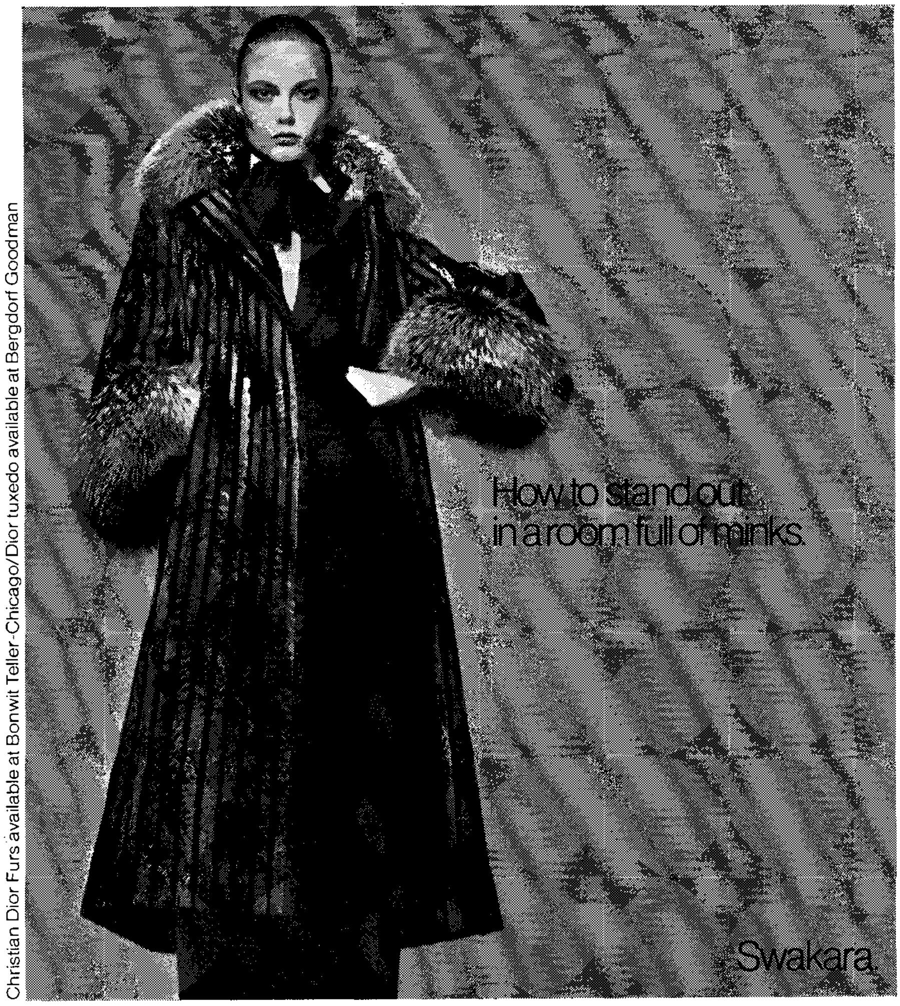
arrogance, and I don't want to be guilty of either." And then he says some things that make sense—that one doesn't hear from Gerald Ford or Ronald Reagan. "We're going to have to develop an energy policy, a food and fibre policy . . . a new policy with respect to economic expansion," he says. "The age of abundance for America is over and done with." The other countries of the world, he says, "are not going to let the United States consume a third of the food and fibre of the world." When Connally talks about these things, it seems that he has actually thought about them. And then the questions about the milk case come up. Have you ever been offered, accepted, or solicited a bribe? "Absolutely not." Questions about his finances. More questions about milk. Connally answers them with assurance. But if he ran for national office, these scenes would be on television often. Connally is trying to bluster his way into the future, but he is trapped in his past. He concludes his press conference by saying, "I haven't made any plans with respect to 1980."

•

THE Hilton Airport Plaza Inn, about seventeen miles from downtown Kansas City. Ronald Reagan, who arrived at the airport a short while ago, and Richard Schweiker, who met his plane, have gone to see the Wyoming delegation and will be arriving shortly to meet with the Pennsylvania delegation, which is staying here. According to the Ford camp, Ford has eighty-four Pennsylvania delegates, Reagan has ten, and nine are uncommitted. On balance, the selection of Schweiker hasn't yet made any difference in the Pennsylvania delegation. Just before the meeting of the delegation with Reagan and Schweiker, Drew Lewis, the Ford campaign chairman in Pennsylvania, announces before a crush of reporters and television cameras and lights that four previously uncommitted delegates—David Wade, William Black, Edward Byrne, and George Stewart—are now supporting President Ford. Edward Byrne holds a little press conference. "I came to Kansas City to do what is right for my district," he says. After Reagan and Schweiker make their appearance here, representatives of the President will appear before the Pennsylvania delegates. At four-twenty-five, the Reagans and the Schweikers arrive. Reagan looks sporty in a beige jacket and brown trousers and a brown tie. Nancy Reagan, in blue and white today, always looks dis-



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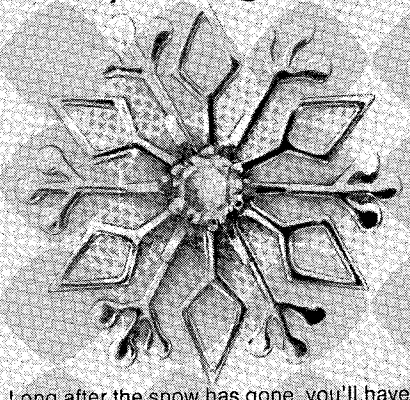

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concertingly perfect. Reagan, on the rostrum, waves and smiles. It is that crinkly-eyed, openmouthed smile that has become so familiar. It is a nice-guy smile. Suddenly, one realizes that Reagan has been playing the role of the easygoing nice guy—in films, as a television salesman, as an after-dinner speaker, as a politician—for a very long time. Reagan has a kind of boyishness about him. It may be the boyishness that one notices in other movie actors, too—a kind of unformedness. A friend of mine once described another movie actor as a "boy-man," and the term seems to fit Reagan, as well.

Reagan's performance here is polished and professional, as well it might be. In brief remarks, he tells the Pennsylvania delegates that his choice of a running mate "was one that was born of a feeling that there may be a section of the country that felt it was being dealt out." He says that there was a lot of talk of unity, and that he felt "it was time that we implemented some of that talk." He speaks of the importance of building bridges "between the Northeast and the Sunbelt, the Plains states and the West." He says, echoing John Sears' line of argument, "The reason for the decision had nothing to do with this meeting in August. It had to do with November." He says, "I didn't run for the nomination. I ran for the election," and he adds, "I'm tired of Republicans going off the cliff with flags flying." I remember hearing Reagan tell an audience in Cincinnati in June, "Let's put up a banner . . . and let's promise that we won't compromise our principles for political expediency." He built his movement and solidified his candidacy saying things like that. But then he bowed to expediency, as he did when he was governor of California—and as politicians must—and now he is here, making his last moves in his effort to win the nomination. The effort has lasted a long time. When it began, there were many, including some close to him, who wondered whether he had the endurance to go through months of struggle. Of course, few thought that it would last this long; the assumption was that either Ford or Reagan—more likely Reagan—would be knocked out of the contest early. Now there are only three days left. Reagan is very forceful today, as if he had mustered all his energy for this last push. He looks healthy and rested. He has reason to be proud of having come this far, running not so much against Gerald Ford as against the powers, paraphernalia, and financial advantages of an incumbent Presi-

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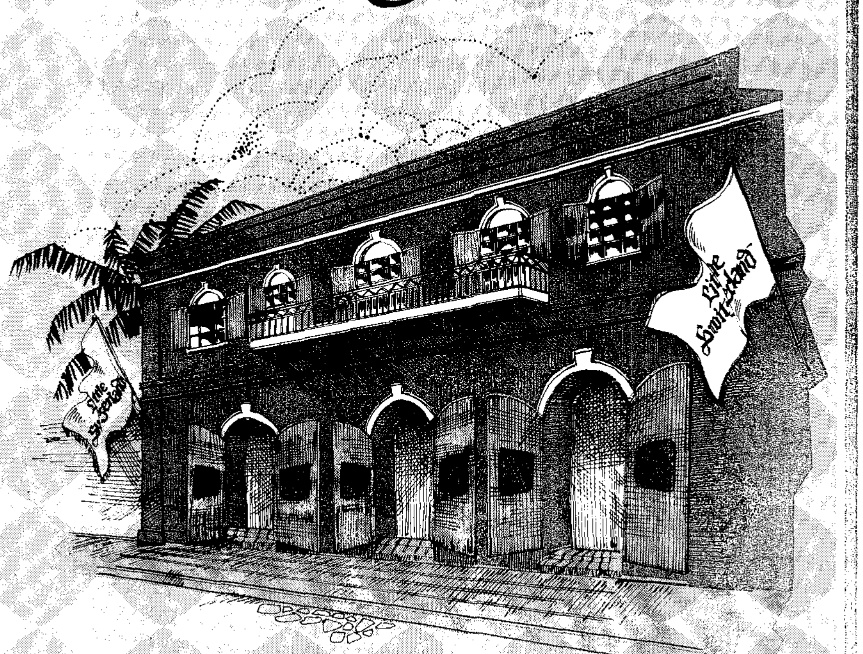

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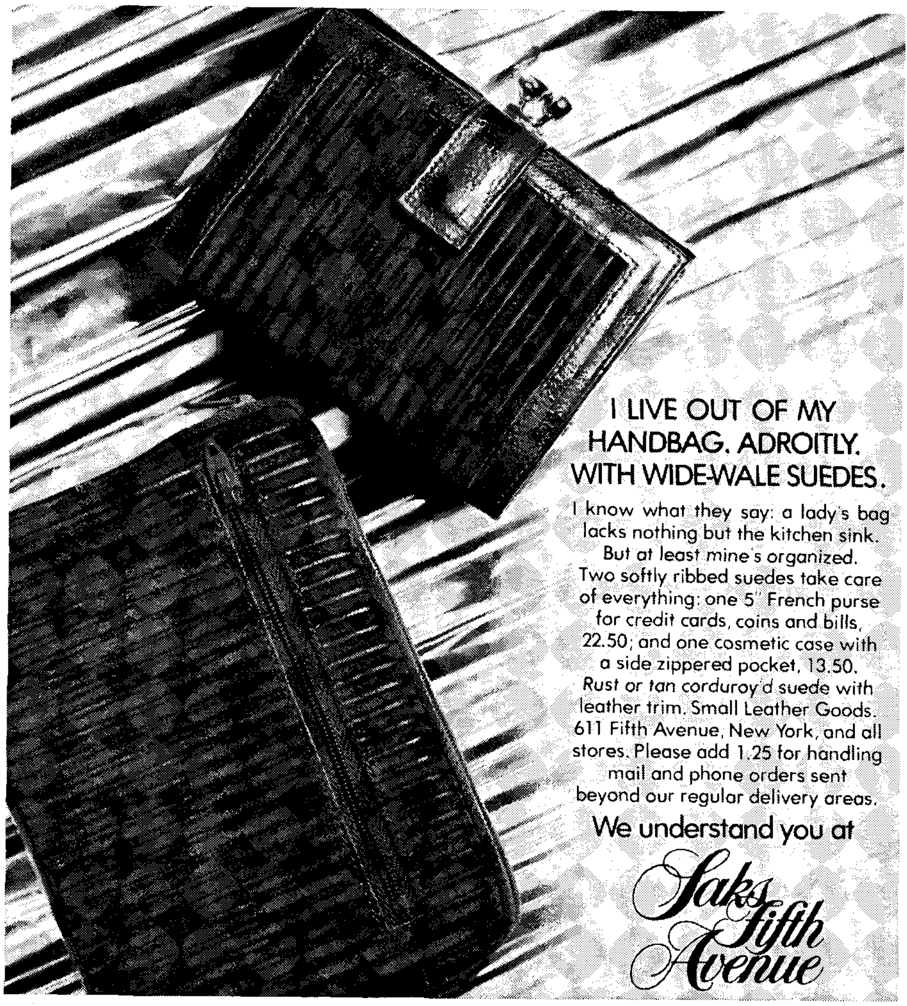

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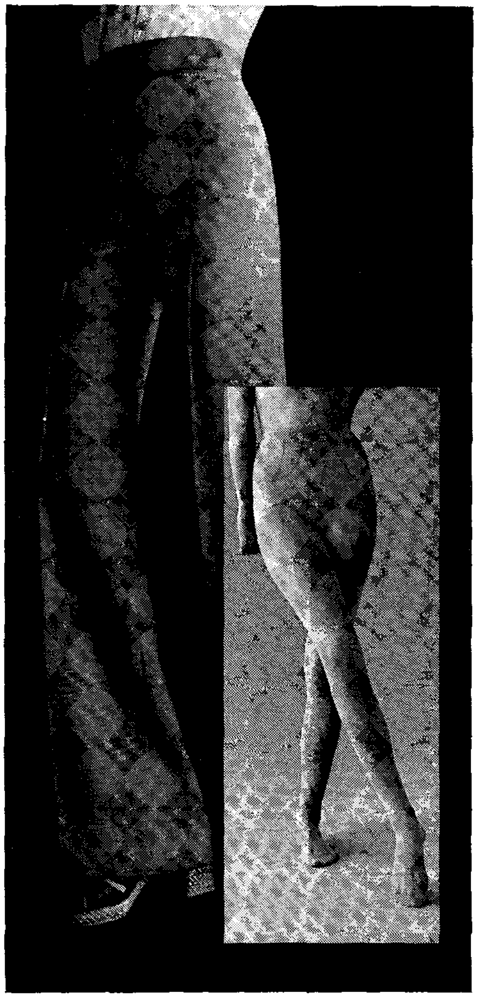

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dent. He goes through the list of some of his issues: Congress, which is "the most irresponsible we've ever had . . . the increasing controls on the citizenry . . . the increasing burden of paperwork." He warns that we might "go down the path taken by our cousins in Great Britain, and from that path there is no return without upheaval."

Schweiker appears to be wearing the same electric-blue jacket he wore when I saw him address the Pennsylvania delegation in Washington in July. Today, he is forceful, too. In that earlier meeting, which took place in the midst of the uproar over his decision to join Reagan, he seemed almost embarrassed, and slunk into and out of the meeting as fast as he could. But now he has his arguments well rehearsed. If Schweiker can't persuade Pennsylvania, he will have real cause for embarrassment. He talks again about the fact that Republicans have only from eighteen to twenty-two per cent of the voters, and he says that half of eighteen is nine, so the Republican Party cannot afford to be divided in half. "There's no way we can beat Jimmy Carter if we don't put the two wings together," he says. He complains about a "double standard" by which he and Reagan are criticized for joining forces, while Franklin D. Roosevelt picked John Nance Garner, Adlai Stevenson picked John Sparkman, John Kennedy picked Lyndon Johnson, and, for that matter, "Grits picked Fritz." He goes on to say that he admires Governor Reagan's approach to government, his idea "of using outside task forces to solve problems," and also "the intriguing aspect of using a third approach"—private enterprise, rather than government action or doing nothing—to solve problems of government. He is arguing his case, doing the best he can. Schweiker has more than the nomination at stake here. He has reputation, and face, on the line. Reagan "has showed that 1976 is not 1964," says Schweiker. "By picking Dick Schweiker, he's showed that he is pragmatic and realistic." Governor Reagan showed that, says Schweiker, "in one fell swoop." That's what has created the problem. Reagan switched signals too suddenly.

AUGUST 16

MONDAY. At ten o'clock this morning, the door of the Ford campaign's trailer, parked just outside the Kemper Arena, opens and about a dozen Ford aides and strategists wearing baseball caps, some red, some yellow, emerge. They stand around talking for a few moments, as if holding a

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Carte Blanche. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd., (836-8611).
The Circle. Haymarket, Haymarket (930-9832).
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Clouds. Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage (722-9301).
Confusions. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave., (437-2663).
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Donkey's Years. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave., (437-1592).
Equus. Albery, St. Martin's Lane (836-3878).
For King & Country. Mermaid, Puddle Dock (248-7656).
The Family Dance. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus (930-3216).
Fringe Benefits. Whitehall, Trafalgar Square (930-6692).
Funny Peculiar. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd., (836-4601).
Happy As A Sandbag. Ambassadors, West St., (836-1171).
Ipi Tombi. Her Majesty's, Haymarket (930-6606).
Irene. Adelphi, Strand (836-7611).
Jesus Christ Superstar. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave., (437-6834).
Let My People Come. Regent, Regent St., (580-1744).
The Mousetrap. St. Martin's, Cambridge Circus (836-1433).
Murder At The Vicarage. Fortune, Russell St., (836-2238).
No Sex Please-We're British. Strand, Aldwych (836-2660).
Oh! Calcutta! Dutchess, Catherine St., (836-8243).
Otherwise Engaged. Comedy, Panton St., (930-2578).
Out On A Limb. Vaudeville, Strand (836-9988).
The Rocky Horror Show. Kings Road Theatre (352-7488).
Same Time Next Year. Prince of Wales, Coventry St. (930-8681).
Side by Side by Sondheim. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd., (836-3028).
So Who Needs Men? New London, Drury Lane, (405-0072).
Very Good Eddie. Picadilly (437-4506).
Yahoo. Queens, Shaftesbury Ave., (734-1166).

PLAYS IN REPERTORY

National Theatre (Lyttelton). South Bank. (928-2252). National Theatre Company. Jumpers; Weapons of Happiness; Blithe Spirit.
The Olivier Theatre. South Bank. (633-0880). National Theatre Company.
Royal Court. Sloan Square (730-1745). English Stage Company.
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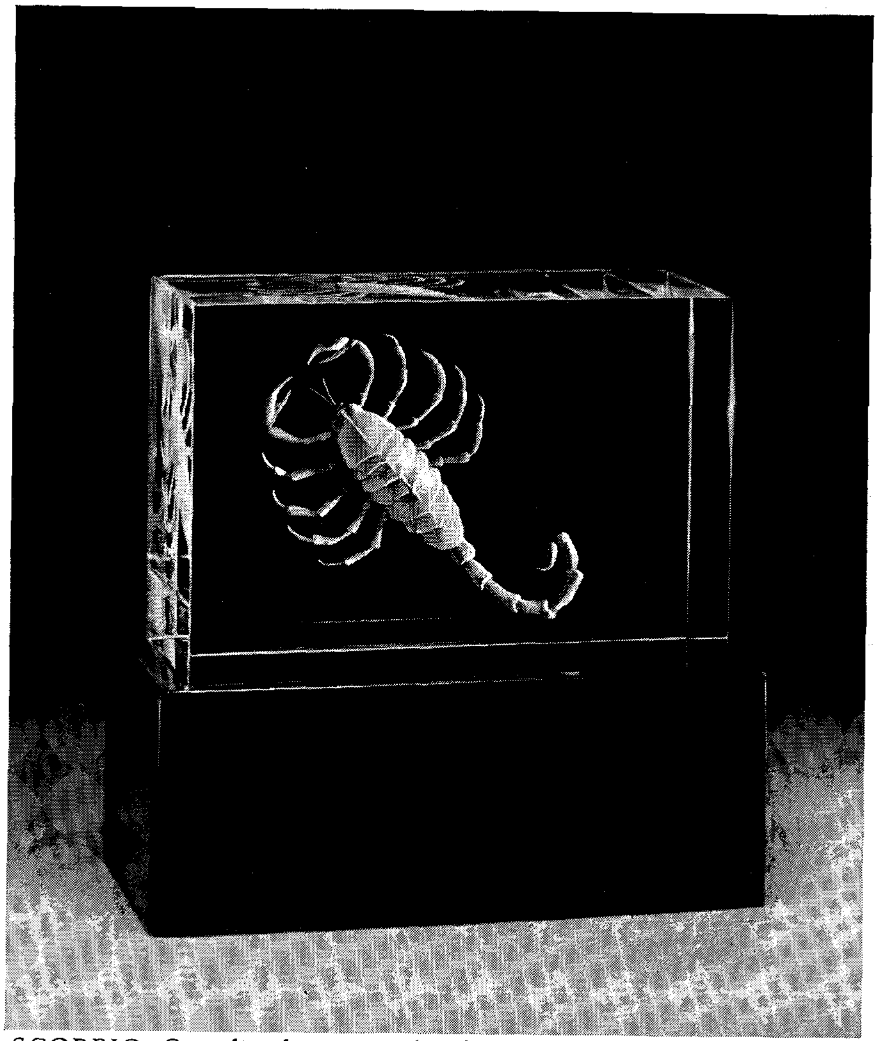

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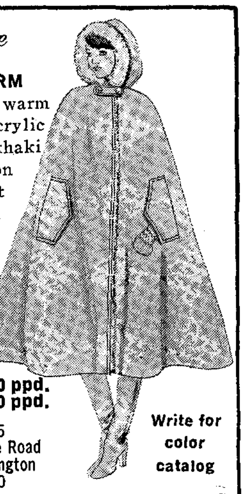

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pregame huddle, and then disappear into the Arena. In one's imagination, there were cleats on their shoes.

Once inside the Arena, the Ford aides appear extremely nervous. On the Convention floor, Tom Korologos, a business partner of Timmons and also a White House lobbyist during the Nixon Administration, explains to me that the red caps signify floor whips and the yellow caps signify "floaters, fire-fighters." Korologos, a beefy man with a broad face, is wearing a yellow cap. He looks pretty funny in it. He is carrying a walkie-talkie, as are the other yellow-caps. The Ford forces have the Convention floor divided into twelve regions, each supervised by a regional whip, and they also have ten floaters, fifty-four state whips, and a buddy system within each delegation. In one of the glass-fronted boxes high in the stands, which the Republicans are referring to as Sky Suites, Bryce Harlow, a former official in the Eisenhower and Nixon Administrations and now a lobbyist for Procter & Gamble, and Senator John Tower, of Texas, are watching the Convention floor carefully. (Timmons told me in Washington, "It may become necessary to move a delegate or two up to that Sky Suite to twist their arms half off.") Harry Dent is on the telephone in the Sky Suite. "At various places along the way, they may try something," Harlow says to me. "You never know." The Ford agents are still worried about Sears. Oddly, one hears not about Reagan but about Sears. Sears, not Reagan, is the opposition. Sears, who is operating from a trailer parked next to the Ford trailer, does not have a floor organization of this kind. He has people on the floor, but he thinks that floor organizations are a throwback to a time before managers could sit in trailers, watch television, and communicate with people on the floor by telephone. The Ford forces have white telephones spotted around the floor, and the Reagan forces have red ones. Most of the delegations have blue telephones, on which delegates can make calls to other delegations or to the outside world. The worry among the Ford group this morning is that some move will be made before the temporary rules are adopted, but none is. Sears has other targets.

A young black man addresses the Convention this morning (when, presumably, few are watching on television), saying, "This country was built on work, not welfare." The "Star-Spangled Banner" problem is solved for today by having it sung by John Ashcroft, candidate for attorney general of Missouri. On the Convention floor, a woman from the Ohio delegation tells Lyn Nofziger that there may be some "soft" Ford votes in Ohio, and Nofziger, in shirtsleeves and smoking a cigar, eagerly writes the information down. Actually, the Reagan strategists think they may have unannounced support in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Virginia, South Carolina (though they have given up on Sherry Martschink), and a few other states. Reagan delegates have been asked to talk with other delegates and with the press and to express optimism.

•

THE Reagan forces are now preparing for a platform fight on foreign policy. Sears has concluded that if they can defeat Ford on 16-C, and then perhaps on a motion to permit both tickets to address the Convention and then on a platform plank, the "momentum" and emotion of the Convention will swing to Reagan, Reagan's strength will have been demonstrated, and Reagan will be nominated. The compass needle will swing in his direction. Much of Ford's support, Sears told reporters at a breakfast yesterday morning, comes from people who are not for him but do not want to oppose an incumbent President. "That is not what you would call an emotionally committed constituency," he said.

Just after this morning's session, I saw Dr. John East, a delegate from North Carolina who has been an advocate of a number of the changes in the platform which Jesse Helms proposed, and who has been working with the Reagan forces. Dr. East, partly bald, forty-five years old, confined to a wheelchair as a result of polio, is a professor of political science at East Carolina University, in Greenville, North Carolina. He was a candidate for Congress in 1966, and he is a Republican national committeeman. "I'm very pleased with the platform," he said to me this morning. "On a scale of one to ten, we came out with a nine." He told me he thought the foreign-policy plank should be strengthened, and why, and also about the way some of the conservatives here view things. "We will bring into focus a number of questions which raise the key question of whether we have a moral purpose in the world, as opposed to the realpolitik of Henry Kissinger, where you accommodate yourself to the realities of world power without any goals of your own," he said. "Is there an American foreign policy, and, if so, what is it? We will

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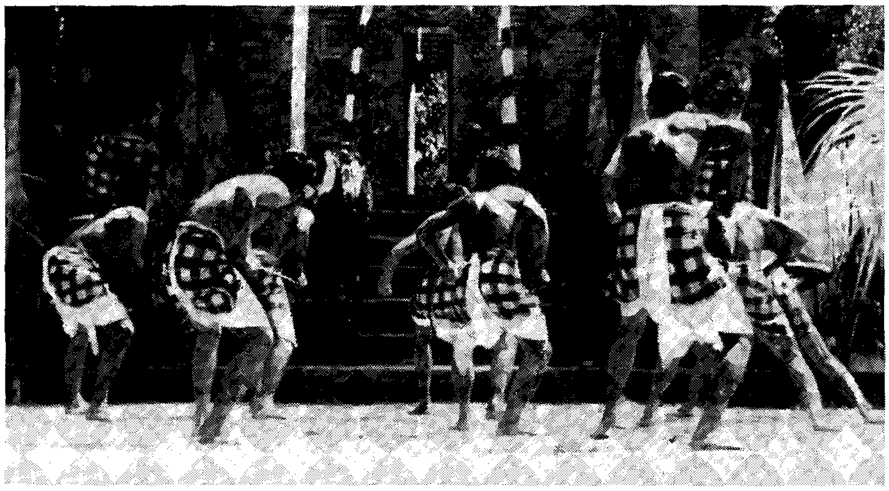

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present an omnibus plank that will keep us from getting bogged down in particulars." And then he talked about the conservative movement. "I'm very sensitive to the point the critics raise," he said. "And I agree that if we turn it into a lot of ideological purity to cause political shock, rather than build a party, that's a problem. The American electorate is conservative. Americans certainly don't think of themselves as liberal; they certainly don't think of themselves as radical. I think they are uncomfortable with big government. I think they do believe in a strong defense. I think they are suspicious of the Russians. I think we are on the right track in building a good theoretical base. We have to be careful not to appear to be building for frivolous political shock waves, but I think we're on the right track."

•

TODAY, the Ford forces claimed to have a majority in Mississippi, and so they offered the Reagan forces a deal, in which the delegation would be divided evenly, fifteen votes for each side, but Sears and David Keene decided that the Ford forces were bluffing, and turned them down. This afternoon, Reagan met with four Mississippi delegates for about twenty-five minutes, and called some delegates from Pennsylvania, Louisiana, and New York. John Connally, on behalf of the Ford forces, met with seven Reagan delegates from Louisiana and asked them not to support Rule 16-C, because, since he was controversial with some Northern delegations, it would knock him out of consideration for the Vice-Presidency. (The Reagan forces thought that that was such a good story for their side—likely to make some Ford delegates unhappy—that they saw to it that it got on television.) Reagan suggested to Mississippi and Louisiana delegates that perhaps William Scranton would be Ford's choice; he told Pennsylvania and New Jersey delegates that perhaps it would be John Connally. As of now, the Reagan forces believe that they have a very good chance to win the fight on Rule 16-C.

•

WHILE the delegates to this Convention appear older than the ones in 1972, the percentages are actually about the same: only twelve and a half per cent under thirty and sixteen per cent over sixty. It seems that more of them are white than before, and the statistics bear this out: in 1972, four per cent of the delegates were black; this year, three per cent are black. The Reagan delegates, on the whole, look different from the Ford delegates. They look more—well, country; more flashily dressed. They wear more funny hats and pins and baubles. There are only a few left of what used to be considered the stereotypical Republican, in pin-striped suit with vest. George Hinman, a New York national committeeman and close ally of Rockefeller's, who is so attired, looks almost like a museum piece. There is no connection between George Hinman and the young man in the Texas delegation, nearby on the Convention floor, who is wearing a red-white-and-blue vest and who from time to time excitedly jumps up and down on his chair to lead his delegation in cheers. And there is no connection between the Texans, on one side of the Convention floor, one hundred per cent for Reagan, and the stolid Ohioans on the other, almost one hundred per cent for Ford. The candidates may not be so far apart in ideology, but their delegates are temperamentally and culturally distinct.

•

NIXON—uninvited, unmentioned—is not here, but he is a presence. He is still the Banquo's ghost at this election. Everyone knows how Gerald Ford came to be the President. The pardon, intended to get a difficult problem out of the way, has lastingly bound Ford to Nixon. The shame of Watergate is in the atmosphere of this Convention. At a breakfast with reporters this morning, Rogers Morton, the chairman of the President Ford Committee, confirmed that Senator Howard Baker, of Tennessee, who is giving a keynote speech tonight, had been requested to reduce the number of his references to Watergate. When Morton—who has the liability of candor—was asked if the Party was trying to sweep Watergate under the rug, he replied, "You'd need a hell of a big broom."

•

TONIGHT, Rockefeller, as he stands on the rostrum about to give his speech, is applauded. Probably few here do not recall that in 1964, a startlingly long twelve years ago, he was booed at the Republican Convention. But he is no longer a threat, his days of seeking the Presidential nomination presumably past. Moreover, he was eased off the Ford ticket in the hope of placating the right—an effort that turned out to be in vain, as did all such efforts. So tonight the Convention

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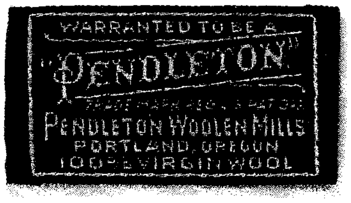
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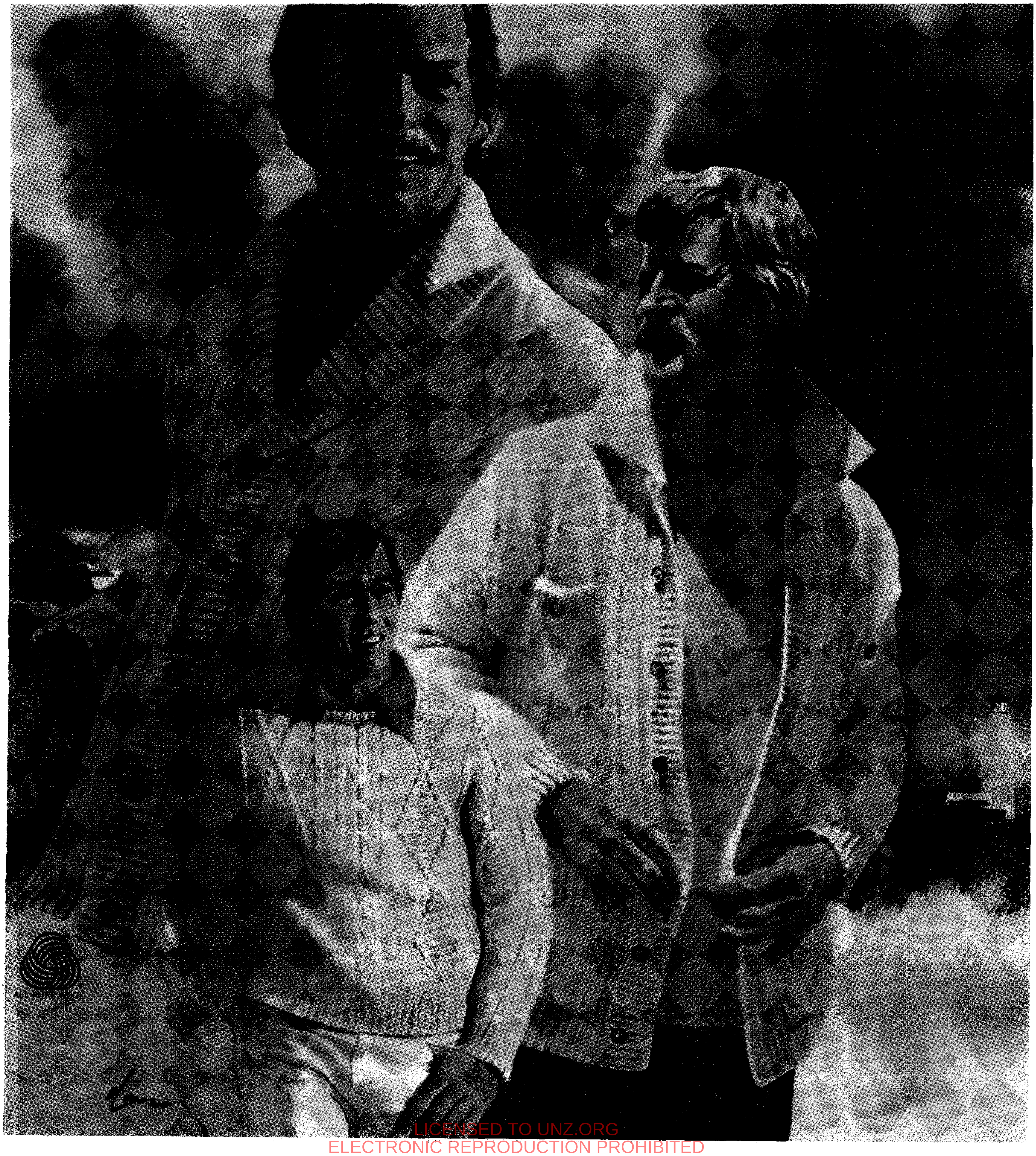
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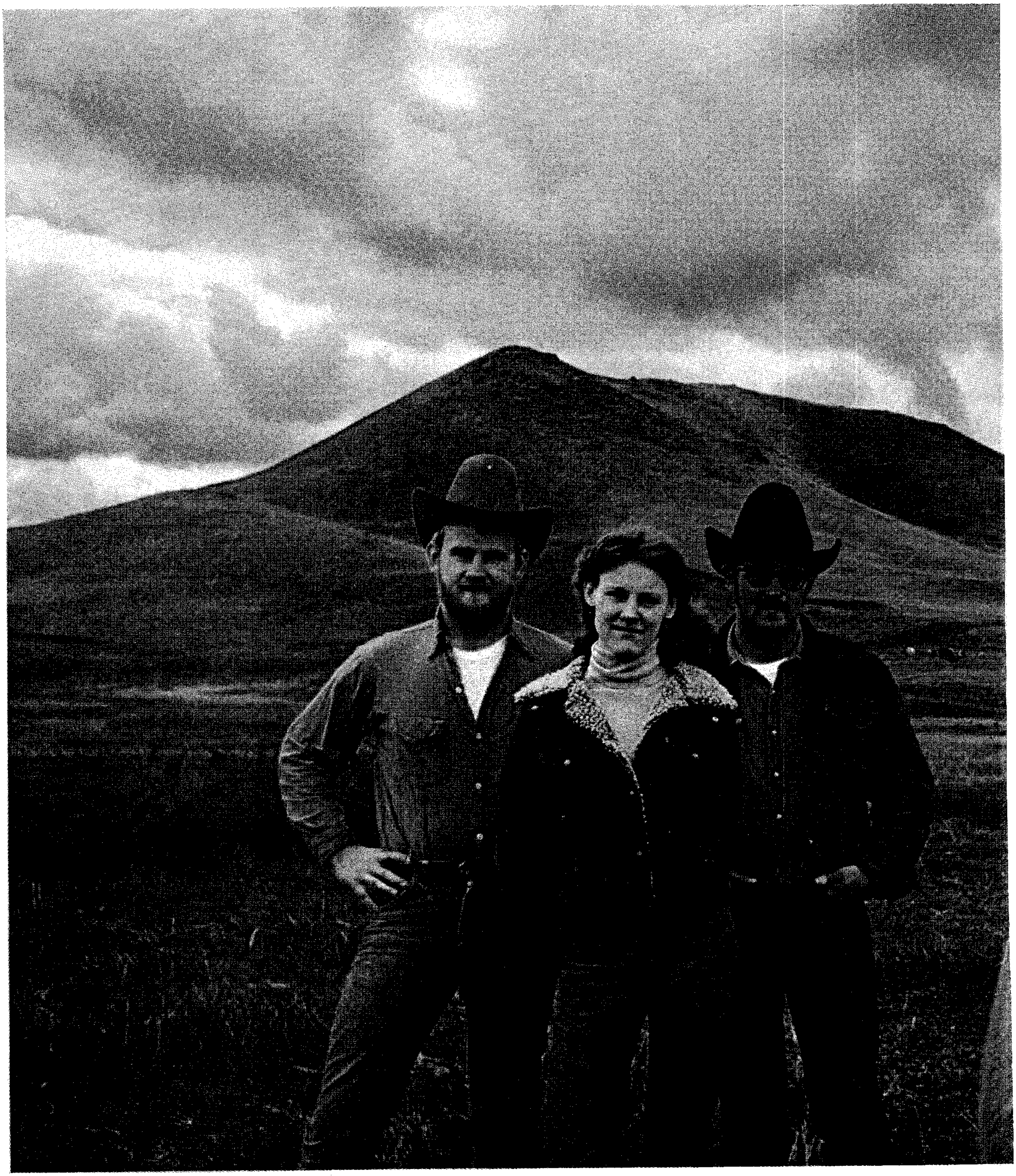

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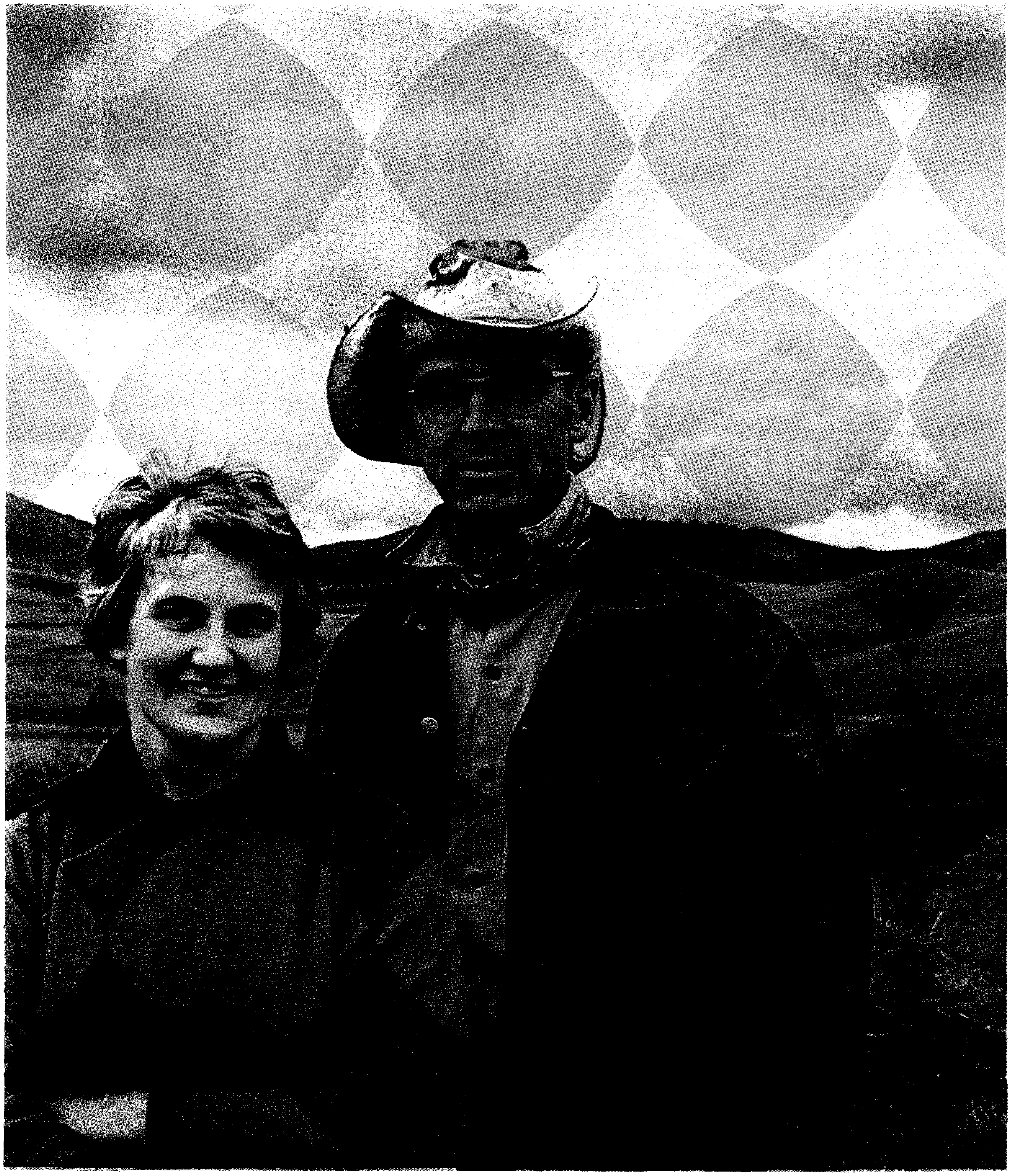

They are members or officers of a dozen different organizations that boost agriculture and foster the interest of young people in it. After schooling, the Ross children will return to the ranch.

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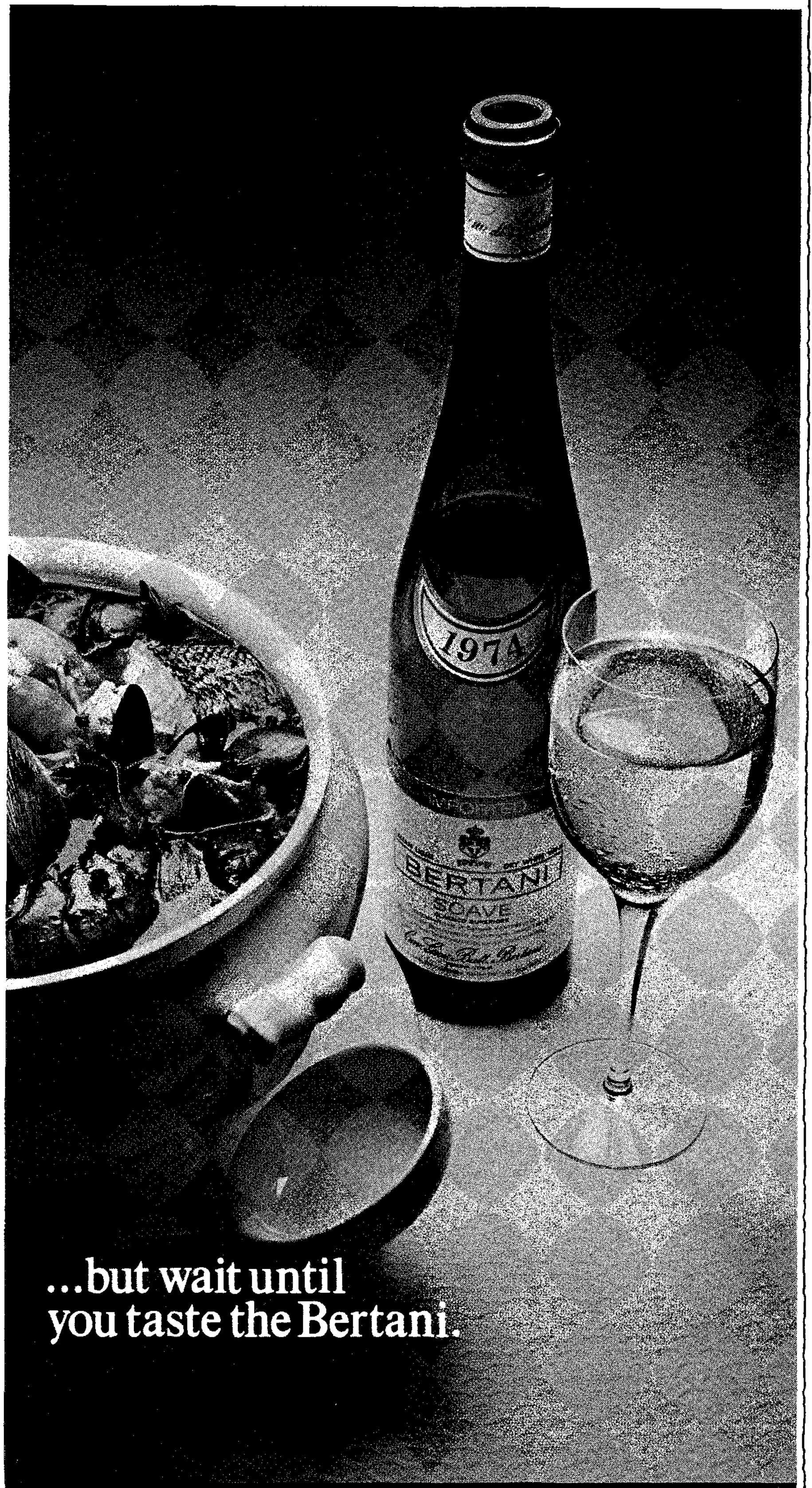
seems to sense that it can be nice to him. The applause the delegates give him is warm but not emotional. Rockefeller, drinking it in, waves his arms in that two-armed wave that says, without meaning it, "Don't go on," and then he suspends his arms helplessly as if to say, "What can I do? They like me so much I can't stop them." As he speaks, the familiar gravel voice sounds more gravelly. And then he says some slightly embarrassing things. "Unaccustomed as I am to being a non-candidate," he says, and he also says, "I've tried to get your nomination for sixteen years." I remember Rockefeller being asked after the 1968 Convention why he had not received the nomination, and replying, "Have you ever seen a Republican Convention?" But he never gave up. Even this year, occasional bleeps out of the Rockefeller camp suggested that Rockefeller still considered it possible that he would be asked to join Ford's ticket, or even that, in the event of a deadlock between Ford and Reagan, the Convention would, of all things, turn to him. About two weeks ago, Rockefeller hosted a luncheon at his vacation place in Seal Harbor, Maine, for the Northeastern states Party chairmen, who were involved in an effort to head off John Connally's nomination as the Vice-Presidential candidate. Rockefeller told the chairmen, who favored him for the job, that he would be willing to run for Vice-President if he could also serve as the White House chief of staff. Ambition is a powerful source of fantasies. In his speech tonight, Rockefeller says, "I'm concerned about this Republican Party." That's undoubtedly true. And then, oddly, he makes a little joke about Ford. He says, "If it took a football player who played center without a helmet to pull us through, I say, thank God we've had him to lead the team." No doubt Rockefeller considers himself better qualified to be President than Ford. Something sad seems to have happened to him. He has been through too many battles, and he seems bitter and hardened. He tried to become President and that failed, and he finally became Vice-President and that failed, and then he decided to "free" himself and travel about the country giving speeches, but no one paid attention. Now Rockefeller makes the case for Ford. "My friends . . . the easiest thing a President can do with an appropriation bill is to sign it." It's all he can do now. He gives a dull speech. He has nothing to say. "We're going to win a great victory in November," he concludes. The band plays



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Barry Goldwater, who started it all in 1964, looks like an old man tonight. He speaks more slowly and more softly than one remembers. After Goldwater's disastrous loss, the Republicans decided in 1968 to make a "sensible" choice, and selected Nixon over Rockefeller or Reagan. Had they gone with their hearts, they'd probably have selected Reagan. Tonight, Goldwater's words are fiery, but there is no fire in his voice. He seems old, and is obviously in pain, from arthritis. "Our enemies are deaf to the whining of weakness," he says. He warns against "a gallop toward nationalized economy," adding, "We must call it by its real name—Socialism." The applause is tepid.

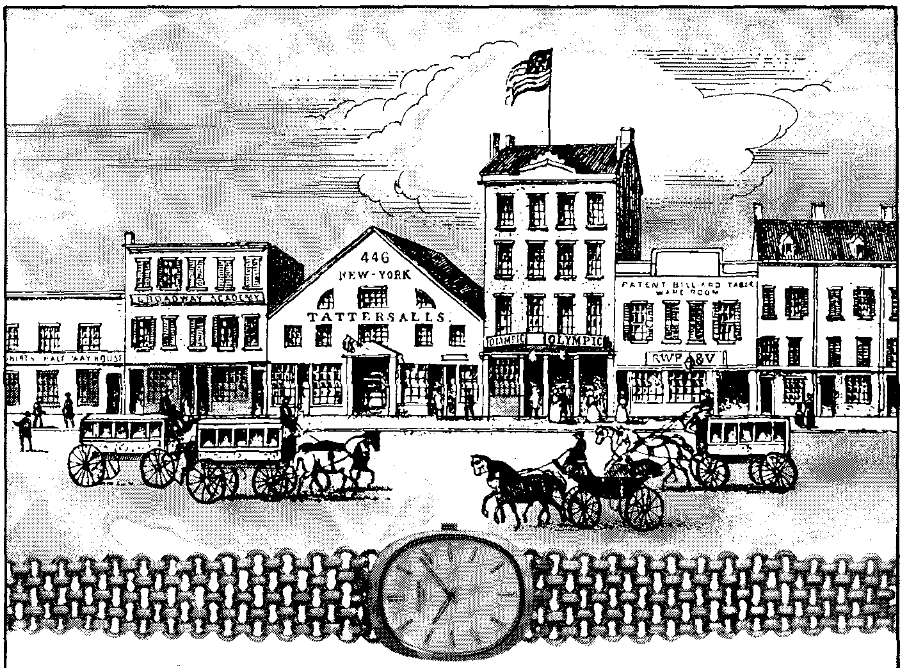
On the Convention floor tonight, Clarke Reed tells me, "In this delegation, pressure works in reverse. The Ford people tried to get a caucus today—lower operatives, you know. I said I'm inclined to go along with the rules-committee, platform-committee stuff. They put out a statement I would go along with everything. I called Cheney. He denied it."

I ask him if he had talked any more with Cheney about the Vice-Presidential candidate.

He replies, "Cheney said today the Vice-Presidential candidate would be a good guy. Those are my words, not his. Dent suggested today we divide the delegation fifteen-fifteen. That kind of stuff is the sorriest stuff. They saw right away they'd screwed up."

•

AFTER the Convention ends for the evening, I talk with John Sears in the Reagan trailer. It is more elegantly appointed than the Carter trailer was—the walls are panelled and the floor is carpeted. It is also surprisingly cool, considering the number of people who are here. It develops that the Reagan people are proud of the fact that through their foresight their trailer has six air conditioners, while the Ford trailer, a few feet away, has only three. The Reagan trailer has an extra room attached to one side at the back. The Ford forces, in retaliation, have added a Winnebago motor home. Sears sits at one end of the Reagan trailer, surrounded by four television sets—one for each of the networks and one that shows what the network-pool camera is picking up—and a large telephone console. Along the sides of the trailer are ten workers, each covering about five states, and each with



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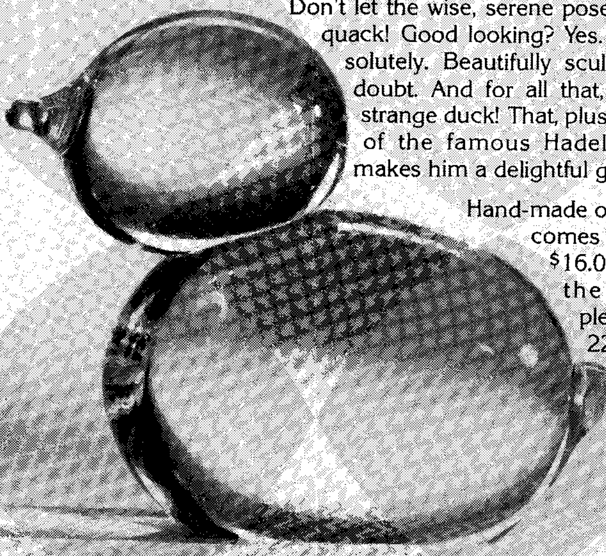

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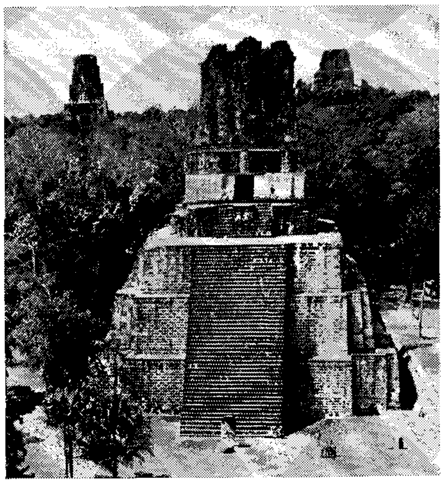

a telephone console and a television set. Among those waiting to see Sears tonight are delegates from Georgia and Montana.

I ask Sears what he has been doing.

"Counting, counting, counting, all day," he replies. The counting has been on what will happen on Rule 16-C. "The count's up a little tonight," he says. "According to our count, we'd win it right now. That isn't worth much, because the vote isn't until tomorrow. The pressure comes on the last day. That's when your count goes down."

I ask him about the estimate by CBS that as of tonight Ford has enough delegates to win the nomination.

"Whatever happens tomorrow night establishes a new count," Sears replies.

He says that he has been talking with some individual delegates in the trailer, and to Reagan state chairmen on the floor by phone. He explains, "We discuss why we don't have somebody. Maybe I suggest some ideas. One of the problems you run into is that in those delegations where they are bound by law to support their candidates, you don't have much intermixing of the Ford and Reagan people. When you get off the subject of candidates and get to issues, your delegates haven't necessarily talked to Ford delegates. I talk to people about which delegations Reagan should go to see here. We canned Missouri for the purpose of rounding up votes on 16-C. We found it more important that he go to New Mexico. Even though New Mexico is for him, they're not so hot on the damn rule. All they have to do is hear that he wants it."

Tonight, Sears' face is pale and yellow, except for dark spaces under his eyes. He is finally showing fatigue, but he still talks imperturbably.

I ask him what he thinks the Reagan side's prospects are in the fight over the foreign-policy amendment to the platform.

"We don't need to take a count on that yet," he replies. "It was just announced today, and it will be a little time before it sinks in. We don't know what Ford's going to do about it—whether he will fight us."

Sears tells me that he had two hours' sleep last night. (Timmons, whom I encountered on the way to the trailer, told me that he had had two hours' sleep last night, too.) I ask Sears what he was working on through the night.

"Rules, rules," he replies. "A good lawyerly discussion about rules." He and his associates were talking about how, if 16-C carried, to bring up on

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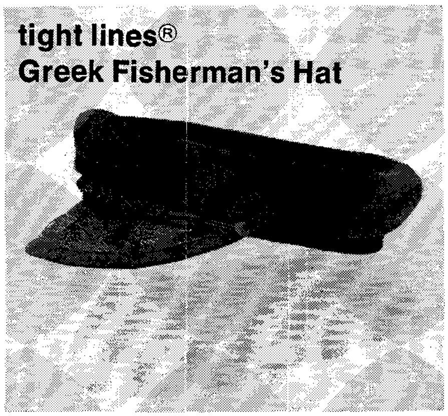

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the floor a proposal that all four candidates address the Convention.

A Ford aide had told me in Washington that the Ford camp would generally know what procedural options were available to the Reagan camp, because the two sides had an informal agreement to meet and discuss parliamentary questions and maneuvers with the Convention parliamentarian in advance. "There will be no surprises," this man had told me. I ask Sears how he went about trying to find out how to make his parliamentary move without tipping off the other side.

He replies, "What we did was ask the parliamentarian a hypothetical question about something else."

AUGUST 17

TUESDAY. Last night, James E. Crockett, of Wytheville, Virginia, who is attending his first Convention, met with the President of the United States, and then, at ten o'clock, held a press conference at his hotel, the Sheraton Inn South, and announced that he would support Mr. Ford. This made Mr. Crockett, according to the *Times*, the one-thousand-one-hundred-and-thirtieth delegate—the last necessary for nominating a candidate—to announce his support of the President.

This morning, the President met with his key advisers and floor whips to plan the final strategy for the fight over 16-C, the pivotal vote of the Convention, and I joined the pool of reporters who were permitted a glimpse of this meeting. I wanted to see how the President looked this morning. When we were shown into the President's suite, on the eighteenth floor of the Crown Center Hotel—part of a vast hotel-and-shopping complex—the President was seated at a long, marble-topped table with some of his lieutenants and allies: Senator Robert Griffin, of Michigan; Senator John Tower, of Texas; Representative Robert Michel, of Illinois, the House Republican whip. For an instant, the group seemed grim and tight-lipped, but as the photographers and reporters approached they rearranged their chairs and their mouths and posed for pictures of a smiling, confident team. But the President looked pale and tired. He was dressed in a brown suit and a brown-and-clay print tie, which seemed to contribute to a somewhat sallow look. "Who's winning?" a reporter asked the President, and he replied, with a slightly forced smile, "That was decided two or three weeks ago." In certain situations, politicians have to

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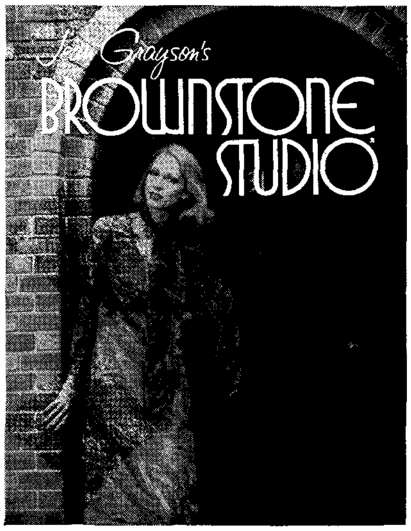

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say certain things that they know no one believes—just as John Sears has been saying for some weeks now that Reagan would have eleven hundred and forty votes on the first ballot. Asked about the outlook for Rule 16-C, the President said, "I'm confident." One couldn't be sure.

•

THE inevitable rumors about the President's choice of a Vice-President are travelling around Kansas City. In the lobby of the Crown Center Hotel, Ford aides will say with assurance things like "It's Baker," though in fact no one knows. There is said to be something called a final list, containing the names of Connally, Baker, Senator Robert Dole, of Kansas, William Ruckelshaus (the former deputy Attorney General who resigned on the night when Richard Nixon fired the Special Prosecutor, Archibald Cox, and when the Attorney General, Elliot Richardson, resigned), and William Simon, the Secretary of the Treasury. A brochure promoting Simon has been turning up at various points around the city. Today, John Tower went to talk to the Louisiana and Mississippi delegations on the President's behalf. The President himself made an appearance before the Illinois delegation, and so did Reagan. Reagan told the Illinois delegation that he was "sick and tired" of having people suggest—as the Ford people were suggesting, in their efforts to defeat Rule 16-C—that he might accept the Vice-Presidency. The Ford camp is also saying that to require the candidates to name their running mates before the balloting for the nomination might be a worthy reform for 1980. The Reagan camp responds that that argument is hypocritical. Ford told the Illinois delegation that he would choose a running mate who was "ideologically compatible" with him. Late this afternoon, word comes that the President's forces, having gone back and forth all day on the question, will not fight the Reagan foreign-policy amendment to the platform. Last night, Griffin was asked about the amendment by a reporter on the Convention floor, and he said, "We can live with that." One has the feeling of having heard the Ford forces say that quite often in the past few days. Ford's entourage is a problem; it includes a number of men who are somewhat limited and out of touch. But Ford clearly is comfortable with them and has sought out their counsel and companionship. Members of his White House staff spend a good bit of time sniping at each other, at his election-committee staff, and at his cronies, and the election-committee staff and the cronies return the fire. It is not a very inspiring picture.

At today's press conference, John Sears said that this evening would be "one of the most important in American political history." In the course of the day, the Reagan camp was quite tense. The people there knew, as Sears had indicated to me last night, that the Ford camp would put a lot of pressure on delegates today to support its position on 16-C. Both sides know that 16-C could be the ballgame. An idea that sprang from the brain of John Sears is now defining this Convention. Some in the Reagan camp were surprised to hear that the Ford camp might accept their foreign-policy amendment, which had been deliberately drafted so as to be humiliating to the President and unacceptable to his people. "If he accepts that, he'll accept anything," said one Reagan strategist. "We were hoping for a floor fight, but every time something came up they rolled over and accepted it." The Reagan camp heard this afternoon that Strom Thurmond, the very conservative Republican senator from South Carolina, who is supporting Reagan, might abandon them on the vote on 16-C, because Melvin Laird, Nixon's former Secretary of Defense and a former House crony of Ford's, told Thurmond that its adoption would rule out the possibility of a Ford-Reagan ticket.

Late today, word came that the Mississippi delegation voted to support, under the unit rule, President Ford's position on 16-C. That appears to end the Reagan camp's chances of carrying the vote. Clarke Reed had withheld his vote in the Mississippi caucus, and then, when it was clear that the delegation would not support 16-C—that he could vote with the Reagan camp without causing undue harm to the Ford camp—he voted for 16-C.

•

OVER drinks before this evening's Convention session, John Anderson, a moderate Republican House member from Illinois, was depressed. He and some other Party moderates (Republicans, and some Democrats as well, will not use the term "liberal" anymore)—Jacob Javits, senator from New York, Charles Mathias, senator from Maryland, and William Coleman, the Secretary of Transportation—met for breakfast this morning. Anderson, chairman of the House Republican Conference, is a gentle man with white hair and big, round, deerlike eyes; he is one of the most thoughtful members of Congress, and is widely admired. "We

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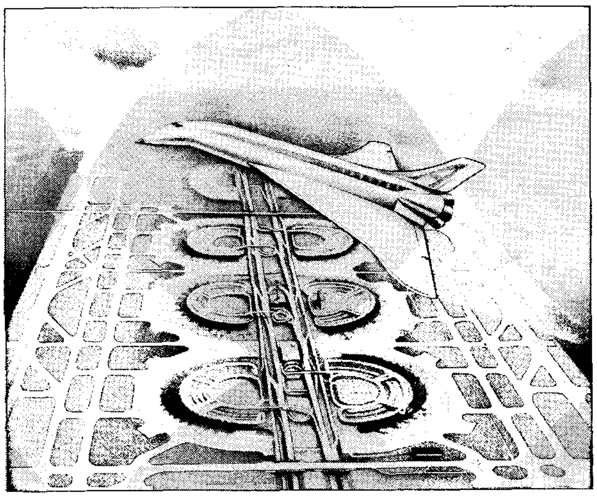

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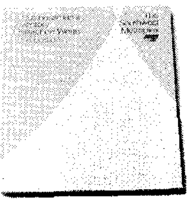

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The Sensible Alternative

feel it's important for Ford to get the message that once he gets the nomination the election will be won or lost depending on whether he moves toward a moderate position—that if he continues to capitulate to a vociferous minority it will be disastrous," Anderson said. "There are more of us in the Midwest and the Northeast. He should consider this in choosing his Vice-President and his campaign staff. They ask me to do things; yesterday I went to the Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Alaska delegations for them. I'm not going to be disposed to do that if I have to be semi-apologetic every time I turn around. The President's got to get that message. I don't think you can depend on filtering that message through a bureaucratic staff."

Then Anderson talked about the shape he thought the Republican Party was in. "The Southern strategy has come home to roost," he said. "And we haven't advanced young people to positions of leadership. We don't have very good leaders. And look at the platform committee here—one black, from the District of Columbia."

I asked him about the argument of some of his colleagues that there is a difference between the Convention Republican Party and the congressional Republican Party.

"Look at our percentages in Congress," Anderson replied. The Republicans have thirty-three per cent of the House and thirty-eight per cent of the Senate. He continued, "We believe in venture capital. We believe in the theory of risk in private enterprise, but when it comes to government we don't. We don't believe in an investment in education, we don't believe in an investment in the infrastructure of our society. We don't have any vision. We wear balance-sheet blinders: if it doesn't add up, it's bad. If any business thought that way, it wouldn't grow." Then Anderson said, "We have to stop appeasing the ultra-conservatives. We'll never convince them. They'll always say we weren't conservative enough."

I asked Anderson if he had heard that the Ford camp was planning to accept the Reagan foreign-policy amendment to the platform. He had not. Anderson was a member of the platform committee, and tonight he had no formal role.

"It makes you wonder," he said, "whether we'll come out of here with anything worth fighting for."

The moderates have a number of problems, and Barber Conable was correct on one key point: that the moder-

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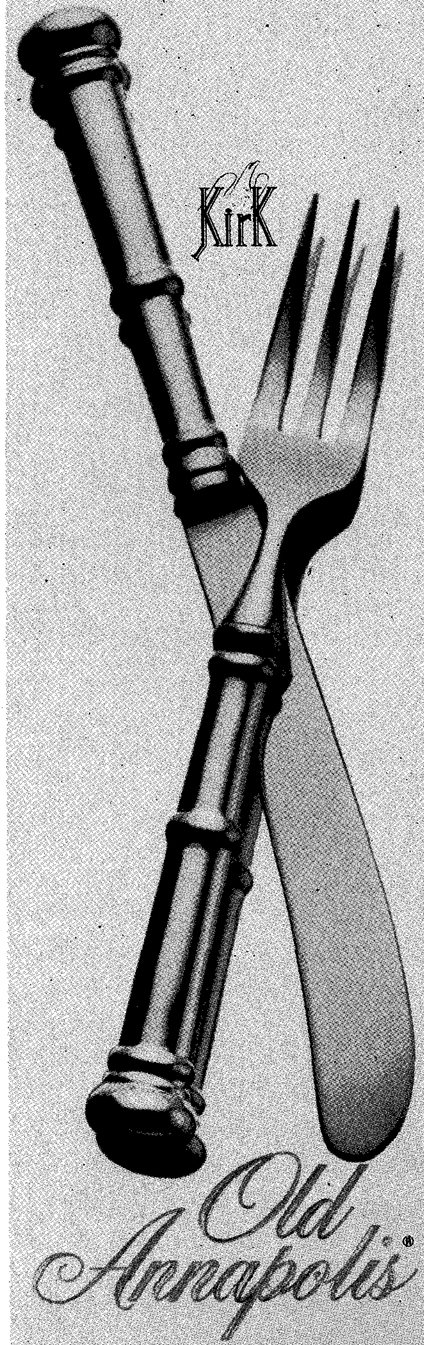

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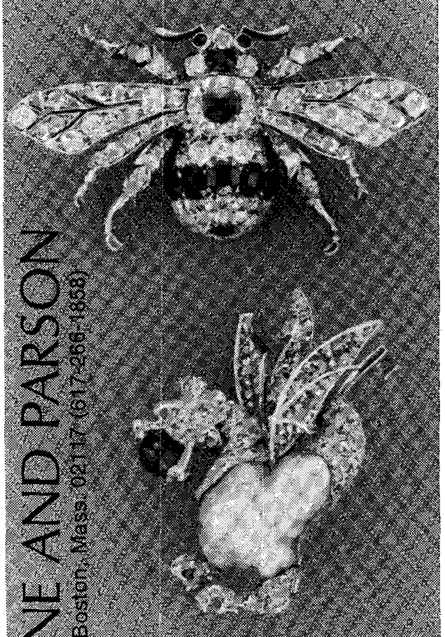
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ates somehow consider political organizing beneath them. They controlled the Party in the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties, but they did not dig in. And now they have a certain paleness. There are good moderates in the Congress but no compelling national moderate leaders. They seem to be suffering a certain fatigue from the battles on the right. And it is hard to say what, exactly, they stand for. It is easier to define them in terms of what they are *not*. They are not Democrats—though many of them do not vote so very differently or stand for such different things—and they are not conservative Republicans. They try to be "progressive" and "reasonable," offering "constructive alternatives" to what the Democrats propose. Their alternatives usually have to do with such undramatic points as how to finance a certain government venture. Estimable men and women, many of them, they end up sounding like mugwumps—not the sort of people great masses will follow into battle. "Reasonableness" in politics is not exciting.

●

AT the Convention tonight, Mrs. Ford and three of the Ford children—Susan, Jack, and Steve—arrive a few minutes before eight o'clock, at a perfect moment, just after the credentials committee's report has been accepted and shortly before the debate on Rule 16-C begins. Their arrival, announced by the band's playing the University of Michigan's football song, "The Victors," sets off a demonstration. As it happens, the Ford strategists are very angry at Manny Harmon, the bandleader. The Ford strategists feel that Manny Harmon continued playing too long after Mrs. Reagan's arrival last night—announced by the band's playing "California, Here I Come"—thus helping Reagan partisans to prolong their demonstration. The demonstration lasted into the time that the Ford strategists had planned for the arrival of Mrs. Ford, who was "holding" in an anteroom at the Arena. And then, as Mrs. Ford made her entrance, the band was silent for three or four minutes. The Ford strategists spoke frantically into their walkie-talkies, and became very nearly apoplectic when the band struck up: it played "California, Here I Come." The Ford strategists are now suspicious of George Murphy, the former movie star and former senator from California and a friend of Reagan's, who is in charge of music for the Convention and who secured Man-

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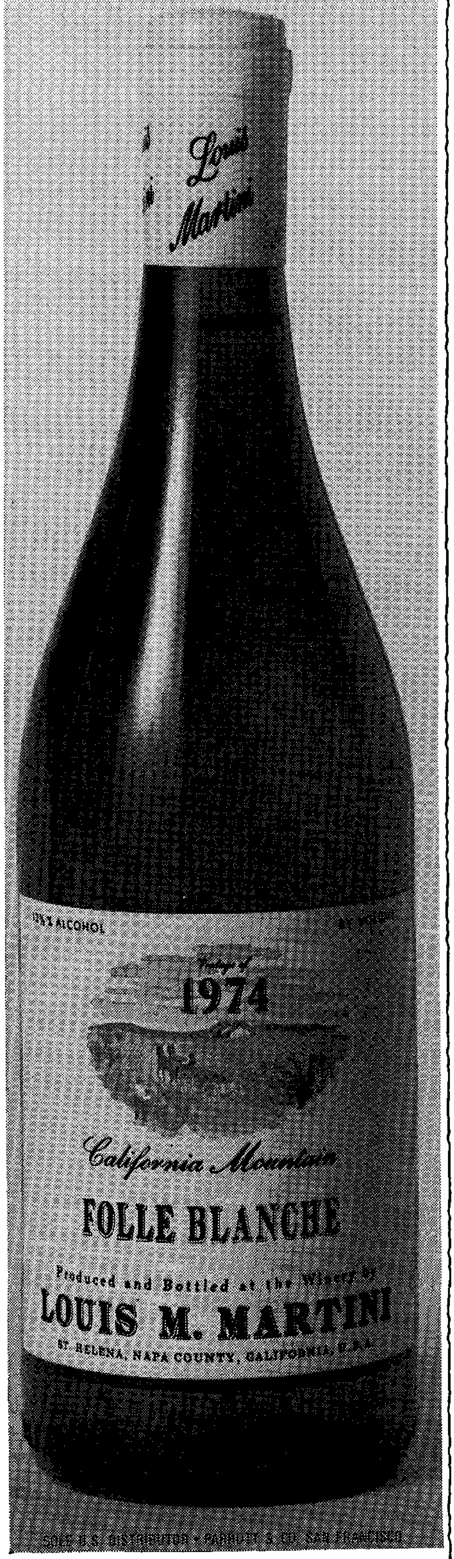
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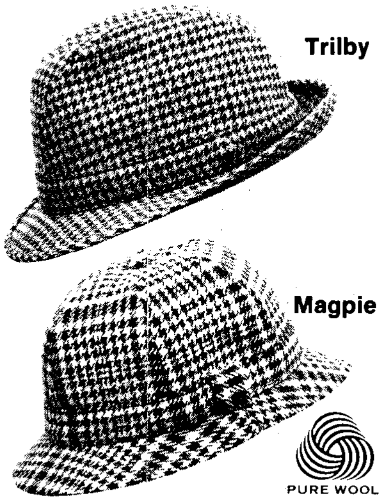
ny Harmon, a Hollywood bandleader, and who from a position on the rostrum gives Harmon signals. These arrivals of the wives are maneuvers in the warfare here. The families are weapons. Betty Ford, dressed in yellow, waves to the crowd in a practiced way and smiles a broad, political smile. When Ford was the House Minority Leader and spent most of his time either on Capitol Hill or travelling on behalf of his colleagues, his wife was a rather retiring and tense woman. Now she has emerged as a poised, somewhat independent, and assertive figure. ("I graduated," *she told a friend.*) She clearly likes her new role and the attention, and has taken to them with zest and grace. She is immensely popular. She seems to have struck the proper balance, in the public view, between being the good wife and being an independent woman who speaks her mind. She is irreverent but not too irreverent.

On the Convention floor, Clarke Reed is speaking on the blue telephone. He finishes and smiles. "That was Cheney," he says. Reed shows me a copy of today's Birmingham *News*, which has a front-page story headlined "FORD WOULD WRITE OFF 'COTTON SOUTH'?" The story is about Rogers Morton's breakfast with reporters yesterday, at which, it said, Morton indicated that Ford would "conduct a campaign based on a big-state strategy . . . virtually writing off the 'Cotton South' as the impenetrable private preserve of Democratic nominee Jimmy Carter of Georgia." (Actually, some of Reagan's aides have said that if their man is nominated, he has no intention of trying to beat Carter in much of the "Cotton South.") Reed says, "I told Cheney it's a losing strategy and dumb politics. He said the story wasn't true. Then he said, 'Would you change?' I said, 'In a minute.' " Tom Korologos, standing nearby, wearing his yellow cap, looks worried. He says into his walkie-talkie, "Volunteer, this is Socrates. What's your location?" Socrates, obviously, is Korologos's code name; surely "the enemy" could figure that out. A young man rushes up to Reed and says that the Reagan forces in the Mississippi delegation are saying that they might try to break the unit rule tonight. Reed says to me, "He's a very young man," and he laughs, and then he says, "He works for Ford," and he laughs again. "They're very nervous." John Tower materializes beside the Mississippi delegation. Tower, a diminutive man, looks worried. "We've talked to Cheney," Tower says to Reed. He is refer-



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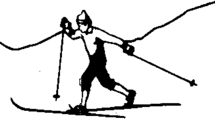
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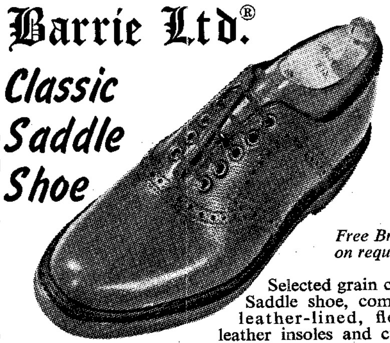
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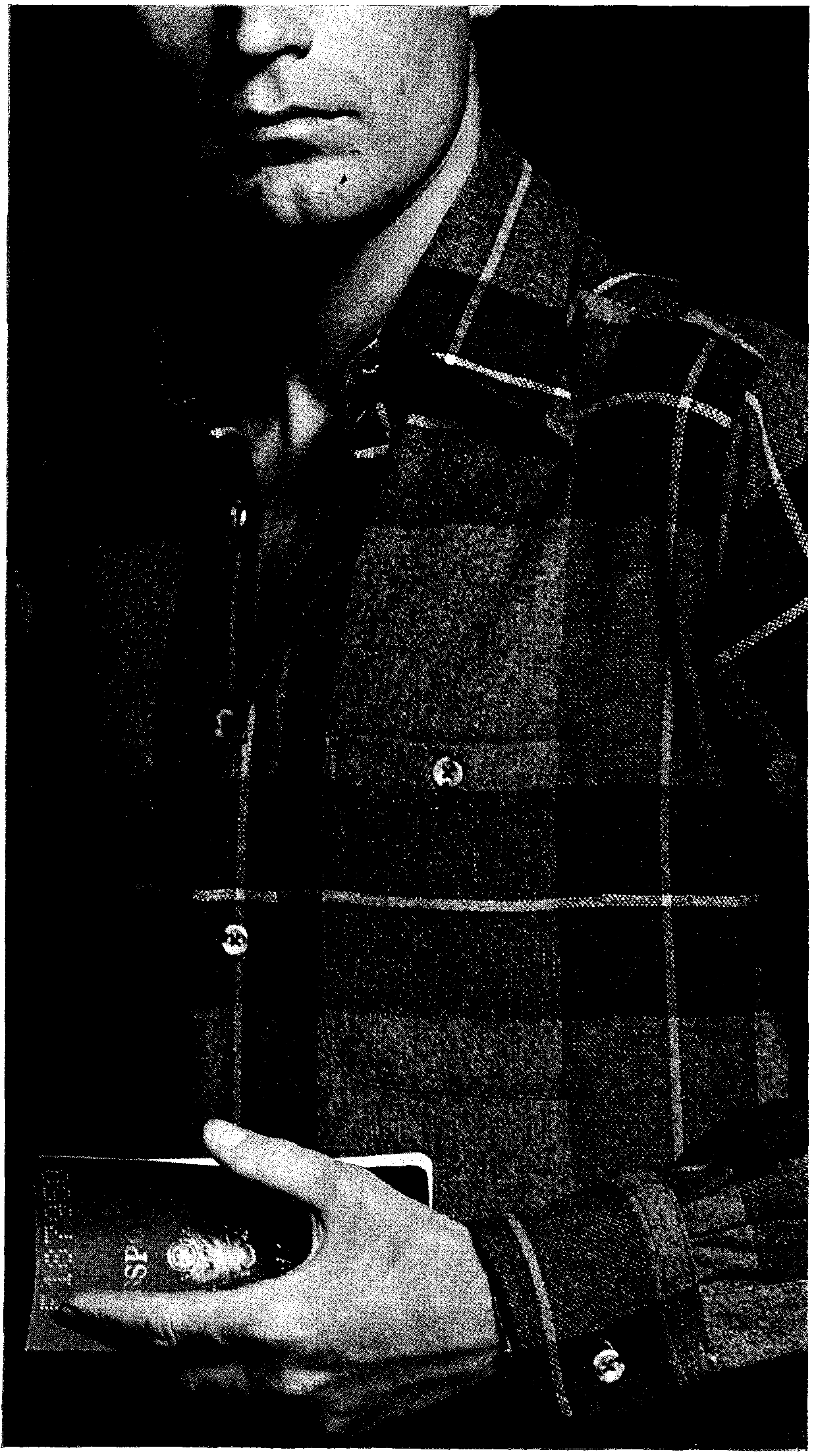

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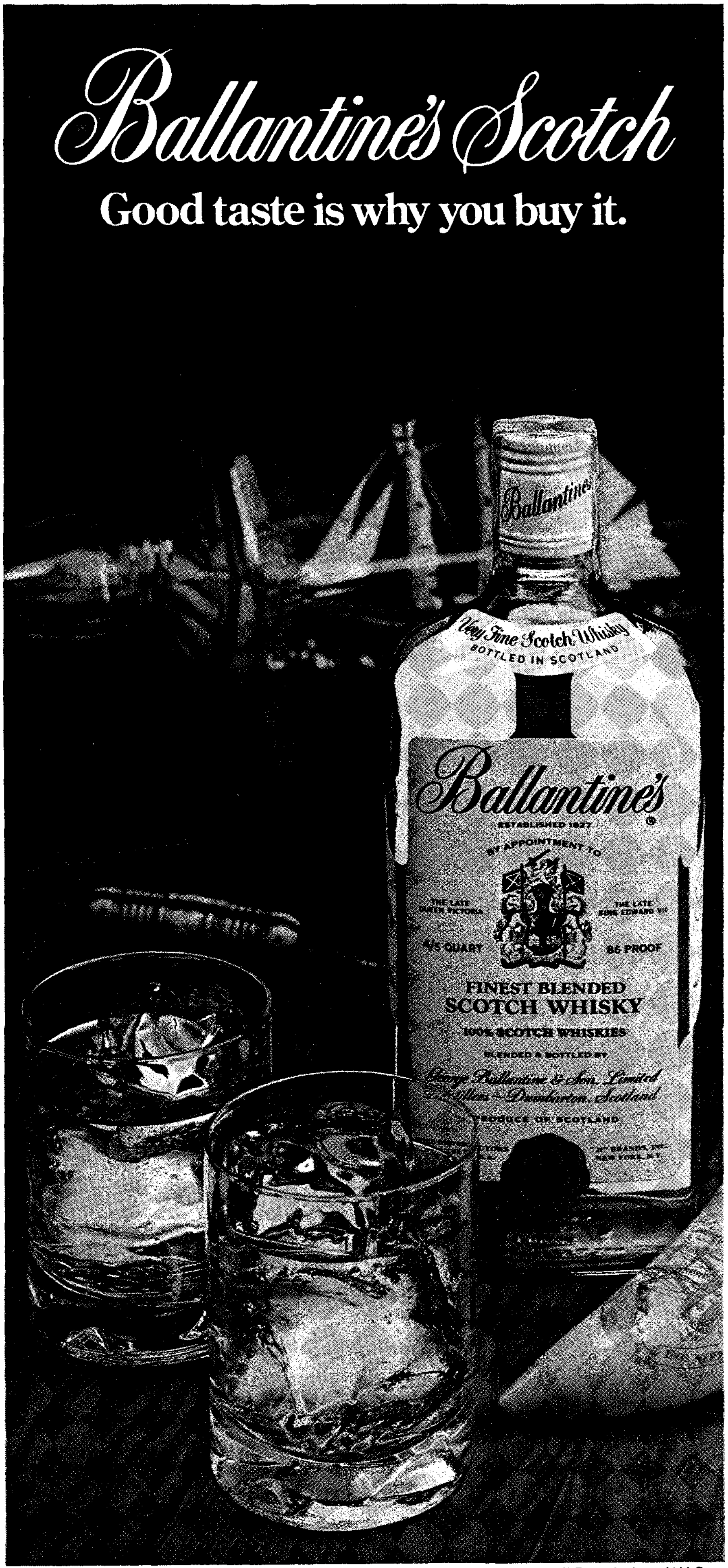

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ring to the story in the Birmingham *News*. "This is not White House policy, Clarke. Cheney is going to make a call down here." Someone tells Tower that Cheney has already called. Now Tower starts waving his arms, and he says, "Morton shoots off his mouth. You know that as well as I do, Clarke." Korologos hovers close, and Tower continues, "Look at the question mark in that headline, Clarke. It's speculating. Morton isn't making campaign strategy. Let's not get all het up over that." Reed is smiling, enjoying the scene. It is Tower who is all het up.

On the rostrum, John Connally is making a speech. He asks, "Are you willing to place at the helm in these times a Commander-in-Chief who will not say—and may not know—where he intends to steer this ship of state?" The audience—the part of it that is listening—shouts "No!" Robert Michel, wearing a red baseball cap, gives reporters a projected count on the vote on Rule 16-C. The Ford camp says the rule will be defeated. John Connally says, "In the big leagues of world leadership, they rarely play softball."

After Connally's speech, Robert Dole, the temporary chairman, gavels the Convention to order and says, "This is the most important business to come before this Convention." The delegates quiet down. They know. Then Nancy Reagan arrives in the hall, and the Reagan supporters burst into a demonstration. As the music continues, Betty Ford draws attention from Mrs. Reagan by getting up and dancing with Tony Orlando, who has been sitting in the gallery with the Fords. Contrapuntally, the Ford partisans shout "We Want Ford!" and the Reagan partisans shout "Reagan, Reagan!" Both sides are worked up. The demonstration and counterdemonstration go on for about ten minutes, and Dole still can't get the Convention to come to order. At last, the band breaks into "God Bless America," and the delegates seem to feel they have no choice but to stand and sing.

On the Convention floor, an enormous crush has developed around the Mississippi delegation: David Keene is standing on a chair; the Reagan delegates want to leave the floor to caucus about breaking the unit rule. James Baker, Ford's chief delegate hunter, rushing across the floor, says to me, "We're all right on this if Mississippi holds," and then he says, "We're better off on the nomination than we are on this."

The speeches on Rule 16-C begin.

Some people make the same speeches they made in the rules-committee meeting on Sunday. Emotions are high, and the audience has flash-point reactions, cheering and booing the speakers. Everyone is aware that, as Dole said a few moments ago, what happens in the next hour or so “could decide the outcome” of this Convention. Whatever emotion has gone into either campaign, and has been fuelled by the excitable atmosphere of a Convention, seems to be compressed into these minutes. The cheers become roars, and come at you like a wave.

There is a scuffle in the New York delegation. Someone has torn out Republican state chairman Richard Rosenbaum’s phone, and Rosenbaum has had him removed from the floor, and in an instant it seems that everyone in the Arena is looking over toward New York. There is a chemical reaction that links all those within the hall of a Convention. Suddenly, Nelson Rockefeller, standing at the New York delegation’s standard, holds up Rosenbaum’s white telephone with its cord severed. Part of the gallery starts shouting “We want Rocky!” and Rockefeller, obviously pleased with the thought, holds up the phone again. Television reporters rush to the scene, which takes over the Convention. Rockefeller goes on and on, standing on a chair and holding up the phone and talking to reporters. He is having another moment after all; he is reliving 1964. One has to force oneself to remember that that man cavorting there on the floor is the Vice-President of the United States. These scenes become uncontrollable, and even a little frightening. It turns out that before the phone was ripped out, Rockefeller grabbed a Reagan poster from a North Carolina delegate.

On the rostrum, Sherry Martschink, the formerly uncommitted delegate from South Carolina, now makes the same speech she made on Sunday against Rule 16-C—checkers and all. She seems to enjoy being on the rostrum, and speaks dramatically. Robert Griffin, the President’s friend, addresses the Convention and says, “I don’t know whether President Ford will ask Governor Reagan to be his running mate or not.” Not a very subtle ploy. Alluding to the fact that Reagan has insisted that he would not run as Vice-President, Griffin says, “Governor Reagan should be in a position and be able to change his mind on Thursday morning.” The Reagan people know what Griffin is up to, and boo. “I can also say with some au-

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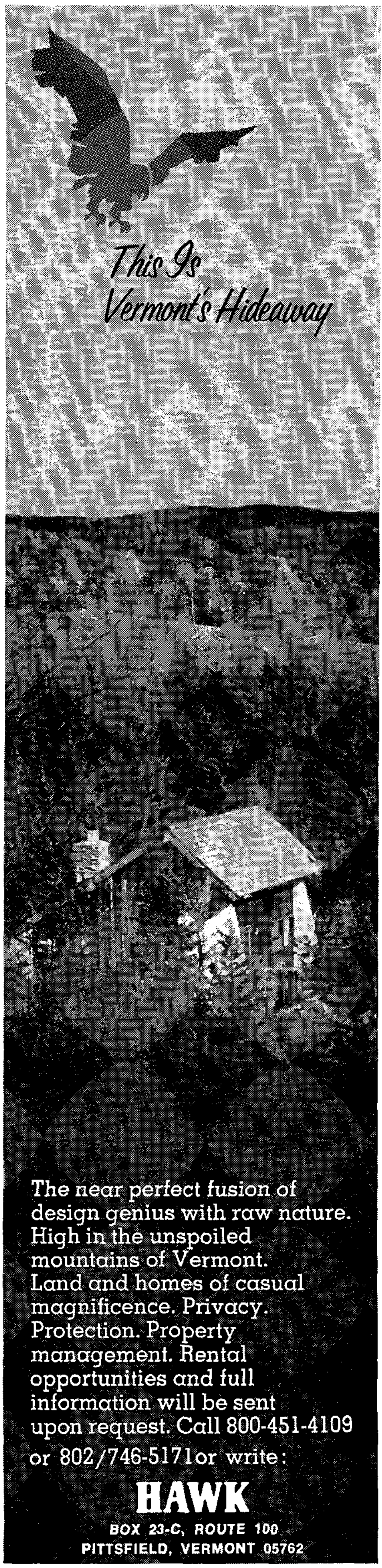

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thority," Griffin says, that "President Ford, if nominated, would like at least to consult with Governor Reagan" about his choice.

And then the Arena is still as the roll is called, ostensibly on the question of whether a Presidential candidate should be required to announce his choice of a running mate before the Presidential balloting. In reality, the vote will probably decide who is to be the Republican nominee. If Ford wins this vote, he wins the nomination; if Reagan wins this vote, he *might* win the nomination. A big cheer goes up as Alabama, a Reagan state, casts all of its thirty-seven votes for Reagan's position. Many of us sit with tally sheets showing how many votes for the nomination Ford and Reagan are expected to get from each state, and will compare the vote on 16-C with that. A trend one way or the other will tell us who will carry this vote, and perhaps the nomination. Alaska's two uncommitted delegates go with Reagan. Ford picks up two in Arizona. A wash, so far. Ford picks up one in California, Reagan's state. Florida passes. It is having trouble counting its votes. Then Reagan loses ten in Georgia. On it goes. Ford picks up eighteen in Indiana, and that would seem to be that. But Indiana is a state where there are delegates—including Earl Butz—who are legally bound to vote for Reagan but actually support Ford. There are mirror situations in other states, the net result being that there are more Ford delegates who are actually for Reagan than the other way around. The Ford people had Indiana Governor Otis Bowen working on votes for them in his state. Mississippi. The hall grows quiet, and there is a shushing sound. The Mississippi Reagan delegates left the Convention floor to caucus on the question of breaking the unit rule and have now returned. But since the Ford supporters in the delegation would not join them, they couldn't take a vote. Mississippi, indecisive to the end, passes. As of Montana, Ford is fifteen votes ahead of his presumed nomination vote. New Jersey. Ford picks up one. The Reagan forces had expected to do better there. The New Jersey delegation is polled. Sears, in his trailer, asked for the poll. If people were going to betray him, they would have to do it publicly. Reagan picks up one in Ohio, where his aides had hoped for a few more. This morning, Sears himself made one last stab at Pennsylvania. At eight-thirty, he dropped in on a breakfast meeting of Schweiker and two Republican leaders from Philadelphia: William Meehan and William Devlin. They are not delegates, but Sears believes them to have influence in the Pennsylvania delegation, and Sears had been hoping for help from them since last spring (before he thought up the Schweiker selection). Meehan and Devlin were themselves committed to Ford, but they were believed to have—or said they had—a dozen or so votes at their disposal, and also influence over other delegates. They like Schweiker, and Meehan is an old friend of Sears'. (Devlin is one of the few people Sears consulted about Schweiker.) Their support of Ford is said to have been nailed down at a luncheon in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July. The President had visited Valley Forge and spoken at Independence Hall, and then, we were told at the time, when we watched the day's events on television, he lunched with "civic leaders." He did, but he was also working on delegates. I should have guessed. So Meehan and Devlin were no longer in much of a position to help Sears, but he made a try on 16-C. Sears figured that these experienced politicians knew as much as he did, so there was no point in arguing with them. What he tried to do was appeal to their political self-interest. He suggested that if Ford was forced to name his running mate before the vote on the nomination, he might choose someone from the Northeast, so as to keep people like Meehan and Devlin in line. By Thursday, Sears said, the President would feel free to name anyone. But it didn't work. If Meehan and Devlin had votes to throw to Reagan, they didn't do it. Ford picks up five votes in Pennsylvania. Sears has a plan, and an expectation, if he should win this vote. His plan is to work through the night rounding up votes for the nomination. "We have the votes," he would tell delegates he was trying to persuade. He would say, "We'll remember what you do for us tonight. You're one of a few that are getting a very good opportunity here." To certain Ford supporters he would say, "We know about Mr. So-and-So and Mrs. So-and-So. They'd be with us if you let them. You've been stopping them, so let them go." His expectation is that certain political leaders who are committed to Ford would send some delegates Reagan's way if Reagan won 16-C. He figures they wouldn't want to be known by the winner to have been on

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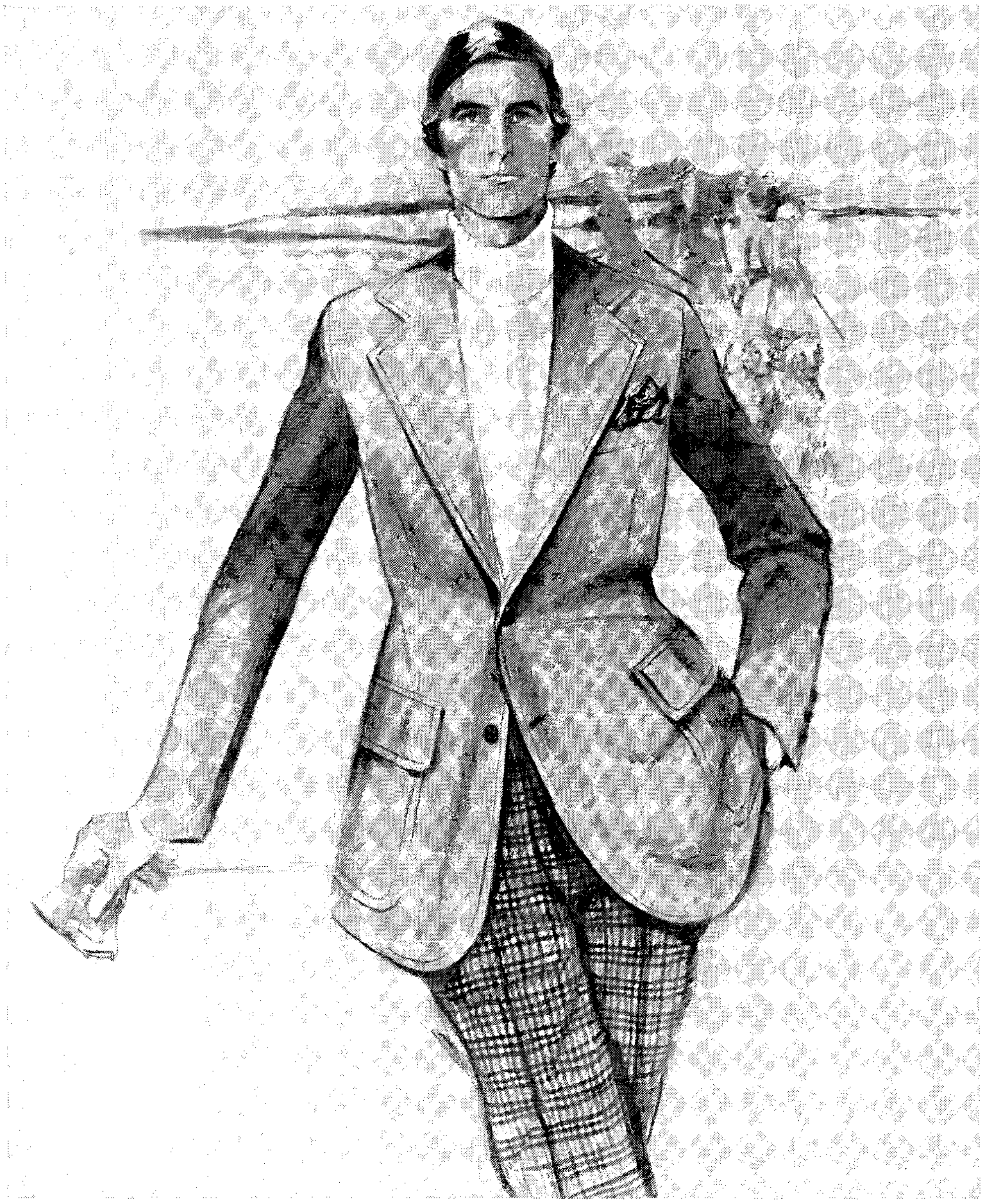

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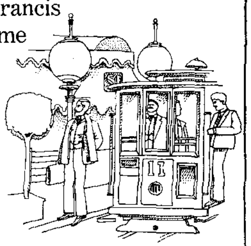
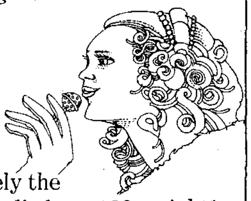
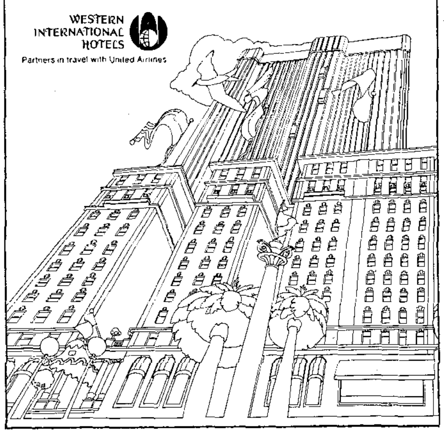
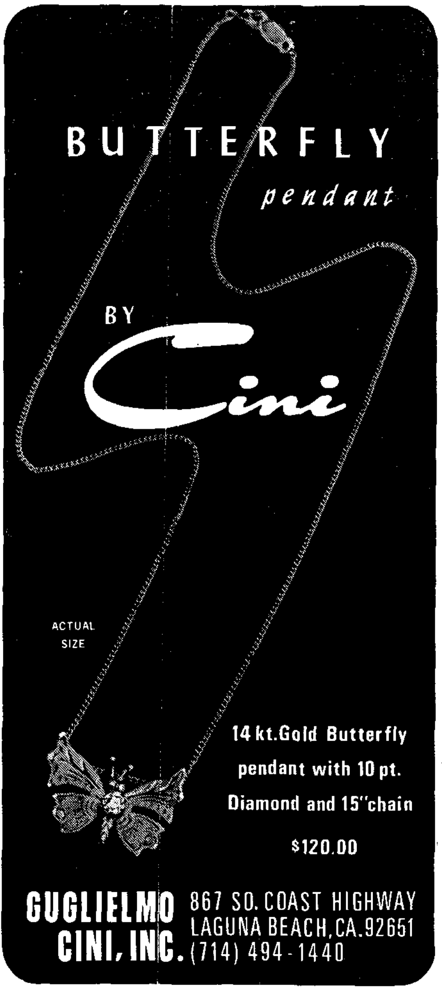






the other side. I see David Keene on the Convention floor. "It looks like we don't have it," he says.

So now it seems clear that Sears will not have to work through the night. He sort of thought he had lost when he heard the news this afternoon that Mississippi would support Ford tonight. But he did another quick count, called his aides to the trailer, and gave them each a quota. It seemed worth a try, and he thought it would be quite impressive if he could show that he could win without Mississippi. But he couldn't. It will never be entirely clear whether he could have won with Mississippi. News of Mississippi's decision to support Ford tonight undoubtedly cost the Reagan side some votes in other delegations—caused the compass needle to move. Now, knowing that the Reagan forces have lost on this vote, Keene has told the Mississippi Reagan delegates not to break the unit rule tonight. There is no point now in pressing them to do something that goes against their tradition. In spite of the way this vote is going, there is an explosion on the Convention floor when Texas casts all of its one hundred votes for Reagan's position. President Ford went to the Alamo, and spent five days and a million dollars in Texas, and he ended up with this. I remember the night of the White House correspondents' dinner last May, when the President stood there wearing a panama hat and making jokes while the dread news of his wipeout in that day's primary in Texas was coming in. Perhaps the Reagan troops on the Convention floor aren't yet aware that it's over. At the end of the first roll call, it's not formally over: the vote is a thousand and forty-one votes for Rule 16-C, eleven hundred and twelve against. But then Florida, having completed its count, votes, putting it over the top for Ford (even though Reagan picks up five votes). I recall travelling with Reagan in Florida in February. It was the next state after New Hampshire in which he challenged Ford. Had Reagan done better in Florida, as there was reason to think he would do, the story of this Convention might be quite different now. But Reagan was still finding his themes then—he was still explaining away his plan to reduce the federal budget by ninety billion dollars and was just beginning to talk about the Panama Canal—and his presumed lead in the state steadily shrank. Then Mississippi is called again. Mississippi is irrelevant now, and Clarke Reed says, "Mississippi, after much consternation and under the unit rule, casts thirty



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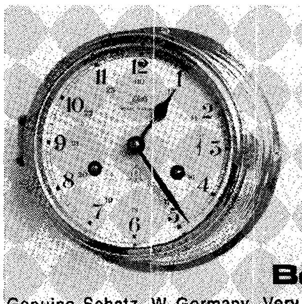

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votes no." But Mississippi is too late to make the crucial difference. At the end, the vote is a thousand and sixty-nine for Reagan's position and eleven hundred and eighty for Ford's. The people in the hall are subdued, as if to absorb what has happened. The long fight for the nomination is at last over.

Ford strategists have been negotiating all day on the foreign-policy amendment to the platform, which will come up shortly. Entitled by the Reagan forces "Morality in Foreign Policy," it sounds chords designed to clash with the approach of Ford and Kissinger, but it is not so specific as to invite charges that it "ties the President's hands." It was aimed mainly at Kissinger, who has been a target of the Reagan forces all year. Secretaries of State are often controversial, but Kissinger has seemed to attract a special sort of hostility, which appears to be a blend of sheer opposition to his policies, reaction against his rather arrogant style, and, to be blunt about it, anti-Semitism. There are those who have felt the first two and have not felt a touch of the third, but anti-Semitism has been an unspoken factor. The Reagan foreign-policy plank commends "that great beacon of human courage and morality Alexander Solzhenitsyn, for his compelling message that we must face the world with no illusions about the nature of tyranny" (a slap at Kissinger for recommending that Ford not invite the new Russian émigré to the White House when Solzhenitsyn was in Washington last summer, on the ground that such a move might harm détente); it says that "in international negotiations we must make no undue concessions" (a slap at détente) and "must not grant unilateral favors with only the hope of getting future favors in return" (a slap at the Helsinki agreement); and it comes out against "secret agreements." The Panama Canal is not mentioned; Reagan aides said that they did not want to get so specific, and that anyway the platform had already largely incorporated Reagan's views on that subject. The plank is more emotional and symbolic than substantive, but so is much of the language in which foreign policy is usually discussed. Alexander Solzhenitsyn's becoming a symbol on the banner of the Republican right wing is an example of the strange things that can happen in a political atmosphere.

On the floor, I encounter Charles Mathias, a moderate-to-liberal Republican senator from Maryland. Mathias

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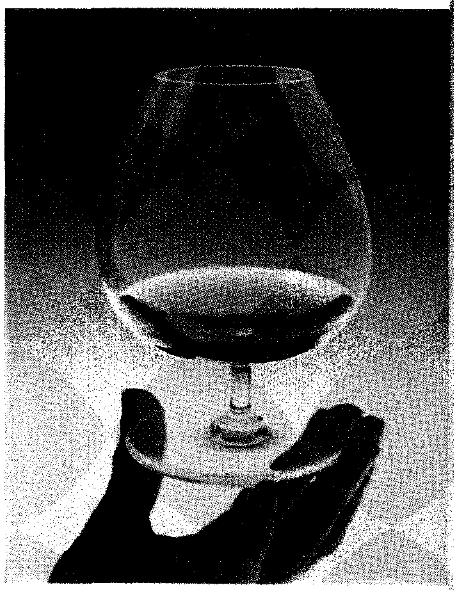

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at one point considered running for President as leader of a "third force" that would draw on liberals and moderates of the two major parties. But, like almost all ideas for a major independent political movement thus far, this one fell through, for lack of a sufficient number of politicians willing to surrender their bases in the established parties, and for lack of resources. Tonight, surveying the Convention floor, Mathias says, "This party has lost its bearings."

"What's happened?" I ask him.

"Attrition," he replies. "Nineteen sixty-four, Vietnam, Watergate—all were costly to the progressive wing of the Party. Watergate caused a good many active Republicans either to leave the Party or to go dormant. They're not going to contribute. They're not going to vote. They're not going to lift a finger."

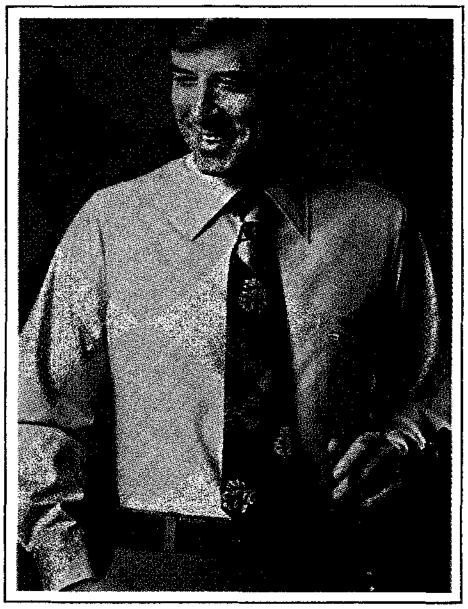
On the rostrum, the speeches go on. L. E. (Tommy) Thomas, Reagan's state chairman in Florida, says to me, "They can't find the 'off' button on these damn politicians."

It is now almost two o'clock in the morning, and the Republican Party, the party in power, is debating, in a manner of speaking, rather important questions about the foreign policy of our country. But few are paying attention. In the Florida delegation, where I am now standing, one delegate turns to another and says of Solzhenitsyn, "His name shouldn't be in the platform. What if he turns out to be a spy?"

Then Roman Hruska, on the rostrum, concludes a speech by recommending, "in the interest of Party unity"—in accordance with the Ford strategists' decision—that the Convention accept the foreign-policy amendment. And, by voice vote, it does. Timmons, on the Convention floor, shrugs and says to me, "We tried and tried to compromise." (The Ford forces had hoped to delete the references to Solzhenitsyn and Helsinki.) John Anderson, whom I encounter on the floor, says, "I'm mad," and he looks it. As the night's session ends, the minister giving the benediction prays that the Republican Party nominate "the man who can best serve this nation" and that we recognize "that there is no free lunch."

AUGUST 18

WEDNESDAY. Today, the President's strategists have been meeting to get the latest count for tonight's nomination vote. One of the strategists said to me in a conversation that it was now clear that the President's team had



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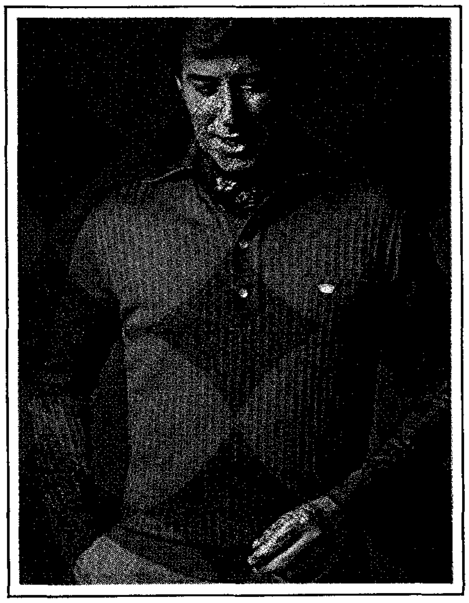

finally got itself together into a smoothly functioning operation. When I looked at him skeptically, he paused, and then said, "Well, at least they've stopped shooting themselves in the foot." The President's side thought of employing various stratagems to defuse the 16-C issue. They considered having the President capitulate—they would have tried to make it appear otherwise—and name his running mate before the nomination. They considered offering an amendment to have the rule become applicable for the first time at the 1980 Convention. But then, one of the Ford strategists explained to me, they saw the 16-C fight in just the terms Sears saw it in: as a good test that, if they won it, would insure Ford's nomination. There have also been meetings here on questions about the fall campaign. Some observers think that the President can ill afford to spend much time in Vail, where he will go after the Convention, because there are only ten and a half weeks left until the November election. But in fact the President's strategists do not intend to have him campaign very much. After much debate within the President's staff, the decision has essentially been reached to keep the President in the White House until late in the campaign. The idea is both to capitalize on his incumbency and to keep him out of trouble. One of the President's strategists shows visitors figures that demonstrate how during the primaries the President's percentage in the polls dropped after he began to campaign in a state. But it appears that there is something more to this fact than just the degree of Gerald Ford's competence as a campaigner. Jimmy Carter's polls went down after he began to campaign in a state, too. We may be reaching the point where the less the public sees of a candidate the better. What is the logical extension of that? Essentially, the President's strategy in the fall is to hope that Jimmy Carter makes a big mistake, or some big mistakes. One strategist said today, "Carter has got to be driven to the mat on the issues. Pat Caddell runs out and takes a poll, and Carter trots out a theme and talks around it. Everything about the President is known. We're going to get everything known about Carter. He's going to make some mistakes—he's going to drive some wedge in his soft coalition."

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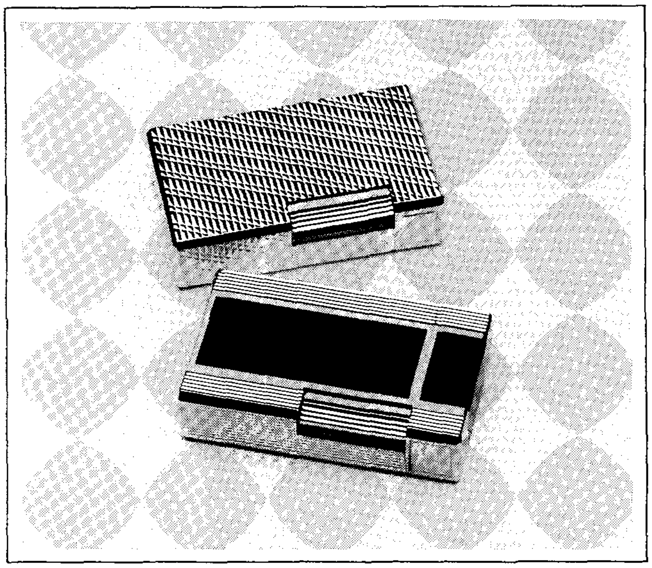

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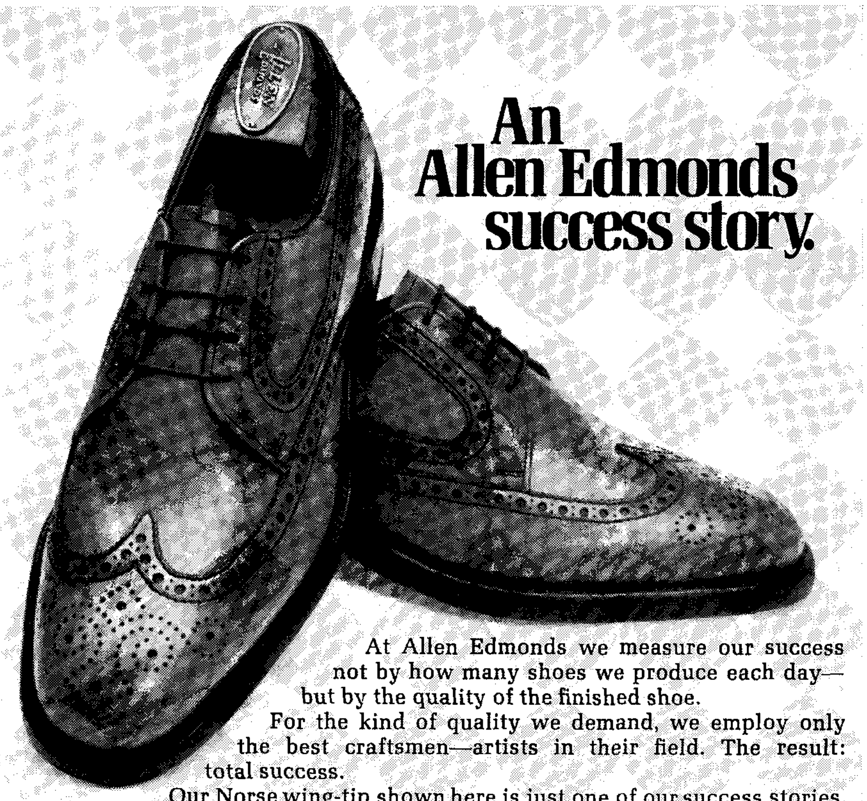

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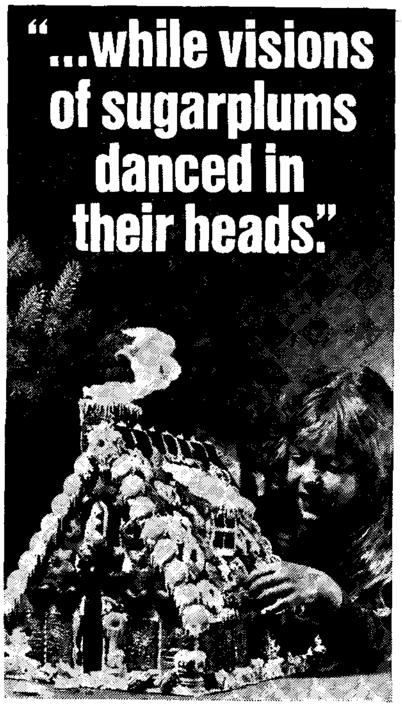

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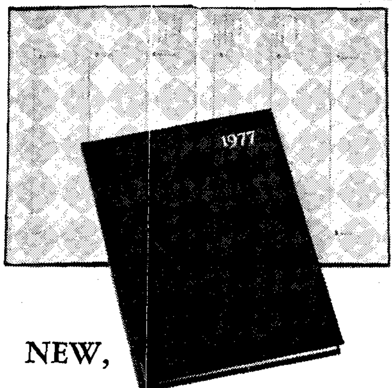
with earphones—one young man whom I asked about it insisted that this had been in the plans for weeks—and Reagan supporters are carrying long plastic horns. Tonight, the Republican Party will finally nominate its candidate for President, and, even though the process is a bit anticlimactic after last night, the rituals will be gone through. There seem to be a lot of young men with green baseball caps in the galleries. One of them, a pleasant young man who is carrying a walkie-talkie, tells me that he and his colleagues will "coördinate floor delegates with demonstrators in the galleries for emotional demonstrations at certain key moments." The Ford delegates are armed with posters bearing the campaign photograph of the President—deliberately chosen for its stern, "no more Mr. Nice Guy" look. One can feel that, despite last night, both sides are keyed up. The outcome may be clear, but the delegates, particularly the Reagan delegates, are not going to be deprived of their opportunity to let off steam and holler for their candidate.

Jacob Javits is speaking from the rostrum. Javits is one of the few moderates or liberals to address this Convention. It took an argument by Rockefeller and Rosenbaum against National Committee officials to get Javits onto the program. Some of the Reagan people, unable to wait, start blowing the horns. The long, low sound drowns out Javits and just about everything else. Even the playing of "God Bless America" doesn't work now. So the Ford family makes an entrance and the band plays "The Victors." One way to overcome noise is with more noise. The Ford forces, with their advantage in tickets, have packed the galleries even more thoroughly than the Reagan forces have. Both sides know how to do it. They are the same people. There will be a lot of noise tonight. It makes no sense—is a thing unto itself and, in fact, a little alarming, as mass emotions can be. The band plays another Sousa march and then reprises the University of Michigan song—Ford's "California, Here I Come." Political music and football music are very nearly the same thing: both serve the same purpose—both give a lift. This year has taught me that music is a far more important part of politics than I had ever thought. Nancy Reagan makes her entrance, and the band plays "California, Here I Come," but the Fords still, in effect, have the floor, so the Reagans don't really get their demonstration tonight. The Convention



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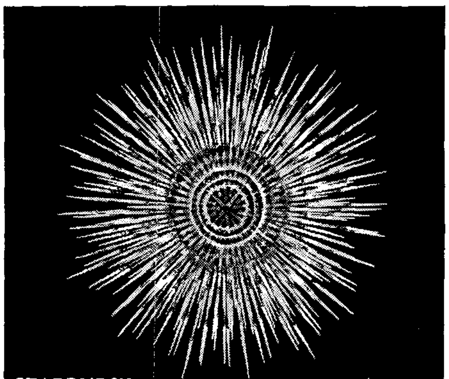

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floor is all heat and signs and perspiration and horns. I see Earl Butz, in shirtsleeves, waving a Ford poster. After a while, the band tries "God Bless America" again, and the delegates stand and sing and then go right on with their demonstration and counter-demonstration—one can't tell which is which at this point. Jacob Javits is still trying to speak. Two more "God Bless America"s. The logical extension of this is simply noise. The Ford people wave their arms in the air and shout "Ford! Ford!" and we tend to think this is O.K., because we tend to think he is O.K., safe. But what are the real distinctions among political emotions? Some of the most menacing political figures in the history of the world have used stadiums and bands to whip up their followers.

At last, the nominations begin. First Reagan's. As Paul Laxalt, the Nevada senator, who has acted as chairman of Citizens for Reagan, finishes his speech, the band swings into "California, Here I Come" and "Dixie," and the Reagan supporters break into a loud, raucous demonstration. It is the emotion of people with something in their hearts. They are a movement. Reagan. The idea of Reagan stirs excitement in them. He spoke to their emotions. There are things they are after—and against. They won't win the nomination, but they came close enough to show 'em. I may have seen a more emotional demonstration somewhere, but I don't remember it. The long, low sound of the horns goes on and on. The Reagan supporters are trying to make a point by the extended demonstration. And some Reagan agents are trying to keep the Ford nomination off of prime time. They must be under the illusion that Reagan will be running against Ford in November. It's over, but that's something that people who have been caught up in a campaign often have trouble recognizing. Now the Reagan "demonstration" has become not a demonstration but a tactic, and it takes on a certain ugly quality. Using force—in this case, the force of noise—to disrupt.

At last, after some forty-five minutes, the demonstration ends and the nominations of Ford begin, with a speech by William Milliken, governor of Michigan. At one point, before the Convention, it had been rumored that the President would be nominated and seconded by Rockefeller, Goldwater, and Connally. But that plan was scratched when Ford aides realized that it might pave the way for Reagan

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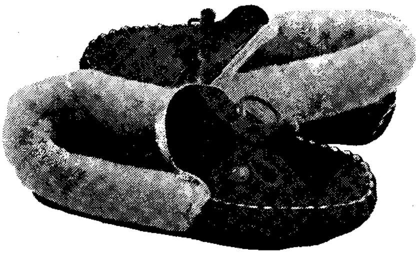

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to address the Convention—a prospect that made them tremble. Goldwater and Connally are not delegates to the Convention, and, with the exception of those speakers already announced in the official program, only delegates may address the Convention unless there is a vote to suspend the rules. The Ford people didn't want the Reagan people to get ideas. These are the things that people think about when they prepare for fights at national Conventions. The instant that Governor Milliken finishes his nominating speech, the shouting for Ford begins and balloons cascade from the galleries. They are large plastic balloons that have been brought in and held under seats and then inflated. The band goes into "The Stars and Stripes Forever." I now associate that with the Fourth of July this year, when, on television, Arthur Fiedler led the Boston Pops in the most stirring rendition of it I have ever heard. The song took on a special meaning then, and I shall always hear it that way. The band plays "Great Day." It can't play "Happy Days Are Here Again"—that's the Democrats' song. Democrats and Republicans *do* have different songs. The band plays its upbeat music, and as his partisans wave their posters, thousands of stern-looking Gerald Fords bob up and down. The music feeds their enthusiasm, keeps them going. "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." "Give My Regards to Broadway." "Seventy-six Trombones." "The Yankee Doodle Boy."

The Ford side's seconding speeches are offered from the floor by nineteen people, who speak for thirty seconds each. These speeches were part of the Ford campaign's arsenal: the opportunity to second the President's nomination was one of the plums offered to wavering delegates. ("We'd like you to second the President's nomination—if you're with us.") Sherry Martschink is a seconder. So is Thomas Evans, a delegate from Delaware who is running for Congress and whom Sears was wooing. Late Monday night, Sears tried to persuade Evans to make a speech for Rule 16-C. He didn't, but now he is getting his exposure on national television after all. The seconders are male, female, black, white, from various parts of the country, and situated on various parts of the Convention floor. Arranging this was a major logistical problem, and much of today was devoted to it: making sure that all bands of the spectrum were represented; checking to see that television cameras were so positioned as to be able to show the seconders; making

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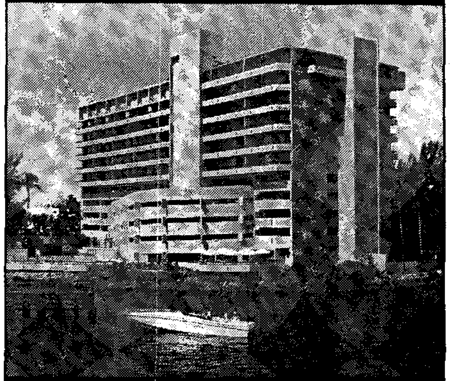

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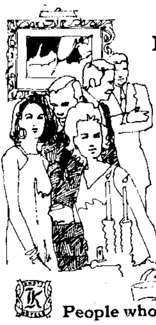

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sure that each of the seconders was on the floor when it came time for his or her little part.

Then comes the roll call for the nomination. Hearing it is like reliving the history of the year. Alabama . . . Arizona . . . California . . . Colorado. The Southern and Western states are for Reagan. Florida. I recall travelling with Reagan in the northern cypress-and-moss country, and then chasing Ford and failing to catch him. Ford is being nominated for the Presidency. It would never be happening but for the most bizarre turns of events in American political history. Illinois. Charles Percy, who was pronounced a boy wonder in 1960, when, at forty, he was president and chief executive officer of Bell & Howell and head of the Party's platform committee, and who seems to have wanted to run for President ever since, announces Illinois's vote: eighty-six for Ford, fourteen for Reagan, one abstention. This is probably the end of Reagan's political career. Louisiana. Ben Harbor, the black delegate who was flown out to California last week for a personal audience with Reagan, votes for Reagan. Mississippi. Clarke Reed announces sixteen votes for Ford and fourteen for Reagan. This does not necessarily reflect the sentiment within the delegation. A deal was struck today: in exchange for agreeing to break the unit rule, so that Reagan could be given some votes, the Ford forces would be assigned a majority of Mississippi's votes. New Hampshire. "It all began in the snows of New Hampshire" has become a political cliché. Representative James Cleveland, Ford's New Hampshire chairman (I can recall how nervous he looked in New Hampshire last February) announces eighteen votes for Ford and three for Reagan, which doesn't seem quite fair, considering how close the primary vote was. Ohio, where I saw Ford and Reagan wind up the primary campaign in Cincinnati, my home town, and where Ford won overwhelmingly. Pennsylvania votes ninety-three for Ford and ten for Reagan, Ford picking up nine votes more than he was expected to. An embarrassment for Richard Schweiker. But this roll call is misleading: because people know how it is going to turn out, some are casting their votes with a view to what it means for themselves, not the candidates. And then West Virginia—one of the places where Reagan hurt himself by not campaigning. (We didn't pay much attention to the West Virginia primary results at the time; Nebraska, which Reagan won,

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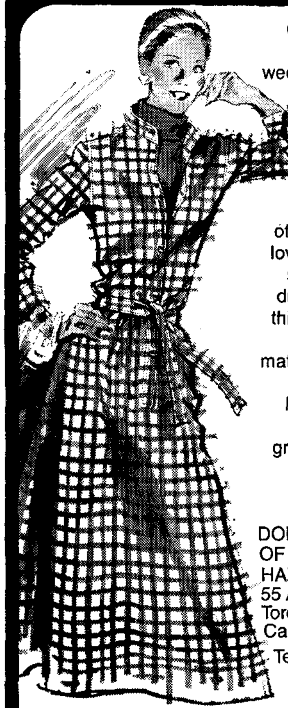

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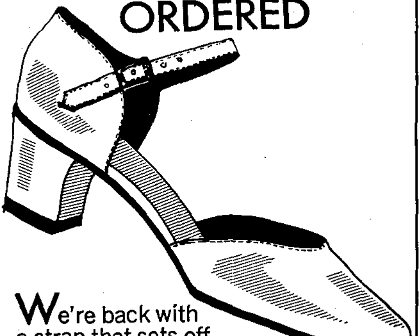

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was the same day.) Tonight, West Virginia puts it over for the President.

AUGUST 19

THURSDAY MORNING. The Century Ballroom of the Crown Center Hotel, shortly before noon. Sometime soon, the President is to come here to announce to the press his choice of a running mate. For the first time in a long while, the Republican Party will have someone in the Vice-Presidential slot who has been put there by normal procedures. ABC has already announced that the President has selected Robert Dole, which is a surprise. Dole didn't appear on the final speculative lists. Yesterday, some papers speculated with certainty that it would be Ruckelshaus or Baker. So much for the lists. Dole is a scrappy politician and a funny man. I remember him saying to me in an interview in April, 1972, when he was chairman of the Republican National Committee—and when the Nixon White House was still terrorizing the Republican Party as well as a great many other groups of people—"I want to make it very clear, as the President does when he has some doubts . . ." Asked in 1974 whether he wanted Nixon to come to Kansas to campaign for his reëlection to the Senate, Dole said he'd settle for a flyover. Dole is generally labelled a conservative, but this year he fought alongside George McGovern to save the food-stamp program, and I also recall a conversation I had with him in May in which he expressed concern that the President was projecting too negative an image and should favor more "people" programs. So Dole is the second Vice-Presidential candidate this year who was previously critical of his leader. But Dole and Ford were, at least, political allies and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Dole enter the room, followed by Rockefeller and Laxalt. "I'm really thrilled with the opportunity of having Bob Dole as my running mate," the President says. This must be a strange moment for Rockefeller. He stands there smiling while the President announces his replacement. "Bob Dole has been a team player," the President says. That's very important to him. Last November, when he shook up his Cabinet (and also accepted Rockefeller's "resignation" from the ticket for 1976), he explained that he wanted "my guys," and emphasized the point by saying, "I wanted a team that was my team" in the important jobs. Ford, a club man in Congress, isn't much inclined to reach out. His selection of Rockefeller was one of the few instances in which he did. "Bob Dole will help to heal any divisiveness within the Party," the President says. The thought that he might do that was probably a big factor in his selection. The President looks very tired. I wonder when he made his decision. Dole is a partisan fighter with a sharp tongue and will run the kind of slashing campaign against Carter that some of the President's strategists desire. But there is some question as to how such a campaign will go over with the public. Now Dole says, "I did not expect to receive a phone call this morning, but I'm very pleased that we were in." Dole is safe—he won't be seen as too liberal. He will, despite his differences with the President, be seen as a crony. "I think America needs President Ford's leadership for four more years," he says. Then Laxalt makes some approving remarks ("I couldn't be more delighted than to hear the news"). And then they trot Rockefeller up to say something. This is really almost too much. Rockefeller seems hoarse, even for him, and he speaks slowly, in a low voice. "To me, this is a very important moment for every American and for the world," he says.

•

THE Alameda Plaza, Reagan's headquarters, has a funereal air this afternoon. Some staff members are quietly packing boxes. One woman watches them, disconsolately fingering a Reagan T-shirt. Another woman, speaking into a pay telephone, asks, with some desperation in her voice, "Are you *sure* he wouldn't take the Vice-Presidency? Can't we draft him? Are you *sure*?" (During the night, Reagan supporters, unable to accept final defeat, tried to work up a Reagan-for-Vice-President movement, but the Reagan camp refused to go along.) Still another young woman says to a friend, "This has been my life since October. I'd have done anything for him." This morning, Reagan bade farewell to his staff, and he and his wife—the utterly controlled Nancy Reagan—allowed tears to show. Clarke Reed turned up for the event and, looking almost distraught, said to Reagan that he now felt he had made "the worst mistake I ever made in my life." Reagan replied, "That's all right, Clarke." Mike Deaver remarked later, "At least he's consistent. Clarke makes the same mistake every eight years."

•

THE Reagan effort has left in place a movement, and a set of people—many of them young—who are

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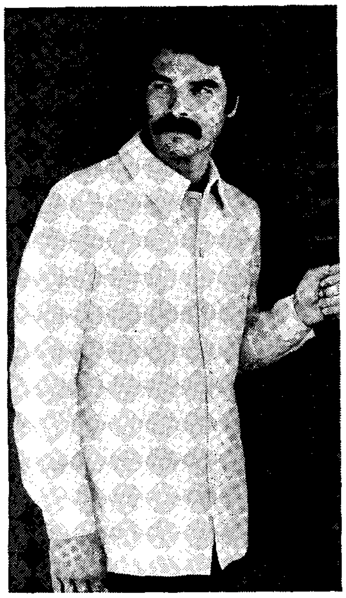
trained in politics and have contacts. They know their way around the political system very well. Today, David Keene has time for a leisurely lunch, so there is an opportunity to ask him some of the questions that have been on my mind—what some of the serious young conservatives think about where the country ought to head, and what the future of their movement is. (Keene would never admit it, but Reagan was more their instrument than their leader.) Keene, who is thirty-one, has headed the Young Americans for Freedom and has worked for Spiro Agnew and James Buckley. He is a blue-eyed, somewhat chunky, and utterly pleasant young man. The serious conservatives have their own problems with the know-nothings, with those who have an unnerving look in their eyes. And they are trying to build a movement that will not be captured by those people. "One of our problems is that we have a very weak bench," Keene says over lunch today. "Somebody has to develop as a new leader; there is a vacuum for somebody to fill. We don't know who it will be. The question is, Who shapes that leader?" And then he talks about the conservative movement. "It's a powerful and growing movement," he says. "Somebody will emerge."

I ask him why he thinks it is growing.

"Because the country is more conservative than it has been," he replies. "If we don't find a leader, we may get into conservatism without conservatives. Jerry Brown is not governing the way he is because he is conservative. He's governing the way he is because there is no choice. In many areas, we've reached the end of the string. The parameters within which leaders can function are much narrower than they used to be. We can't spend beyond our limits, but also you can slash only so much without getting thrown out on your ear."

I ask Keene what he thinks the most important questions before the country are.

"There are serious defense issues," he replies. "The liberal Democrats are willing to make significant concessions in the area of defense. We have to keep pushing that the country has to be stronger than the Soviet Union, and it has to demonstrate that it will not tolerate incursions on its vital interests. I know the argument that we have enough megatonnage to destroy the Soviet Union several times over. But the issue is not the megatonnage. It's whether or not it can be delivered, and



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the Soviet Union's guess as to, one, whether you can and, two, whether you would be willing to if you had to deliver it. The question of war and peace depends on what they think your capability and intentions are. The only way to stop the arms race is through a mutual determination to stop. If we express unilateral interest in stopping, they'll question our determination and intention to resist. You have to keep them on guard. Khrushchev went into Hungary because he knew we would not resist. He withdrew the missiles from Cuba because he became convinced we might resist. When you get to domestic questions, the Schweiker thing was actually very instructive. There was an Alabama delegate who, when Schweiker stressed his agreement with Reagan on abortion and gun control, said, 'These are all window-dressing issues. What about the economy?' The relative importance to conservatives of economic questions is why there was more outrage at the Schweiker choice than people expected. The picture of hardhats taking to the streets over abortion and gun control is misleading. Those issues aren't what people care about. What it really comes down to is the economic system and the theory that the government is too big. The things that thinking conservatives think about involve questions of economics and questions of freedom. They draw on the frustration in the country from the increasing feeling that people can't do anything about anything. I resist any attempt to put anyone new in any government program now—because they become locked in and lose their freedom to act independently and rationally. People do vote their immediate interests if they are great enough. If you're getting a check every month, it's pretty immediate. There are so many groups in our society that get checks—it's not one of them, it's all of them. They logroll, and that's why the problem exists all over. A President can get up and single some of them out as long as the group receiving the help doesn't have majority status—like the group receiving Social Security. Some defense interests have majority status, too—like the B-1 interests. A political leader can chip away, cut out a few, hold the line. That's what Reagan did in California. He could get his message across over the heads of the special interests. Getting your message across is what politics is all about."

I ask Keene what he would do about that segment of our society which is down and out.

"I have mixed feelings about that,"

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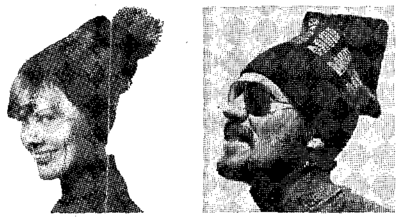

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he replies. "Milton Friedman's idea of providing a negative income tax is administratively cheaper than other schemes and avoids the problem of telling people what they have to do. But it doesn't solve the real problem; in fact, it may worsen it. It locks people in cycles. I don't buy the idea of an environment making it impossible for people to get out. Why do some get out? My dilemma is that just giving money does not solve the problem. The trouble may be that there is no solution. We may have to accept that in any society there are people who aren't going to make it, and you have to make sure that the opportunities are open and be willing to pay the price to maintain them." He points out that when Reagan was governor of California he scaled back the number of people who received welfare but that he also raised the amount that they received. And Keene would maintain a federal education program. He continues, "I think the City of New York could have gotten national support for everything it wanted if it had been willing to say, 'We made mistakes. We really screwed up. We don't know how to keep books.' If you say, 'Here are people who need help,' I don't know a significant society that will say no. A lot of it is a matter of approach. It's saying that versus saying, 'Here is a group that needs more and you should work harder to give it to them.' In that case, people would say, 'Out, fella.' "

I ask him whether he thinks a moderate can ever again be nominated by the Republican Party.

"I don't think so," he says. "Moderates constitute only twenty per cent of the Party. They would have to structure a special stance, and that would be difficult. Nixon tried to do that with the 1970 congressional elections"—when the Nixon White House tried to win what it called an "ideological majority" in the Senate, and the President himself campaigned on a "law-and-order" theme—"and the problem with that campaign was that it was a caricature of a conservative campaign. It was what people thought a conservative campaign would be. It would be like me trying to run a liberal campaign. I would structure it for what I thought a liberal campaign would be. One of the problems of the moderates is that they avoid any tough analysis of where they stand. And when they try to modify their stand and sound more conservative, it doesn't work. The main thing about politics is that people see people for what they are. I've read that Jerry Ford

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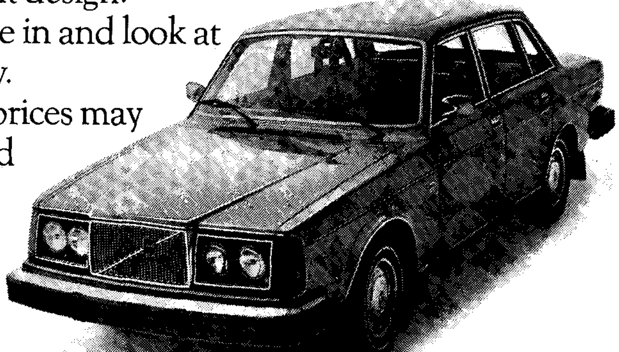

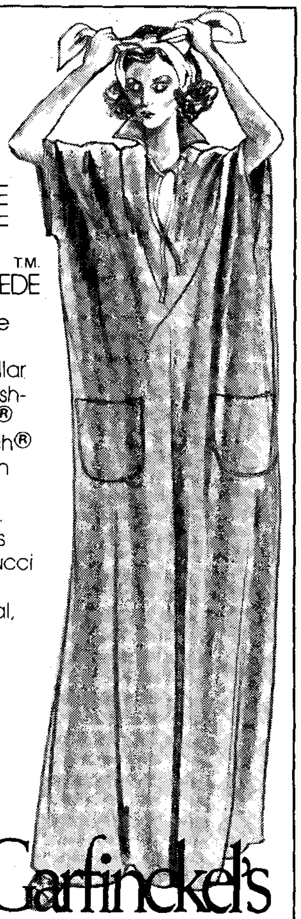

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has almost as big a public-relations staff as Richard Nixon had. He has television advisers, and people writing jokes for him and telling him how to walk and talk, and he's still Jerry Ford."

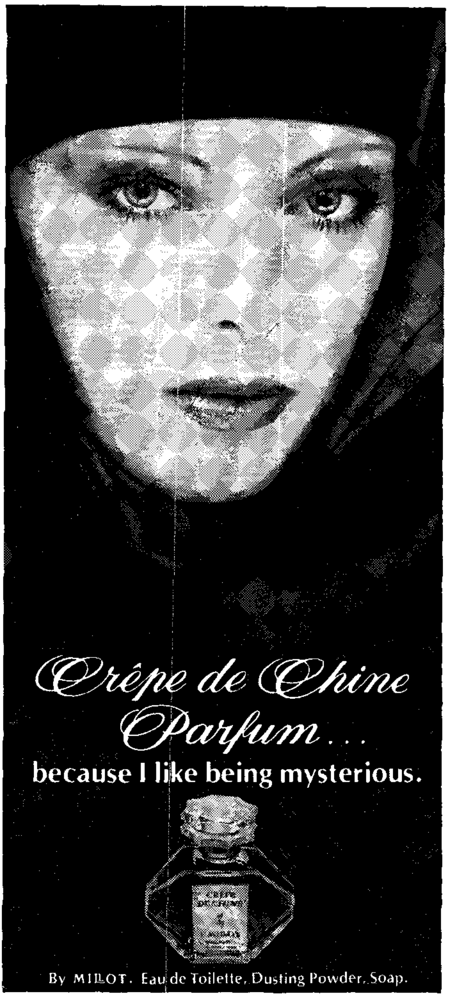
•

BACK at the Alameda Plaza, I see John Sears for a few moments. Another staff member has told me that late last night the imperturbable Sears, meeting with Reagan and other Reagan supporters, said, tears streaming down his face, "Governor, I wish I could have done more for you." Now Sears is composed but obviously tired. I put the question to him of whether a moderate can ever again win the Republican nomination. Sears, as usual, has his own way of seeing things. And what he sees may be quite ominous for our politics.

"It depends on what kind of person he is," he replies. "I don't think his philosophy matters that much. A man has to become popular enough. It doesn't much matter which philosophy he's tagged with. His constituency will follow. It does matter what sort of person he is. This country is devoid of heroes right now. If you have someone with the capacity for being one, he could take people with him."

•

INFORMATION is already coming to light about the way in which the President made his decision on his running mate, and much of it is troubling. In a briefing for the press on the subject this afternoon, White House aides explained that the President, after meeting with Reagan at 1:30 A.M., met with his own advisers from 3:15 to 5 A.M., and then, after sleeping about three hours, met with them again and selected Dole. That's no way to make such a decision, and it evokes unnerving memories. Meetings through the night. A principle: Leaders shouldn't make big decisions at all hours of the night. No one should, probably, but when political leaders do it, it can cause a good deal more trouble. Richard Nixon was up most of the night before he chose Spiro Agnew and, for that matter, George McGovern was up most of the night before he chose Thomas Eagleton. Richard Nixon chose Gerald Ford at dawn—his aides seemed to think it added drama to tell us that he had. Why didn't President Ford have a clearer idea about whom he would choose before he came to Kansas City? Why were he and his aides fumbling through the



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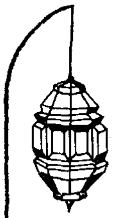

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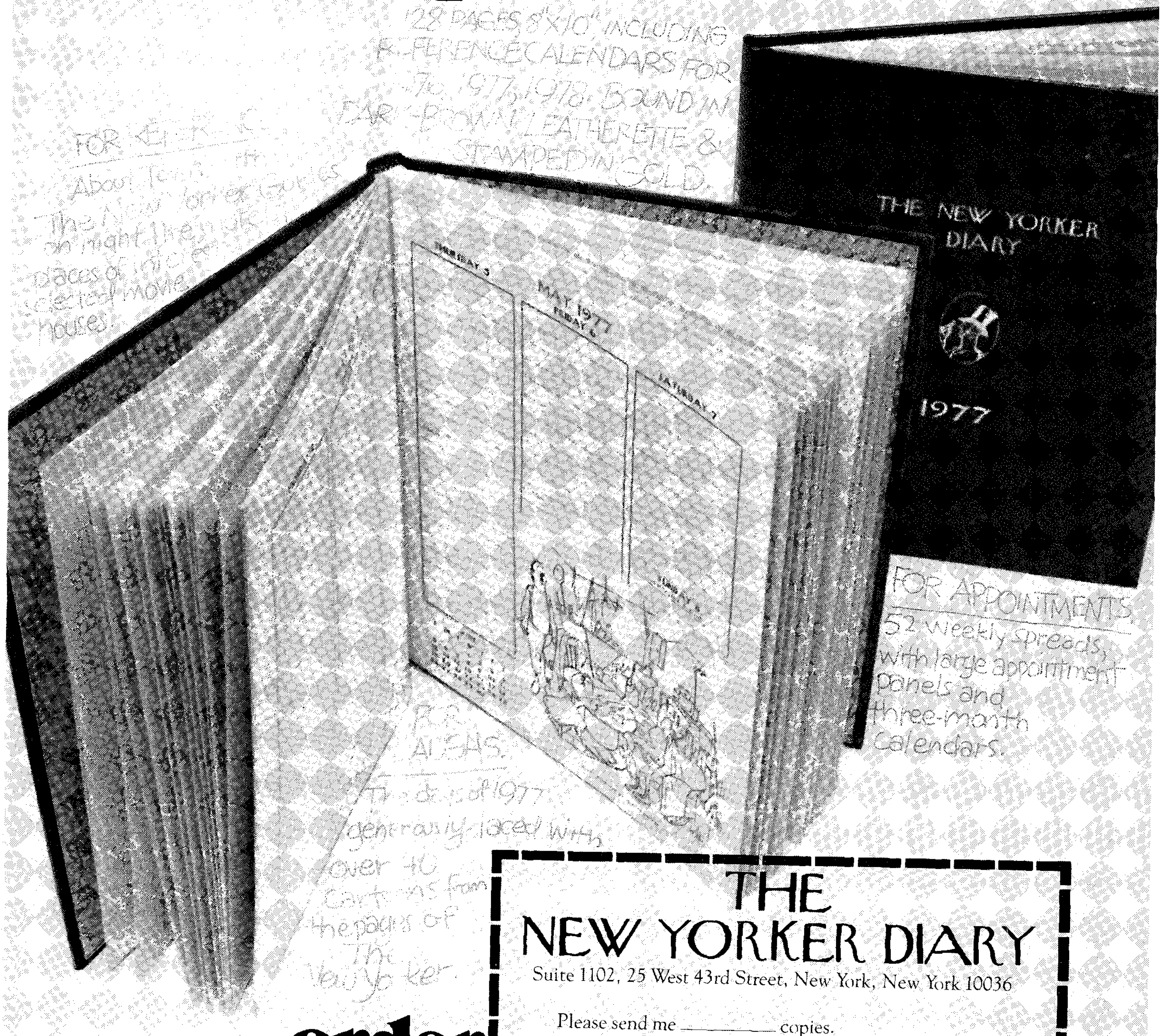

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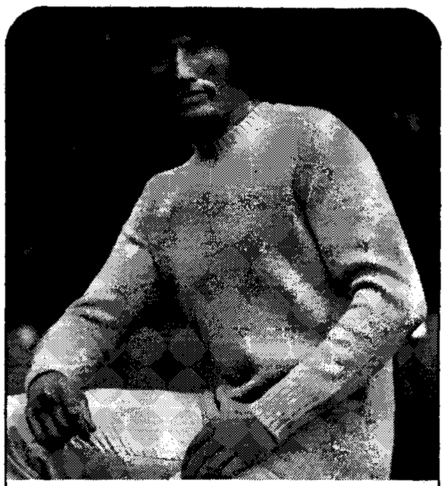

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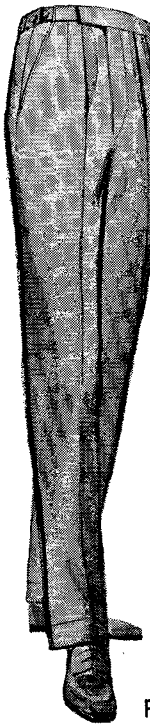

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night? And why, to take a lesser point, did they not consider how it would look if they fumbled through the night? From other sources, it was learned this afternoon that by last night a tentative decision had been made to select Ruckelshaus, but that Reagan, in his meeting with the President, declined to say that he would support that selection (even though Sears had considered Ruckelshaus as Reagan's running mate). A stipulation that Reagan set on the meeting between him and Ford was that Ford not ask him to run as Vice-President. This afternoon, White House aides said that, of six names that Ford and Reagan discussed last night, Dole was the one that Reagan spoke most highly of. That may be because before the meeting Lyn Nofziger, a friend of Dole's, asked Reagan to put in a good word for Dole. In fact, I'm told by someone close to Reagan that Dole was the only one Reagan spoke highly of, saying that Dole had impressed him as a good, nondivisive Party man. The others the President is said to have mentioned to Reagan were Rockefeller (whose withdrawal was real, the President assured Reagan), Elliot Richardson, Connally, Baker, and Ruckelshaus. There are two possibilities: that Reagan's kind words for Dole actually influenced the President, or that, as some think, the President wanted to select Dole, and Reagan's kind words gave him a good reason to do so. There are also reports that some of the leaders of Southern delegations opposed the selection of either Ruckelshaus or Howard Baker. Baker, though a Southerner, was not considered *of* the South. Poor Baker. He has wanted to be Vice-President since 1968. I remember the "Baker" buttons that appeared at the 1968 Convention in Miami Beach. Moreover, according to some Southerners, Baker's role in the Ervin committee hearings—the very role that was supposed to further Baker's career—caused some Southerners to hold him in low esteem. (During the hearings, Baker gave the appearance of opposing Nixon, though he did not oppose him as strenuously as it appeared to many.) It seems that as Ford went about choosing his Vice-President he was still playing Convention politics rather than considering the broader electorate to which he must appeal from here on out. This is a commentary not on Dole but on Ford. Moreover, it appears that he did not play Convention politics very skillfully. At least one Reagan aide was surprised that the President capitulat-

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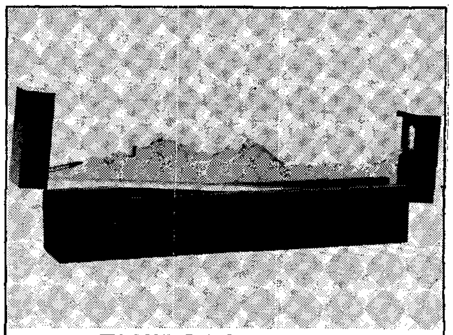

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ed before apparent opposition to Ruckelshaus, which in reality, the Reagan aide said, was not very strong. And even some of the President's lieutenants—those who were most familiar with the situation on the Convention floor—were miffed that they were not consulted on the question of the supposed difficulties that some choices would encounter. Today, Howard Baker told reporters, "If I ever run for national office again, it won't be for Vice-President."

•

ON the Convention floor tonight, I take my question about the future of the Republican Party to one other conservative. Weston Adams is a thirty-eight-year-old lawyer from Columbia, South Carolina, who is a former state legislator and a leader of the Republican Party in his state. I ask him about the future of the conservative movement. "We're not going to lose next time," he says. "Rockefeller and them have had their last fling. We've made contacts with conservatives in other delegations all week. We're going to create a network throughout the country, and we're going to use the Reagan organization as a conservative network. We're going to keep our lines of communication open. There are thousands of people who are activists, and millions who subscribe to the Reagan position. Next time, we'll control the Party. We made some mistakes this time, such as our failure to make more of a challenge in places like Ohio and Pennsylvania. We gave it away. Our goal will be to control a going party. The sentiment of this party is with Ronald Reagan. The professionals of this party were for Ford, but we're going to pull the conservative citizens into this movement. We're going to win next time. There is a conservative tide in this nation. We have not been able to find a handle on that yet. In the last three Republican Presidential nominations, the conservative position prevailed. Four years from now, the conservative position can prevail again, with a true conservative."

•

RONALD and Nancy Reagan enter the Convention hall, he in a dark-blue suit, she in white knit. It is like the entrance of royalty. Reagan is still a star, and suggests a dashing figure—at a distance—and his wife is a beautiful woman. As they stand up there in the gallery and wave, he looks very small—his head has always seemed sort of small, anyway. He looks good from where I am standing on the Conven-

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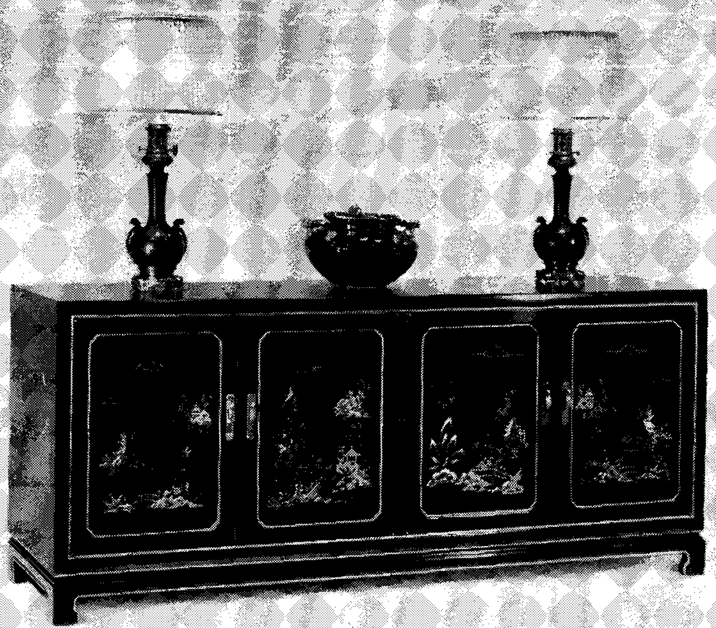

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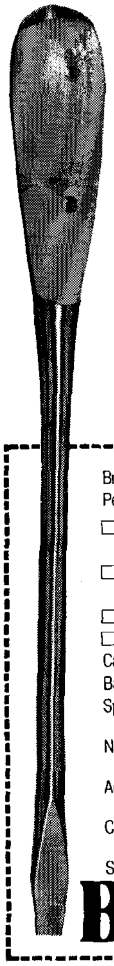

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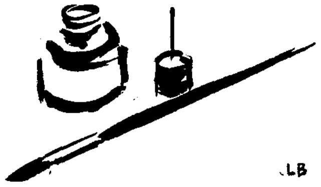
tion floor—handsome, if Reagan is your idea of handsome, with that open-mouthed, jaunty smile, head slightly tilted. As the Reagans wave to the cheering crowd, he seems to take on a benevolence—probably because he lost. But then one also considers that, though he waged a tough campaign, it was not really a mean one. A few of his followers wanted to exploit the race issue in the South, but his lieutenants did not permit it—nor did Reagan himself exploit the issue, beyond being critical of busing and welfare, as most politicians are these days. And he has shown a certain grace: he could have been more divisive, and he certainly had grounds for complaining, as he has not done, about the tactical advantages the President has enjoyed here. The audience increases its cheers, the emotions feeding on themselves and growing. The Reagans stand on the ledge of their glass-walled booth, holding hands. The crowd starts chanting "We want Reagan!" and the chant, too, feeds on itself and grows, and then, after a while, the band plays "God Bless America," and Ronald Reagan (in the end one inescapably thinks of him as the Gipper—George Gipp, the all-American football player he portrayed in the movies) and his wife stand and join the audience in singing the song that is intended to silence the cheers for him.



Dole's acceptance speech falls flat. He has no particular following in the Party and had no real reason to get a speech ready before today. (Mondale, aware that he was a finalist, got ready.) Besides, Dole just made a speech on Monday. But he does say something that expresses a side of him which is not so familiar but which he expressed in our conversation in May. "Let us not," he says, "define ourselves in terms of what we stand against but in terms of what we stand for." In his flat Kansas voice, he also says, "We have to free the free-enterprise system," and he attacks "more federal spending, more federal control over our private lives." But he does not attack Carter and Mondale, and that is wise under the circumstances; if he did, it would only solidify his reputation as a slasher. When he finishes, it seems that almost everyone on the Convention floor is silent—except the Kansas delegation.

Some Florida delegates are holding up a sign that says, "RON, WE ALMOST MADE IT."

Now Cary Grant is on the rostrum, making an embarrassing little speech in which he introduces Mrs. Ford. Cary Grant seems to have missed the point: he says that it would be good for women if there were "a further four years" of "pillow talk" in the White House between Betty Ford and her husband. The Ford strategists understand the impact of Mrs. Ford, and are using her tonight. "We've had a great Convention," she says. "And we are really going to go right down to November second and we're going to win this campaign." Then a Ford film is played. We are shown the President taking office just after Nixon departed; Ford did show good instincts and taste in those first days. Then we are shown the loneliness-of-the-Oval-Office shots—including a picture of the President leaning over a table, back to the camera, that is remarkably like the familiar picture of John Kennedy in the same pose. The narrator's voice, speaking about the Presidency, tells us, "Gerald Ford had been preparing for it for a lifetime." The voice tells us that he won an Eagle Scout badge and was captain of his high-school football team. This is a propaganda film—as was Carter's. Propaganda isn't new in our politics; it has just become more sophisticated. When Nixon used it, we were uncomfortable. Ford's benign quality excuses a lot. One of the photographs of President Ford and his staff was taken at the time of the Mayagüez incident, but the voice doesn't tell us that. Those celebratory pictures after that questionable venture always struck me as somewhat embarrassing. The film shows scenes intended to depict the President as a nice man: there is a scene from New Hampshire—I remember the occasion—in which the President engagingly responds to harsh questioning by a representative of the People's Bicentennial Commission. The film shows several scenes of the family. The Ford children are about the most attractive ones in public life in memory. Their healthy, wholesome, and natural appearance and obviously genuine affection for their parents do reflect well on the President—and his advisers are making political use of that. First families—an odd term in a democracy, now that one thinks about it—are fair game as instruments for political managers. And the Carters do not hesitate to use Amy. In the film, the President's children convey the idea that their father is a nice man whom we can trust. This is, in effect, Ford's "issue," more than

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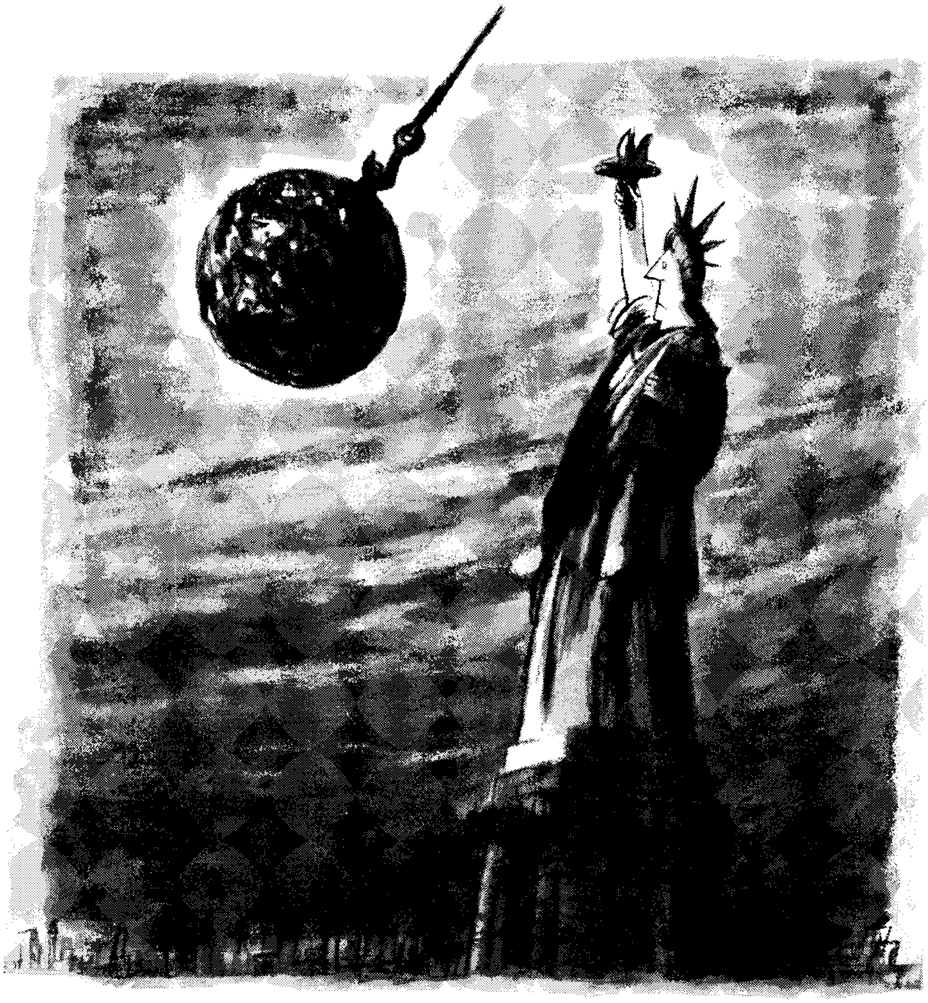

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These things we have kept intact, undiminished, perhaps throbbing with an even greater vitality. But something new has been added. Our diversity, our ethnic and economic variety is beginning to play a new role. The walls are coming down. However slowly, we are moving from existing with each other to living with each other. Who knows, some day we may even remove the word "they" from our vocabulary and replace it with "we." You can never tell. Now, at least, we can hope. We know each other a little better. And that can make our diversity and variety work. It can turn us from just a colorful, vital, but torn city into an enduring metropolis of unprecedented strength.

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what we usually think of as issues. Making that an issue is not a Ford invention; it was Eisenhower's issue, too. But because we have been through what we have been through, a President's character and even his personality have a particular cutting edge as issues this year. That's fortunate for Ford, because it is a more effective issue for him than his governance is.

The film ends, and the President comes to the rostrum, waving. He looks good. One can almost feel his position in the polls going up as he stands there. The band plays the Michigan song and then "Hallelujah." At last, Gerald Ford has been legitimatized. It is still an accident that he is standing there, but this Convention—though almost half of it preferred someone else—has now ratified his accession. The President looks like a Midwestern banker, in his dark three-piece suit—strangely old-fashioned. The lift of this moment will undoubtedly be washed away. It is one of the best kinds of moments a politician ever has. Ford also had a high moment when he was sworn in as Vice-President, and then again as President, and those were washed away. There was opposition to Ruckelshaus, and Ford caved. He does that too much. He is still the congressional leader, influenced, as congressional leaders tend to be, by colleagues they are ostensibly leading. "We concede not a single state," the President says in his speech. "We concede not a single vote." He has to rally his troops. "America is at peace," he says. Never mind the details. "This nation is sound; this nation is secure, this nation is on the march to full economic recovery and a better quality of life for *all* Americans." He says, "This year the issues are on our side," and he says that he will debate Jimmy Carter. Whether or not he should do this has been disputed among his staff. The crowd chants "We want Ford!" The political figure arousing crowds—that can be a neutral thing or a bad thing. He attacks Congress—always a useful target—and he gets applause. "After the scrimmages of the past few months," he says, "it really feels good to have Ron Reagan on the same side of the line." Reagan waves from his glass-enclosed aerie, and then clasps his hands over his head. "You are the people who pay the taxes and obey the laws," the President says, and he adds, "It is from your ranks that I come and on your side I stand." He allies himself with the plain people—politicians like to do that. Carter does it, too. "Something wonderful happened to this coun-

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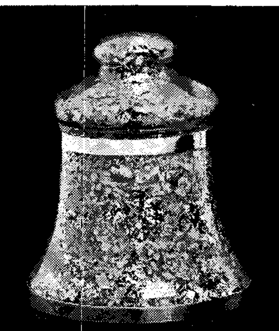

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try of ours the past two years. . . . We all came to realize that on the Fourth of July," Ford says. He's right. The Fourth did feel like a turning point. Gerald Ford is a Fourth of July figure. Ford lists the troubles we have seen, including "wrongdoing in high places." He might as well recognize that. He even goes on to say, "I have been called an unelected President, an accidental President." He says that for him the Vice-Presidency and the Presidency "were not prizes to be won but a duty to be done." He is carrying the sacrifice point a little far. He recalls August 9, 1974, when he assumed the office of President. He quotes himself saying then, "Our long national nightmare is over." He is milking that successful moment. "On that dark day, I told my fellow-countrymen . . ." He is Winston Churchill. But then he says, "On balance, America and Americans have made an incredible comeback since August, 1974," which is undeniable. He says he has stood "against the big tax spender and for the little taxpayer." The speech is a bit circular. He talks about busing—can't avoid exploiting the subject. He becomes Harry Truman now, lambasting Congress again and again.

It's not really an inspiring speech, and it does not convey real thought; nor does he deal with very many of the hard questions. But his delivery is better than I have ever heard it before, and one starts almost unconsciously pulling for him—hoping he'll get through it without stumbling or committing some gaffe. He no longer engages in that exaggerated raising and dropping of the voice that I heard in New Hampshire. He and his aides knew that this would be an important speech, and have worked and worked on it. He practiced it three or four times on a videotape machine. His staff made sure that there were no convoluted sentences in it that would give him difficulty. An acceptance speech is only a speech, but all nominees consider it of monumental importance. The speech is to inspirit the audience at the Convention, and, more important, it is a rare opportunity to present oneself on one's own terms to a national television audience. It is one time that a candidate can give a speech on television without having to buy the time—and with a cheering audience as a prop.

"My record is one of specifics, not smiles," Ford says, to big cheers and applause. The Presidential seal is on the rostrum; the travelling Presidential seal that was in New Hampshire in February is now here. He promises a

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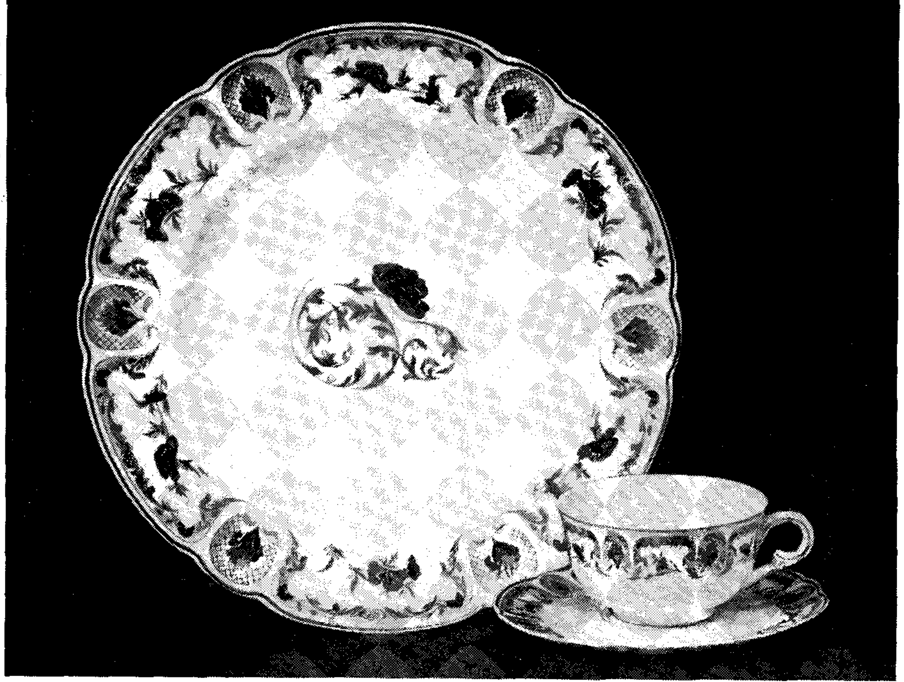

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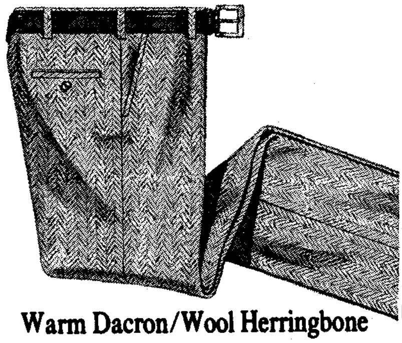

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balanced budget by 1978. Unlikely. The current deficit is almost fifty billion dollars. "We will return control of our children's education to parents and local school authorities," he says. Big cheers. He got the message from Ronald Reagan—a line to that effect became Reagan's best applause line—and from what happened in the platform committee. He is a politician not leading but bending—bending to popular passions. Most do; Carter does. The question, again, is one of degree. Ford's benign presence provides a soothing cover for his policies, which are so hurtful to so many citizens—which leave them with little hope. He has purchased a reduction in inflation (which is still high) at a terrible cost in unemployment. Our current domestic tranquillity is probably deceptive. As it was under Eisenhower. Now, addressing himself to the farm vote, Ford says, "There will be no embargoes." He acknowledges that he trails Carter in the polls, and then he predicts that the American people are going to say, "Jerry, you've done a good job; keep right on doing it." He concludes, "My fellow-Americans, I like what I see. I have no fear for the future of this great country. . . . God helping me, I won't let you down." A pedestrian speech, but at least it wasn't hokey—no listening to Conventions on radios attached to car batteries, or to train whistles in the night. And his delivery put it across.

Then Jerry and Betty stand arm in arm, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd. Rockefeller and Dole join them. Again, the joint presence of the current Vice-President and his would-be replacement seems a bit awkward. Then just the Doles and the Fords stand there, and the band plays "Marching Along Together." Manny Harmon is literal. Now balloons rise from behind the rostrum. And then Ford crooks his arm and beckons Reagan to the rostrum. There has been a question all night as to whether Reagan would make some remarks to the Convention. The President's aides were reluctant to have him do so before the President spoke, in order to be sure that Reagan did not cause the President to suffer by contrast either in their styles of speaking or in their capacities for evoking passion from the crowd. As Reagan and his wife reach the rostrum, the cheers seem louder than they were for Ford. The President invites Reagan to say a few words. Reagan must, of course, return Ford's graciousness, and this will help Ford. But Reagan seems to rise to the occa-

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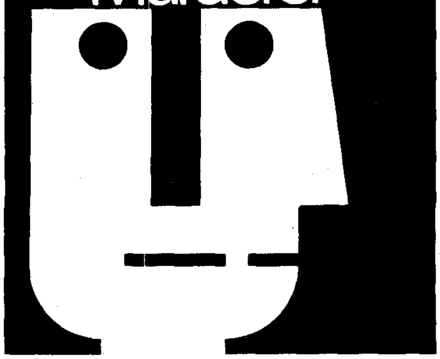

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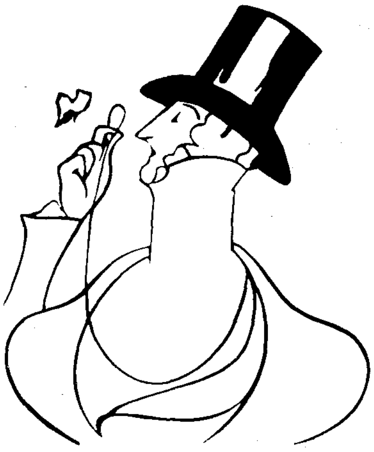

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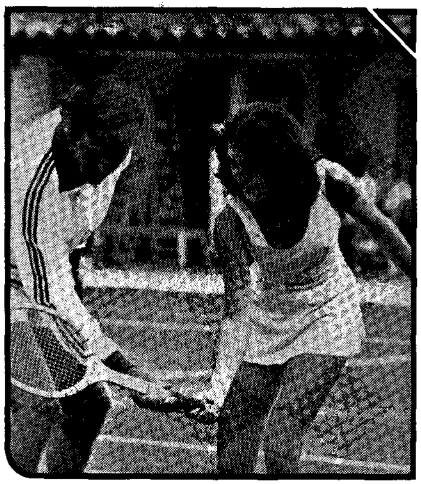

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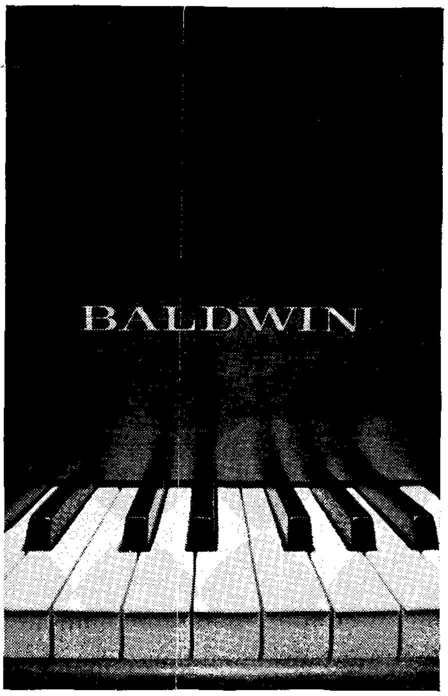
sion, just as the President has done. He, too, speaks more effectively than I have ever before heard him speak. Proceeding without notes, he moves unhesitatingly through what might be a little acceptance speech. He thanks the President for the grace with which Ford greeted Nancy Reagan at some point during the week (the papers reported an incident in which Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Reagan passed without speaking), and Reagan seems to be just as grateful for the courtesy to his wife as he says he is. "You . . . filled my heart with joy when you did that," he says. It is a very human moment. Then he talks about the platform. It is more his platform than Ford's, and he seems to be rubbing that in. "I believe the Republican Party has a platform that is a banner of bold, unmistakable colors *with no pale, pastel shades*," he says. Those are the same phrases he used when I heard him speak in Cincinnati in June, as he rallied the faithful and inveighed against compromise. Then he chose Schweiker. Now he is reclaiming his credentials as the conscience and spokesman of the conservatives. He needs those credentials. He has a career as a conservative columnist and commentator to resume. Then he talks, Reagan-like, about having been asked to write a letter for a time capsule that will be opened in Los Angeles a hundred years from now, during our Tricentennial. Reagan likes to speak in little anecdotes. This one brings to mind the Centennial safe that Ford opened in July; someone was bound to think of something like that for this year. And, Reagan-like, he warns of "the erosion of freedom that has taken place under Democrat rule in this country" and of the "horrible missiles of destruction" that the great powers have poised at each other, and he says, Reagan-like, "And suddenly it dawned on me: those who would read this letter a hundred years from now will know whether those missiles were fired." The Convention is utterly still as he speaks. And he concludes, quoting Douglas MacArthur, "There is no substitute for victory." He ought to know. And then Ron and Jerry—the nice guys—wave. They fought each other doggedly all year and, in the process, developed a strange sort of symbiosis: each needed the other tonight. Reagan backs off the stage, waving—the band plays "California, Here I Come"—and he is gone. Gerald Ford stands there, waving and smiling. —ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)



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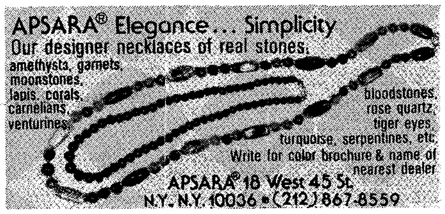

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THE RACE TRACK

Man o' War Surprises

LOOKING back, I can't recall a race all season that had more surprises—with a dead heat and a disqualification thrown in for good measure—than the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park on Columbus Day. Ogden Phipps' Effervescing, coming down the short homestretch like a runaway boxcar, won it by a length and a quarter from Banghi, with Crackle, Erwin Boy, Rouge Sang, and Kamaraan II so close behind that only the photo-finish camera could split them. This was the first time Phipps had won the race, and it was a nice score for John Russell, who trained the good-looking chestnut three-year-old by Le Fabuleux out of Sparkling, by Bold Ruler. Thirteen ran for the Man o' War, and Crackle, an American-bred who raced in France last summer, led to the turn into the stretch, where Effervescing headed him and went on. It is hard to say where Erwin Boy, running as he did last summer—when he won four straight on the grass—might have finished if Crackle hadn't shut him off and knocked him back as they turned for home. The numbers of the first three were hardly up when the objection sign flashed on the odds board, and the interference was so obvious that the stewards spent little time deliberating before they ordered Crackle's number down, moving Erwin Boy and Rouge Sang, who had finished in a dead heat, into third place. There was a louder murmur of surprise than usual when the payoffs flashed on the odds board—Effervescing $50.40 straight, $23.40 place, $9.80 show, and Banghi $44.80 place, $15.20 show. Wrong Horse Harry says that if you'd driven up to any betting shop in Connecticut you'd have found that it paid $84.80, $36, and $19.40 on Effervescing and $48 and $21 on Banghi. The reason for this, of course, is that Connecticut has its own mutuel pools, the payoffs depending on the amounts bet on each horse.

Whittingham said that the rain-soaked turf was just too much for Caucasus, who went to the post favored at 9–5 on the strength of his impressive gallop in the Manhattan Handicap. Toro, who rode him, said that the colt was constantly changing his stride. He finished tenth. Dahlia, who was eighth, might have been closer if she had had more racing room at one stage. Both will have a go at the Canadian International Championship at Toronto's Woodbine this weekend. Maurice Zilber, who trained Dahlia for Nelson Bunker Hunt before Whittingham got her, brought over Mr. Hunt's Empery, the winner of England's Derby Stakes last June, for the Man o' War, but the colt had a rough time the three days he spent at the United States quarantine station at Clifton, New Jersey—Zilber says he lost fifty pounds—and the trainer declared him out of the race. For years, owners and trainers have complained about conditions at the Jersey quarantine station, which they say are too bad for polite words, but nobody has done anything about it. If Empery comes to hand, he will run in the $100,000 Oak Tree Invitational at Santa Anita this weekend.

HOW good is Seattle Slew? That's what horse-watchers, including this slave of the tube, asked themselves as the sleek dark-bay colt strolled down the stretch ahead by nearly ten lengths in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. For the Moment, generally looked on as the best two-year-old out this season, led Sail to Rome and seven other runners, who might as well have stood in their stalls. It was a procession, the only high moment coming when For the Moment got within almost a length of Seattle Slew. It was just about a month ago that Seattle Slew made his first start, in a race at Belmont for maidens at six furlongs, and he won it by five lengths, in 1:10⅕. In his second, at seven furlongs, he was last out of the gate but won as effortlessly, by three and a half lengths, in 1:22. No wonder he was the favorite over For the Moment in the Champagne, and he led all the way to win in 1:34⅖—the fastest running since the distance of the race was increased to a mile. It is some time since I have seen a colt with such high early speed, and on the record he can carry it for a mile. I understand that his next stop will be in the Laurel Futurity, at a mile and a sixteenth, on the thirtieth, in which he might meet For the Moment again. After that, he will go to Florida.

Seattle Slew, whose share of the Champagne purse was $82,350, was bought as a yearling for $17,500 at Fasig-Tipton's Kentucky yearling sale by Mickey Taylor, a lumberman who lives in White Swan, Washington, and his wife, Karen (in whose colors the

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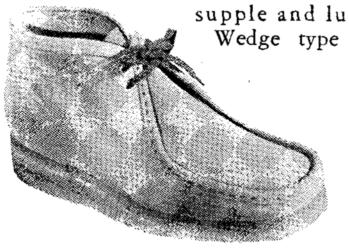

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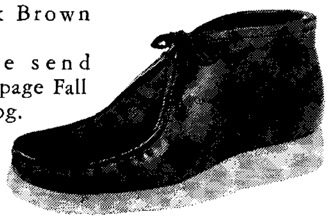

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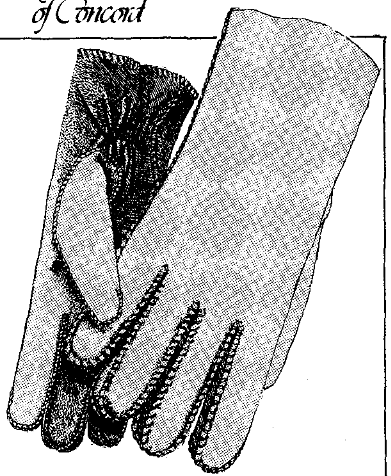

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colt runs). His trainer is Bill Turner, an able young horseman who used to be a jumping-race rider and is still remembered in Maryland. If you want to know how the colt got his name, it seems that when he was unloaded from the van that brought him from Seattle, he didn't move so good, as horsemen put it, and someone in the crowd said to Taylor, "Where did you get that slew-footed so-and-so?" He moves better now.

JUST an old traditionalist, I was a bit shocked when the distance of the Jockey Club Gold Cup was reduced from two miles, which it had been for fifty-five years, to a mile and a half, which it will be this weekend. I know that it is not easy to train a horse to win at two miles, and there are not many horsemen around who can do it, but I hope the change is not permanent. I suppose the N.Y.R.A. increased the added money to $300,000—making it the richest race in the country east of California—to get a big field. It won't be, for a number of reasons. I'll settle for one—Forego. Best of luck to him. —AUDAX MINOR

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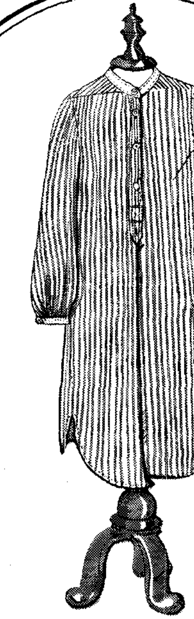

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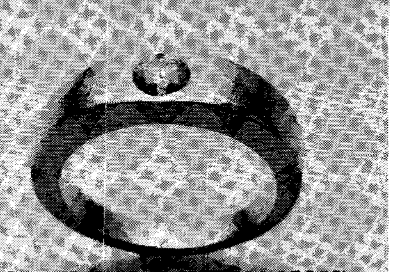

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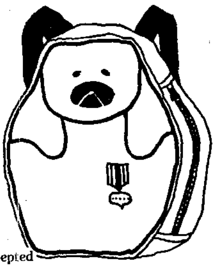

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Atlantic Overtures

LAST month, in London, the English Music Theatre Company, which looks to the achievements of the late Walter Felsenstein at the Komische Oper in East Berlin as "a beacon for the rest of us to follow," was at Sadler's Wells, playing its current repertory of six productions. The Royal Opera, at Covent Garden, was playing two cycles of a "Ring" directed by Götz Friedrich, one of Felsenstein's two principal disciples; the English National Opera, at the Coliseum, was playing a "Salome" directed by Joachim Herz, the other of them (in addition to "Tosca," "The Magic Flute," "Poppea," and new productions of Smetana's "Dalibor" and of "Don Giovanni"). In Cardiff, which is now less than two hours from London by British Rail's high-speed trains, the Welsh National Opera's autumn season included new productions of Michael Tippett's "The Midsummer Marriage" and of "Orphée aux Enfers," together with four other pieces, among them a Mussorgsky "Boris," that should have been revivals but were in effect new productions, too, since most of the company's décor had gone up in smoke a month before the season began. Glyndebourne and Scottish Opera were both on tour up and down the country, the latter with Thomas Wilson's new "Confessions of a Justified Sinner" and a new production of "Macbeth," conducted by James Conlon. All these companies, with the exception of the Royal Opera, tour widely. Leeds, for example, gets a week of Scottish Opera in September, a week of English Music Theatre in October, and a week of Welsh National Opera in November; earlier this year the English National played "The Ring" and three other operas there—nineteen different productions in all, in a city the size of Atlanta.

The English Music Theatre Company, whose artistic directors are Colin Graham and Steuart Bedford, is a successor to the English Opera Group, founded in 1947 by Benjamin Britten and others to promote a less cumbersome, less costly, and more adventurous kind of opera than that provided by large traditional houses. It differs from the E.O.G. in employing more singers—some fifty of them—and engaging them on a year-round basis. The company, which made its début in April, will by the end of the year have given nearly a hundred performances, in thirty different towns. The repertory to date contains one work from the eighteenth century (Mozart's "La Finta Giardiniera"), one from the nineteenth (Rossini's "La Cenerentola"), and four from the twentieth (two "classics," Britten's "The Turn of the Screw" and Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera;" the first stage revival of Britten's early operetta "Paul Bunyan;" and a brand-new commission, Stephen Oliver's "Tom Jones").

"Paul Bunyan," which was first performed in 1941 at Columbia University, is an opera about America by two Englishmen, Britten and Auden. It opens in virgin forest, plays in a lumber camp, and closes "as the frontier closes,/Gone the natural disciplines/And the life of choice begins." The theme is responsibility. It's easy to be honest, industrious, coöperative, social when you're a band of brothers together, taming nature; "pioneer" virtues are put to the test once pioneering days are done. The camp cook goes off to manage a mid-Manhattan hotel, the foreman to public-works administration in Washington, and the bookkeeper to be technical adviser for a Hollywood movie about logging, and the opera ends with a litany: "From a Pressure Group that says I am the Constitution . . . From a Tolerance that is really inertia and delusion . . . From the theology of plumbers or the medical profession, From depending on alcohol for self-respect and self-possession, Save animals and men." Once, it was men united in the struggle against nature; now is it to be every man for himself, or man working for men? "Paul Bunyan," written at the same time that Orwell, in wartime England, was writing "The Lion and the Unicorn," is a deeply serious work treated with a light touch that justifies the authors' calling it an operetta. On the surface, it is an idyll. The music is deft, charming,

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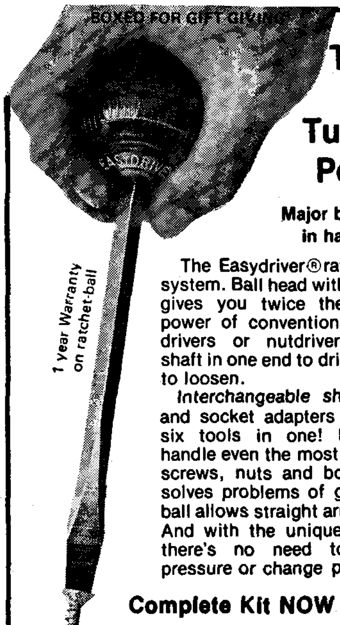

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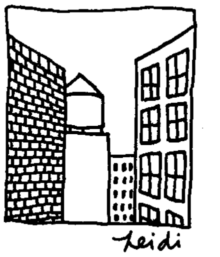
filled with captivating tunes; it displays Britten's genius for drawing sonority from a small orchestra, and often adumbrates (in threnody, ballad, and dapper ensemble) his later compositions. The libretto is lightly strung, elliptical, understated, as revuelike in structure as "The Dog Beneath the Skin." The lack of a clear plot and the conceits of leaving Paul as an off-stage voice (but how could one represent onstage a folk hero as tall as the Empire State Building?) and of using Fido, Moppet, and Poppet, a dog and two cats, as commentators may have helped to keep "Paul Bunyan" in obscurity for thirty-five years. But it was a happy Bicentennial revival; its attractions far outweigh the structural weaknesses. The British performance was lively but uncommitted; the subject matter is exotic there. It remains to see whether American productions (one is due next April at the Manhattan School of Music) can make the political and national points without losing the lightness.

Stephen Oliver, the composer of "Tom Jones," came to attention when his ninth opera, "The Duchess of Malfi," was done by the Oxford University Opera Club five years ago. He was twenty-one. "Tom Jones" is his twenty-second opera; few composers since Rossini (who had written most of his operas before he turned twenty-seven) have been so prolific so young. In "Malfi," Oliver himself sang a leading role, Bosola; for "Tom Jones," he wrote his own libretto, a trim, clever piece of work. The three acts are set in Somerset, the inn at Upton, and London. The "many strange accidents" at the inn provide, for the second act, an extended finale of the kind Lorenzo Da Ponte prescribed: "Everybody sings, and every form of singing must be available—the adagio, the allegro, the andante, the intimate, the harmonious, and then—noise, noise, noise, for the finale almost always closes in an uproar. . . . The finale must produce on the stage every singer of the cast, be there three hundred of them . . . and they must have solos, duets, terzets, sextets, thirteenets, sixtyets; and if the plot of the drama does not permit, the poet must find a way to make it permit, in the face of reason, good sense, Aristotle, and all the powers of heaven or earth." The plot of "Tom Jones" does permit, and Oliver seizes all his chances. Coleridge deemed "Oedipus Rex," "The Alchemist," and "Tom Jones" "the three most perfect plots ever planned." Fielding himself stands by in his novel, expounding his Pelagian ethic, demonstrating his careful plan, drawing the reader's attention to the concinnity of incidents hundreds of pages apart. Hardly possible in an opera—so for the Olympian voice of the novelist Oliver has substituted the Olympians themselves: Jove doubles with Squire Allworthy, Juno with Lady Bellaston, etc. Things begin, Monteverdi fashion, with a divine council: man's virtue is to be put to the test. The device works neatly. The score is a high-spirited amalgam to which Monteverdi, Handel, Mozart, Britten, and Stravinsky have made large contributions. There is rather too much busy scherzando music for my taste, too much ready pastiche, too little lyricism. For all that, "Tom Jones" is a cunningly wrought, lively, and highly intelligent diversion. Oliver has a well-stocked and witty mind, copious technical resource, theatre flair, and uncommon skill in writing for particular forces in hand. It was a pleasure to be entertained by someone so confident and so bright.



Mozart was younger, eighteen, when he composed "La Finta Giardiniera." It is an opera constructed as Haydn's comedies are: a long sequence of beautiful, delicately worked arias in many veins, spun on a thread of amorous intrigues and mistaken identities, with elaborate, extended finales to the first two acts. For the E.M.T.C., Edmund Tracey had provided a crisp new English translation and Colin Graham's production of the piece was the best I have encountered. Since outside festival conditions some abridgment is inevitable, he removed five of the twenty-eight numbers, but he left the others largely intact; his staging was founded not on funny "business" but on patterns of human behavior observed with an amused and accurate eye—and with an ear tuned to Mozart's genius for revealing character in the turn of a phrase or the twist of a harmony. And so even this piece of eighteenth-century artifice became "music theatre," faithful to Felsenstein's precept that "the performer must not give the effect of being an instrument or a component part of already existing music, or a marionette manipulated by the music, but that of being its creative fashioner." Felsenstein's achievements in Berlin, as Graham remarked in a program note, were supported by almost unlimited time and money. The English Music Theatre received only four hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds from the Arts Council for its first year's activity; its stagings were simple, economical, and resourceful. Graham and Bedford have molded a team of talented young musicians into a real company.

JOACHIM HERZ and Götz Friedrich, who have divided Felsenstein's mantle between them, are very different kinds of director. Put simply, Herz never seems to get in the way of the work and its performers, while Friedrich makes both the work and its performers subordinate to his own emphatic commentary on what he believes the piece in question can be made to mean. Music theatre, Herz wrote in 1960, "opposes the concept of the star stage director. Rather, it establishes the thinking, performing artist who transforms himself into the character he portrays; to him the stage director is only a helper, a mirror to tell him whether his interpretation is sufficiently clear and intelligible to the spectator, an arranger and coördinator who sees the individual in relation to the total effect and puts the details together into a harmonious entity." In this sense Herz has directed "Salome" for the English National Opera, and drawn most arresting performances from those thinking artists Josephine Barstow (Salome), Norman Welsby (Jokanaan), Emile Belcourt (Herod), and Elizabeth Connell (Herodias). It is a very detailed production—in addition to the seventeen singing roles, some forty other characters are individualized and named in the program—and yet "a harmonious entity" that never leads the eye, and therefore the ear, away from *Hauptstimme* at any particular moment. "The main tower of strength in our work," Herz also wrote, "is the conductor. It is in his hands to determine whether the performance will or will not be music theatre, and the most beautiful stage direction comes to naught if he has not made the conception his own." At the Coliseum, the young Mark Elder was such a tower of strength; I have never heard the score more eloquently played.

I SHOULD like to see Herz's production of "The Ring," in Leipzig. Friedrich's, at Covent Garden, is the latest in the current series of fashionable, extravagant, perverse "glosses" that diminish the scope and stature of

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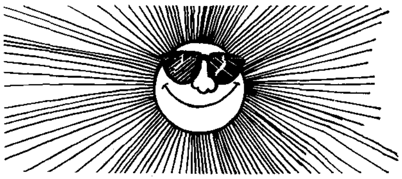

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the work by contradicting its composer's clearly expressed intentions. Friedrich began with "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" in 1974, added "Siegfried" last year, and this year "Götterdämmerung." The setting, designed by Josef Svoboda, is a very large square platform that can rise, revolve, and tilt at any angle, around a central support. Its underside is mirrored; the Rhinebed and Nibelheim's depths are seen in reflection from deep pits below the stage. The top surface is louvred; at the flick of a switch a steep ramp can become one of Svoboda's favorite giant staircases. Gunther's palace is made of Plexiglas panels, and in "Götterdämmerung" huge square lenses hang down, so that the faces of characters behind them can appear in magnified closeup. It is a vastly impressive piece of stage machinery; although the full figures have not yet been published, the cost of the production is commonly reckoned at about a quarter of a million pounds. The Gods are portrayed as a gang of seedy, white-faced, white-robed clowns. (Wotan's face is painted half white, half black, to indicate his split personality.) Froh is a finicky queen, Donner a fuddy-duddy, and Loge a hippie houseboy. The Giants jig through a Tweedledum-Tweedledee comedy routine during Fasolt's "Sanft schloss Schlaf dein Aug'." Siegmund is a shaggy beatnik. The Valkyries are dressed as birds of prey. Black and silver are the dominant colors. Of nature, the constant background to Wagner's drama, there is no trace.

Thousands of words have been written about Friedrich's intentions. In a hundred or two, let me declare them most unmusical. Curtain-rise is invariably composed into Wagner's score, and in every scene Friedrich begins shaping the visual pictures too soon. Even the start of it all, a hundred and twenty-five measures of E flat welling up in darkness before the Rhine becomes visible—one of the high inspirations of music theatre—he makes the accompaniment to a light show and a spinning platform. The preludes to Acts I and III of "Die Walküre" and the Rhine Journey he sets as pantomimes; conversely, he ignores Wagner's careful scenario for the start of the Funeral March. In the prologue of "Götterdämmerung" Wagner wrote a radiant, striding entry for Brünnhilde and Siegfried; Friedrich reveals the pair lying on the ground in an amorous clinch. Lest anyone forget that Hagen broods about obtaining the ring, Friedrich leaves him onstage, a brood-

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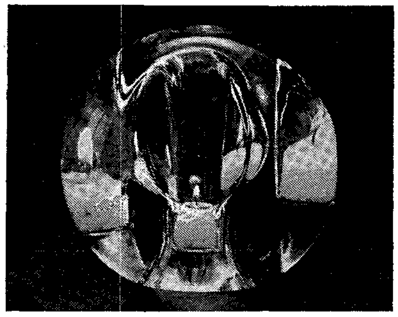

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ing excrescence, during Brünnhilde's dialogues with Waltraute and with Siegfried-as-Gunther. There are some high theatre-strokes in the production, but, one after another, the big, important symbolic actions—Alberich's rape of gold, the shattering of sword upon spear—are muffed. What Wagner "meant" by the end of "Götterdämmerung" has often been argued, but all agree that it is something serious, important—all except Friedrich, who closes the cycle with the bare wooden platform under working light, as if to say, "Never mind what tremendous things the music is expounding; it was only a play." A cast of well-known Wagnerians—among them Berit Lindholm, Marita Napier, Josephine Veasey, Yvonne Minton, René Kollo, Peter Hofmann, Jean Cox, Donald McIntyre, Norman Bailey—is constricted, not inspired, by the tight, dictatorial direction. On the credit side, Colin Davis, conducting, flowered this year into a "Ring" interpreter who is passionate but not frenzied, sets natural-seeming tempi, and supports the singers without driving them.

THE Covent Garden "Ring" was carefully prepared, and its performances occupied the company's undivided attention for more than three weeks. Two weeks later, the "regular" season was due to begin with a revival of "Macbeth," joined two weeks after that by a revival of "Così Fan Tutte." This represents the *stagione* system in action—amply rehearsed runs of each opera, with a stable cast—at which James Levine has recently been turning an envious eye. (But Covent Garden seems to be carrying it to extremes this season: for eight weeks in December and January only three operas are billed, two of them with José Carreras as hero; then for two weeks there is no opera, only ballet, while Friedrich rehearses his new "Freischütz.") Given artists of equal prowess—and between Covent Garden and Metropolitan casting there is probably little to choose now—*stagione* yields a different and, I believe, superior kind of performance. The New York repertory system affords more variety. But it can scarcely be possible for any regular working company, however efficient, to bring five different operas up to a very high performance level for presentation on five consecutive days. (That is how the Metropolitan season opened last week.) Or for any orchestra to give of its best when it must play both the five-and-a-quarter-hour "Meistersinger" and an-

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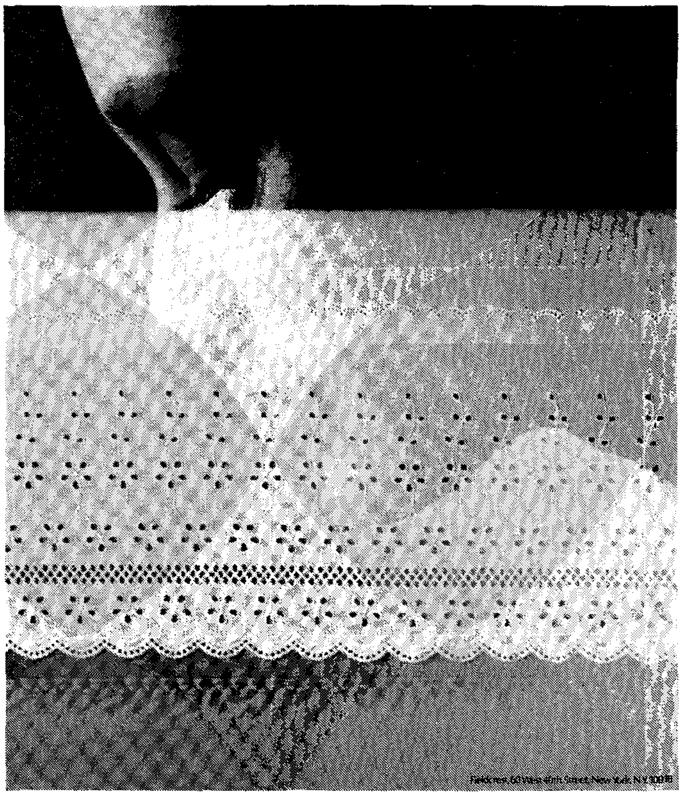

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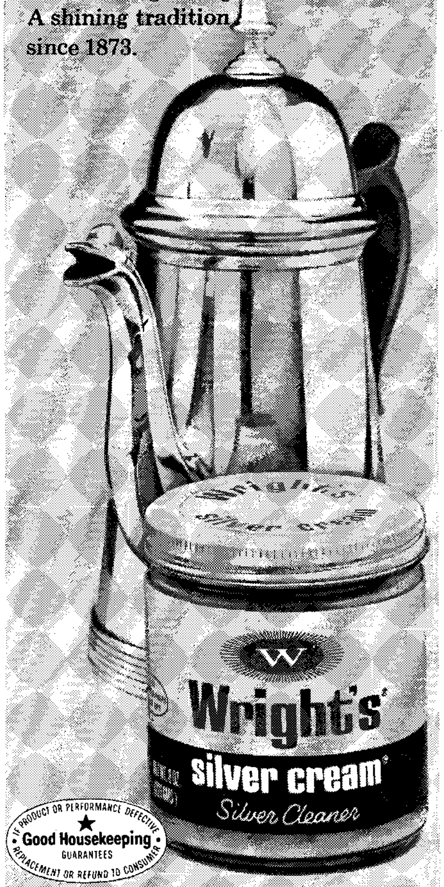

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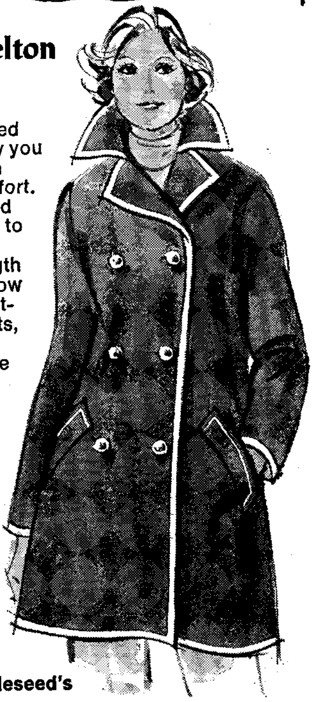

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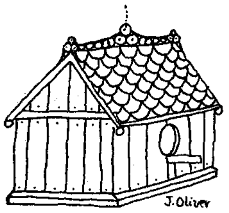
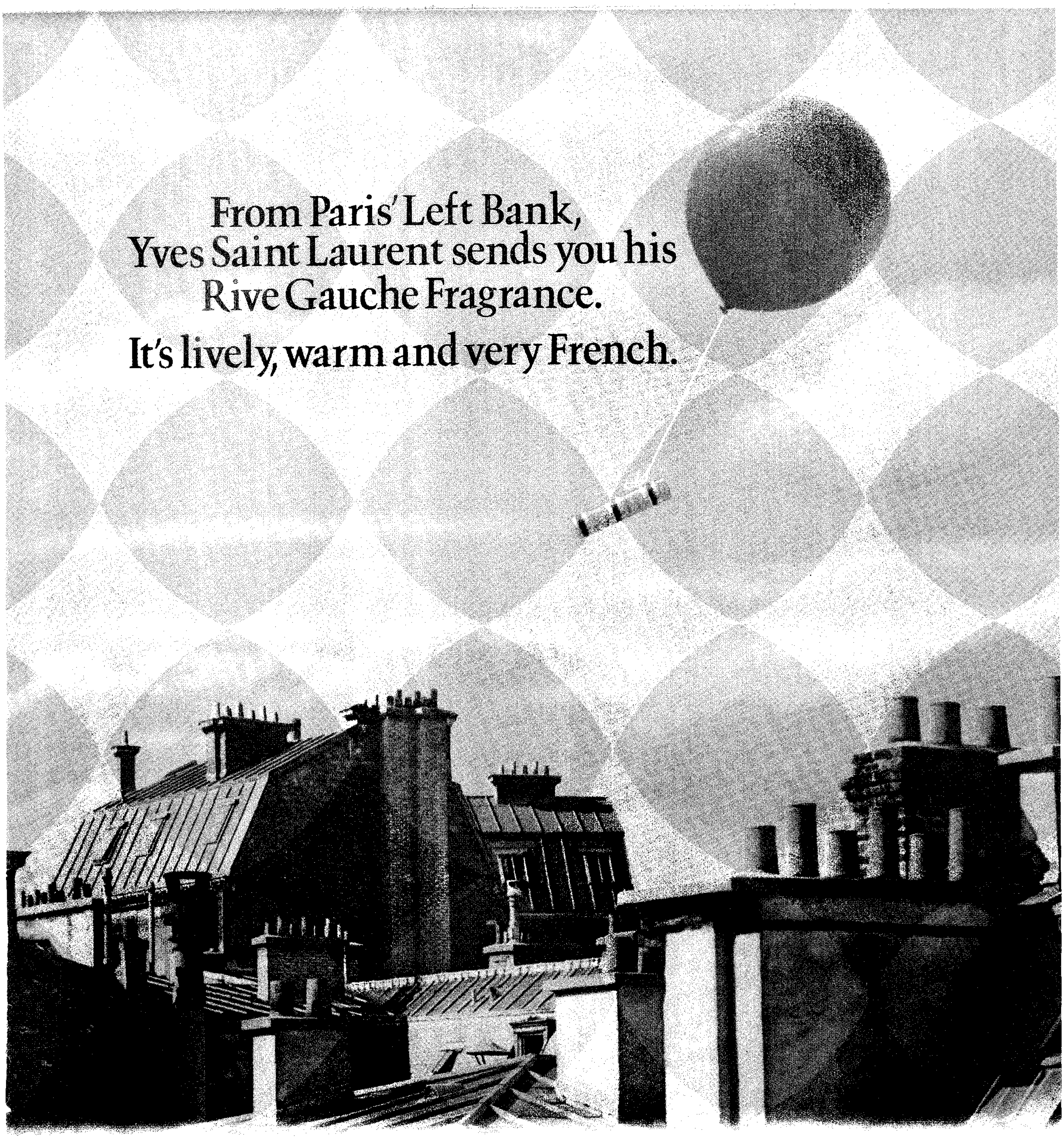
other opera on the same day. (That is what the Met orchestra must do this Saturday and next.)

The Metropolitan season opened with "Il Trovatore" and continued with "Aida." A simple, central criticism of the shows could be that Leonora and Manrico (Renata Scotto and Luciano Pavarotti) did not seem to be very much in love with, or even care very deeply about, one another; nor did Aida and Radamès (Rita Hunter and Carlo Bergonzi). And so from a dramatic point of view both productions must be deemed failures. Not music theatre. But there were musical rewards. Although Scotto and Pavarotti are lyric or lirico-spinto singers who have acquired force at the cost of sweetness, both were able, and they sang well enough to make one regret that Scotto cut a verse of "Di tale amor" and of "Tu vedrai che amore in terra," and Pavarotti a verse of "Di quella pira." Shirley Verrett was Azucena; the voice was unsettled (she has been alternating soprano and mezzo roles lately), the interpretation striking. Matteo Manuguerra made a sound Di Luna, though on Met opening night one expects to hear a rather grander, more romantic baritone. Gianandrea Gavazzeni, who has been conducting for nearly fifty years, made a belated Met début and led a capable, traditional performance.

Two things about the "Aida" were outstanding. Carlo Bergonzi's share of the final scene—the thirty-two B's that begin the recitative, the delicate, tender, occasionally heroic phrases in the duet—was voiced with a beauty and eloquence of timbre such as one seldom hears today. Earlier on, he mingled fine singing with some provincial vulgarities of rhythm and inflection. And Elena Obraztsova, the lambent Marina of the Bolshoi's "Boris" at the Metropolitan last year, was an Amneris of uncommon force and authority—decisive, passionate, very powerful, and a tall, commanding actress. The timbre was not velvety—there were flecks of impurity in the texture—but her phrasing was smooth, by turns seductive and formidable. Everything she did told strongly. Hunter was vocally a correct but unremarkable Aida; as a Viennese remarked to me when Amy Shuard did the role in Vienna, she wasn't at all bad but she didn't seem quite worth the importing. Louis Quilico was an acceptable but not imposing Amonasro. James Morris was a suave and sonorous Ramphis. Kazimierz Kord, conducting, with rare skill gave some shape and direction to a performance made up of largely uncoordinated individual interpretations.



"Die Meistersinger," the next night, was far more of an ensemble performance. (It was also an uncut performance, possibly the first in Metropolitan history.) The production, by Nathaniel Merrill, which is fourteen years old, was new to me. It looked fresh, newly rehearsed, sensitive, and unroutined. There were several house débuts, the most notable being Dieter Weller's, as Beckmesser. He was a tall, personable young town clerk, a plausible suitor for Eva's hand, shy and fussy, not spiteful, in manner. He sang both serenade and prize song with beauty of tone. Gerd Brenneis's Walther was less winning; the voice is robust but unlyrical in timbre. Ellen Shade's Eva was delicately played and was most musically sung, if not with the pure shine that an Eva requires. Peter Meven should be an admirable Pogner when someone persuades him to phrase in long, smooth spans, not choppily. From earlier casts there were Thomas Stewart's Sachs, very sure, very skillful, limited only by a lack of rich colors in the voice, and Kenneth Riegel's David, rather too insistently boyish in action but clear and bright. Allan Monk was a new and excellent Kothner. Robert O'Hearn's settings are a little too smart for my taste (the last scene suggests a Hollywood production number), but at least the action is not transferred to the moon or to Manchuria; the Masters do not wear dinner jackets or diving suits. The left-to-right reversal of the traditional sets for Act II and Act III, Scene 1, did no musical harm that I could hear. (Sometimes a composer's stage placing is acoustically important; only an unmusical director stations Fenton, in the first-act finale of "Falstaff," away from the orchestral horns.) The evening provided a demonstration of how without transgressing stylistic limits implicitly or categorically set by the creator of a masterpiece a director and his artists can still give individual and unconstricted performances. The only directorial sin of commission occurred at the very end of Act II, when Sachs reappeared on what should remain an empty stage; and of omission when the supers failed to open their mouths during the "Wach' auf" chorale, which everybody except Sachs should at least appear to be singing. David Stivender's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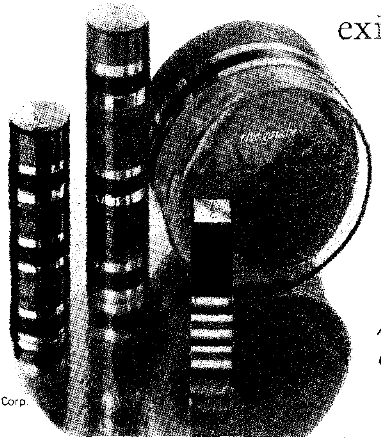

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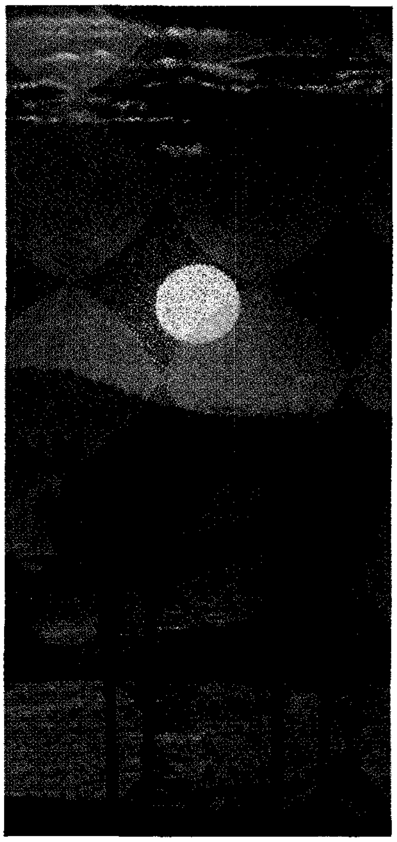

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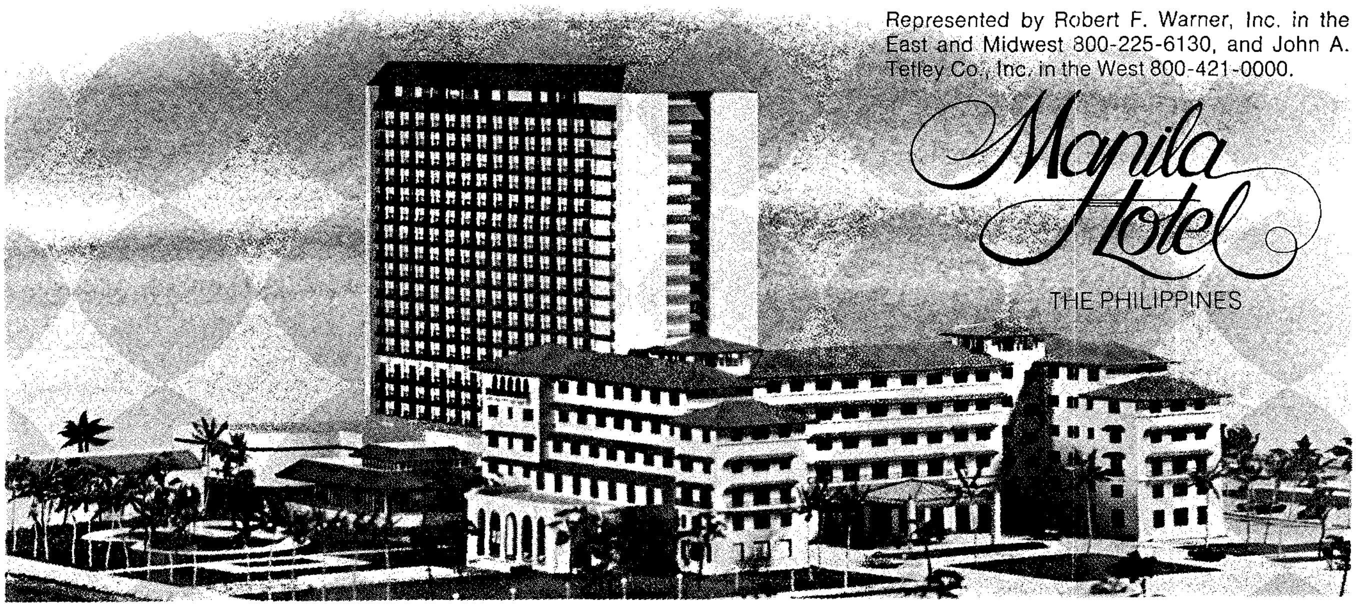

Manila Hotel
THE PHILIPPINES

chorus—as also in "Il Trovatore" and "Aida"—made a splendid sound. Sixten Ehrling conducted a performance that moved steadily and confidently forward but was hardly poetic. The evening touched no great heights, as "Aida" had done when Obraztsova and Bergonzi were singing, but was never less than a serious and scrupulous endeavor to do justice to Wagner's work.

ANY thoughts about "Dalibor," a noble and stirring opera that should be more widely heard, I will save to the time of the Carnegie Hall performance promised by Eve Queler in January. The English National's "Don Giovanni" and the Met's revival of "Figaro" can perhaps be paired for future discussion. But the Welsh National's "The Midsummer Marriage" deserves a word. Tippett's opera first appeared at Covent Garden in 1955; in 1968 there was a new production there, followed by a recording that won widespread acclaim for one of the most joyful, musically and spiritually generous of modern operas. The Welsh production, due to be seen in five cities, showed that the piece—during which an English country scene is transformed into a world of magic, where a staircase leads to heaven, mysterious gates open into the teeming earth, and ritual dances encompass the four seasons—is not beyond the resources of a medium-sized company. Full houses have shown that the public is not afraid of it. The Welsh company began its existence in 1946, with a week of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," and "Faust." Today, it plays twenty-six weeks a year and has an orchestra on full-time contract. "Nabucco," "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," and "La Battaglia di Legnano" are among the works it has taken through the country; also Rossini's "Moïse" and "Guillaume Tell;" Rimsky-Korsakov's "May Night;" "Billy Budd" and "Lulu;" and some new Welsh operas. To be frank, I thought that the performance of "The Midsummer Marriage" was overrated by most of my British colleagues. Ralph Koltai's set, kept deliberately simple, so that it can tour easily, conveys as little as did the two Covent Garden stagings any sense of a real countryside, peopled by ordinary, everyday people, who are then drawn into visionary experiences. Jill Gomez and John Treleaven in the leading roles (created by Joan Sutherland and Richard Lewis) lacked sharply defined characters. Cardiff's civic-owned New Theatre has had its orchestra pit enlarged this season, but the place is

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still too small for the music to flower as fully as it should. (The Welsh company seeks an opera house of its own; there is in Cardiff a theatre that would serve it well, but it would cost about three million pounds to acquire and convert; for a similar sum, Scottish Opera acquired its own opera house in Glasgow last year.) Richard Armstrong, the company's musical director, conducted buoyantly. I must not underrate the achievement; "The Midsummer Marriage" may still await a fully pleasing production, but this youthful, enthusiastic, and successful performance should help to bring it nearer.

AT Glyndebourne, a new production of "Falstaff" was directed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle with the proliferation of vulgar detail that marks so much of his work. The end of Act II, Scene 1—the "Prima voi" exchanges of Falstaff and "Master Brook"—became a comedy routine for six, involving the two of them, Pistol and Bardolph, the innkeeper and the page Robin. Robin was present and prominent during Falstaff's wooing of Alice. Children capered about during the enchanted strains of Nannetta's fairy song. Need one say more? On the other hand, Glyndebourne's revival of "Capriccio," a marvellously accomplished performance, led by the captivating Countess Madeleine of Elisabeth Söderström, showed how, given sufficient skill and taste, and given the right work, a director—in this case, John Cox—*can* play fast and loose with a piece. Glyndebourne had mounted a traditional eighteenth-century "Capriccio" in 1963; ten years later the eighteenth-century Paris room was redecorated in the height of fashion as if by an early-twentieth-century Countess, and since then a Braque and a Vlaminck have hung on her walls. Madeleine has become, as it were, Marie-Laure; a young Cocteau and a young Stravinsky frequent her salon; a Diaghilev expounds the impresario's thoughts on how to astonish the public. It works. The result is entertaining and delightful.

—ANDREW PORTER

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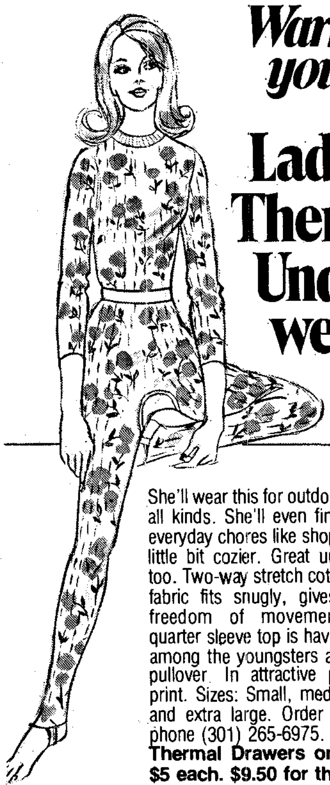

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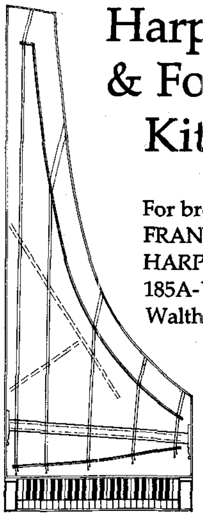

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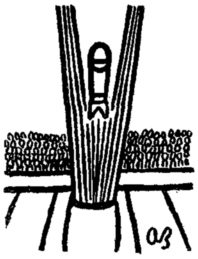

THE air has been filled for a fortnight now with omens and with footballs—footballs propelled by familiars and by unknowns—and great and not especially expected have been the consequences thereof. Weekend before last, Harvard, that showman's delight, cheerily on its way to a season of unspeckled victory, instead tripped and slipped and slithered to defeat by a Cornell to whom a triumph over any Ivy League competitor at all had come to seem an impossibility. Harvard accomplished this whimsey mainly because of a Cornell misplay—a fourth-down gangling pass from center to a punter who, unable to get off a kick, gathered in the wayward ball and lugged it seventy-five waterlogged yards for a touchdown that placed his team permanently in the lead, at a count of 9–3. All hail Johnson, who, quite unlike a number of Harvards that afternoon, kept his feet and his wits about him. Harvard, deeming such Pecksniff measures as sending Winn off tackle and popping short tosses to Hobdy (both of these maneuvers most efficacious) to be not in keeping with its tomorrow-the-world manner of play, was never in danger of carrying the day. This manner of play underwent trial of another sort on Saturday last—a Dartmouth defensive line so trigger-happy that as often as not Kubacki, who (at quarterback for Harvard) depends upon speed and deviousness rather than upon blockers to give him time to work his wonders, was bowled over in his own backfield. Casper, at tackle, may be quickest off the mark of all the Dartmouth line, but his mates are (in every sense of the phrase) not far behind him. An odd compliment, it may be, to offer that Dartmouth line if one ponders its difficulties in jamming up Yale's frenzied running game of the weekend before (Yale 18, Dartmouth 14), but a compliment well earned. On both occasions, though, the Dartmouth defense was insufficient to offset the misdeeds of the Dartmouth offense: for one, the errant pass that, two minutes before the match with Yale came to an end, was clearly on its way to the winning touchdown until it fell into the eager paws of Crowley, a Yalie linebacker; for another, the elaborate charade that concluded the match with Harvard. Twenty-three seconds to go, but Dartmouth (at third down on the Harvard one) is clearly on its way to at least the tying touchdown. Dartmouth has taken all the time-outs the law allows, and, in its haste to move, Case and the trusty Oberg, who is to go up the middle with the ball, fumble it between them and it gallops backward to the Harvard ten, where Solomon falls on it. A penalty puts the ball on the Harvard fifteen, and time runs out before Dartmouth can solve the problem. The team stands motionless for a full moment, surely not believing that for two Saturdays on end a win has been so wickedly snatched away; then it walks off the field.

OTHERS filled the air more to a purpose. There was Mazzetti, of Pennsylvania, who began life not so very long ago as a Brazilian soccer player. He and his field goal against Lehigh, earlier on this fall, went largely unnoticed, but his conversion kick in the encounter against an undefeated Brown weekend before last gave him a certain celebrity, inasmuch as Pennsylvania thereby came out on top, at 7–6. Mazzetti accented his celebrity by, last Saturday, contributing three more field goals, one of them worth fifty-four yards, and Pennsylvania just managed to nip Lafayette, 15–14.

A booter of much longer standing, Andrewlavage, of Colgate, considerably damaged himself in his team's meet with Holy Cross, two weeks ago, when he slipped on the marina into which the rains had converted the playing field in Hamilton. The pulled back muscle he suffered in his tumble was considered an injury severe enough to keep him out of the game in Princeton on Saturday. Polito, a bulky split end, filled in handsomely as Colgate's punter for a while, but when the opportunity for a field goal was presented Andrewlavage was inserted. His effort, unavailing, made it plain that he was not yet ready for work under full steam, but a later effort, wholly successful, and a point after each of Colgate's two touchdowns suggested a rapid return to health. He will be with us next season, too, it is a pleasure to report. He, Polito, and two desperado running backs (Healy and Malverty, who invariably get seven yards up the middle when they should get only four) were a bit much for Princeton, which has

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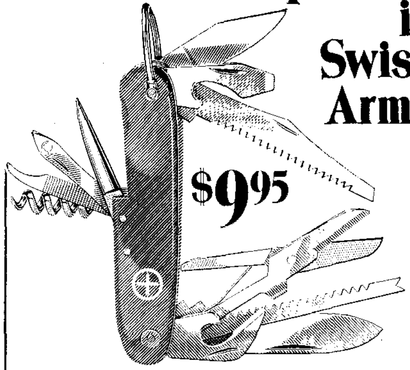

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such swift runners as Isom and Carter and Walker in hand, and a superlative catcher in Fournier, but whose quarterbacks are hardly Kubackis. Princeton's defensive line has moments of grandeur, but when it must withstand for too long the pounding it gets from the likes of Colgate, it tends to wilt. Colgate 17, Princeton 7.

Of all the Ivy Leaguers, Columbia must be the most shorthanded, and it has been that way for years. Its quarterback problems are now old enough to be legends. Weekend before last, it gave way, slowly but inevitably, at 9–3, to Princeton, in the foulest of weather, on its home grounds. And last Saturday, in New Haven, it had not very much to offer in opposition to Yale, whose ability to acquire running backs has been for ever so long a tradition, one that goes as far back as Albie Booth. Like Booth, Pagliaro and Angelone come from Yale's home counties. They and Southworth, who can also double as punter, ran the legs off Columbia, which was probably just as well, for Yale, because Phillips, a Yale quarterback whose skill at tossing the ball is (shall we say?) more than passing fair, could use the rest, considering the banging up he underwent in an earlier engagement this fall.

No sooner had Cornell, unlikely as it may have seemed, overturned Harvard than Brown, back in midseason-1975 form, overturned Cornell on Saturday, at 28–12. Observers report that Michalko, at quarter for Brown, was his old brisk self after a niggling start.

Army is in *its* midseason-1975 form, losing again and again as Hall, dauntlessly throwing the ball far more often than he must wish, breaks a record here, a record there. It was Penn State 38, Army 16, out in the mountains of Pennsylvania one weekend, and it was Tulane 23, Army 10, down in New Orleans the next—last Saturday. Like Yale, Tulane garners many performers from *its* home counties, and the names on its roster, read aloud, can have the lilt of Creole and Cajun poetry.

The press has already proclaimed the feats of some Texan footballers this past week. Texas, wherein everything must be a superlative, has done it again. Franklin, of Texas A. & M., kicked first a sixty-four-yard field goal against Baylor last weekend and then one for a yard more. Johansson, an import from Sweden, kicked a sixty-nine-yard field goal for Abilene Christian—this one, though, on top of a favoring wind. The day of the fourth-down punt is nearly at an end. —J. W. L.

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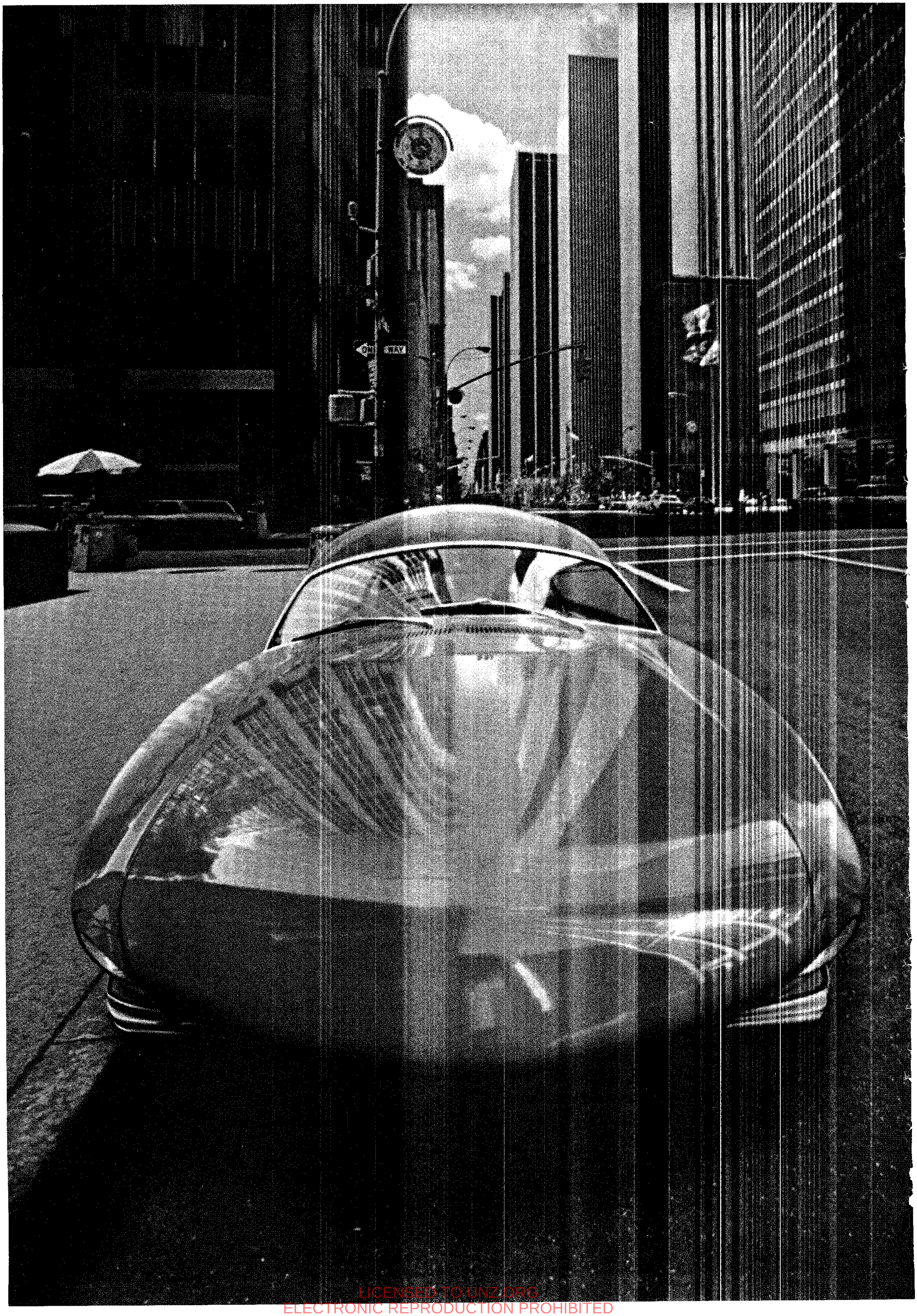
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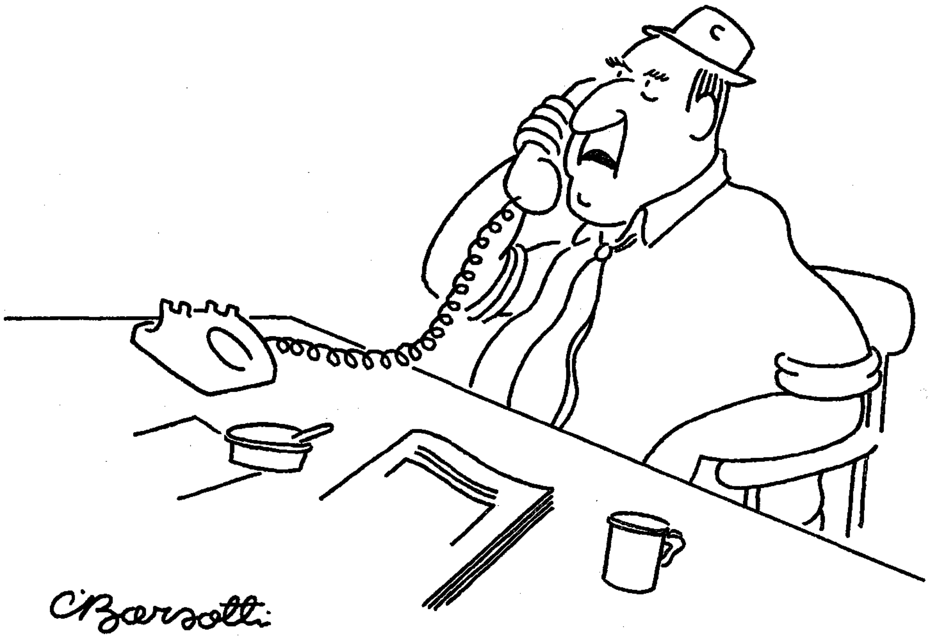
Politics Inside the Rectangle

THREE television images come to mind from the current Presidential campaign.

The first occurred a number of months ago, at the time of the Pennsylvania primary. It was in the course of a regular nightly newscast, with the news being droned out in its usual fashion by an anchorman I no longer remember. Then, casually, from the center of the drone, there emerged a brief item about Senator Jackson, who was one of the leading Democratic candidates on the Pennsylvania ballot. The item was neither momentous nor entirely insignificant; it had to do with Jackson's having just been endorsed by the head of a large labor union. The anchorman spoke the bare facts of this matter in a time span of about eight seconds, and the item slipped into the void. Then, having disposed of Senator Jackson and his moment with big labor, the anchorman announced that we were now going to go to Governor Carter "for a reaction." The anchorman disappeared from sight. We were now watching videotape of a crowded street in a Pennsylvania town. There was a band marching by. People were massed on the sidewalk, carrying or waving pro-Carter placards. Soon the Governor was glimpsed, advancing toward the camera, pushing through the throng of people all around him. He was smiling and either waving or shaking hands. The network correspondent buttonholed the Governor, who seemed agreeable to the interruption, and asked him for his reaction to the labor leader's endorsement of Senator Jackson. The question was delivered with the barest hint of pugnaciousness, though the correspondent was smiling, as was the Governor, and the two men seemed pleased to be in each other's company. Carter's reply was thoughtful, confident, and soft-spoken. However the labor bosses voted, he said, he knew that the rank and file of union members were with him. He and the workingman understood each other, he said, and, in any case, the endorsement of Jackson had come too late to slow the momentum of his own campaign. As he spoke, band music throbbed in the background while Carter supporters pressed in on all sides: there was an unmistakable feeling of excitement. Then we were returned to the anchorman. "That was an on-the-spot reaction from Governor Jimmy Carter, campaigning in Pennsylvania," he said. The scene of Carter's "reaction" had lasted about twenty-five seconds.

The second television image I remember derives from an equally casual moment on another nightly newscast, this one in early October. Governor Carter, by now the Democratic nominee for President, and Walter Cronkite, of CBS, were having a chat together on the air. It was a strangely endearing scene: one of those carefully arranged candid moments in the lives of great men. Cronkite, though, was unmistakably the grander presence. He was the sage, the Fisher-King. How often had he seen these mortals come and go, questing after votes, or peace, or war, or even after the moon and outer space? Here, for instance, was the former Governor of Georgia questing after the American Presidency. Clearly, too, Cronkite liked Carter, or, at any rate, wished to display his liking of Carter (who, in turn, wished to appear likable), but, just as clearly, affection was not the point of the meeting—any more than it had been when, say, General Marshall called Eisenhower in for a chat before the latter went to command the American forces in Europe in 1942. In fact, by a certain edginess in his manner one could tell that something was troubling Cronkite, something that seemed to undercut the outer friendliness of the cozy scene. Perhaps the two men had some disagreement over foreign policy? Perhaps the Governor had been disappointingly ambiguous in his views on defense spending or public transportation? No longer smiling, Cronkite leaned forward and put the matter right on the line. "Governor Carter," he said sternly, though ever so tactfully, giving his statement the inflection of a question, "in the past few weeks your campaign hasn't exactly *soared*?" With the issue squarely on the table, Governor Carter appeared to relax slightly. He had been nominated largely for his proficiency as a campaigner. What more natural subject for him to discuss in a national-television interview than the technics of his campaign? The effect was faintly similar to those moments when Mickey Mantle, in a hitting slump, solemnly and sincerely discussed his swing or the placement of his feet. The Governor was modest and courteous—perhaps too modest. He spoke self-deprecatingly of his awkward opening moments during the first debate. He said it was true that he hadn't been at his best during those first moments. There he had been, he said, smiling boyishly and almost shyly, a farmer from Georgia who was about to publicly debate with the President of the United States! He looked at Cronkite as if to encourage the venerable figure to murmur at that point, "I know what you mean," but the murmur never came. Nonetheless, the Governor stood his ground. Soon after those opening moments, he insisted, he had overcome his awkwardness. He had done well, he said. He felt that his campaign was now on the upbeat again, he said. He was taking his fight to the President, he said. His chances for victory were never better, he said.



"Geller & Papin, legwork and street smarts. Geller speaking."

Cronkite looked slightly encouraged but noncommittal.

The third image I retain is from a few weeks ago—from the second Ford-Carter debate. It is more a recollection of how it looked than of anything that was said: of a rectangle of colored television light glowing in my living room, in which was centered the head of first one man and then the other. Not merely a head was visible but a face, shoulders, shirt collar, a hint of necktie: a glowing passport photograph. Each head spoke in turn, its lips moving, producing words and sentences and sometimes numbers: nineteen million, proliferation, nonproliferation, forty-five per cent, peace, fifteen billion. Afterward, a child in the half-darkened room asked blandly, "Who won?" "We'll have to wait for the polls," somebody said gravely.

FROM a television point of view, I think this has been a fascinating campaign, though undeniably it has been boring in substance—indeed, more than boring. For there has been something uncommonly dreamlike about the political activity in the country all year long, with the electorate and the candidates appearing to be bound together by the most tenuous of threads, coexisting in a kind of trance, in the fashion of certain modern families where the adults seem too depressed to engage in actual conversation, either very often or for very long. The highlights of the campaign, so we have been told (or can deduce from the way certain stories have been played in print or on television), have been those occasional moments when the long campaigning process has "come alive": when some brief human touch has created a focus of entertainment, which can then be duly exploited until its entertainingness is drained and the campaign becomes boring again. Thus the flurry of interest over Governor Carter's *Playboy* interview. Thus the flurry of interest over President Ford's Eastern European gaffe. In this part of the century, a "human touch" usually means somebody falling downstairs.

All along, however, the real center of fascination or interest in the 1976 campaign has been the coolness and assurance with which television now imposes *its* systemic view on our politics. There is no black magic or demonology at work behind the scenes here, for it is a straightforward—in some ways a public—system, which operates confidently, predictably, and more or less in the open.

To begin with, the system requires

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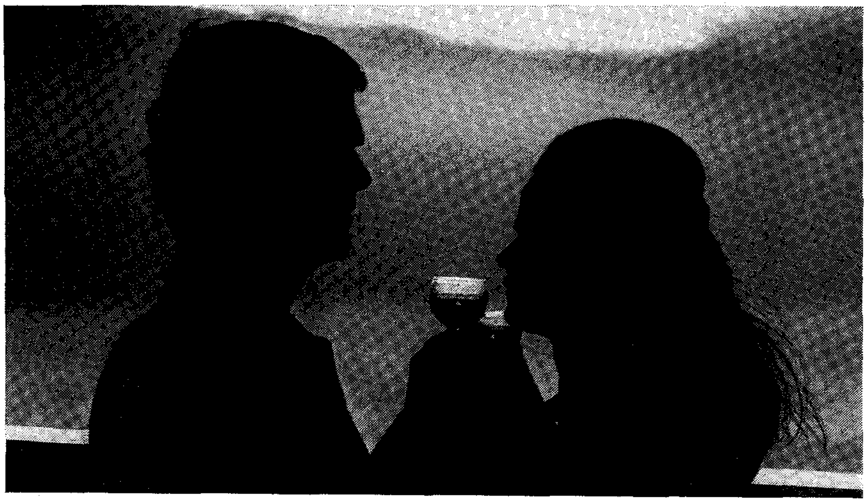

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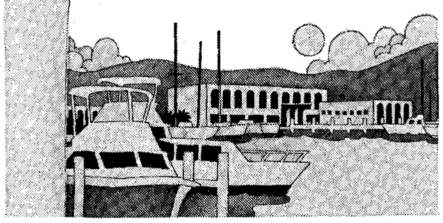

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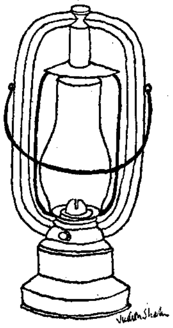
a candidate that it can "work with," meaning a candidate who can be plugged into the system and consistently give off an attracting glow. The traditional political parties also used to require candidates that they could "work with," but the television system is larger than political parties. The television system has swallowed up politics in the same fashion that it has swallowed up sports: two great gulps of the national ethos.

Consider, for example, the strange figure of Muhammad Ali. Despite his great skills and popularity, he is mainly a systemic creation. The majority of people are not enamored of prizefighting, nor do they need it. But Ali's needs have combined with a systemic need (and with the compliance but not always the demand of the public) to produce The Champion. When he is plugged into the media system, he and it give off a mutual glow. When other good fighters are plugged in, the glow is fainter. The system takes care of its own. Ali, for example, was rescued from defeat in two recent title defenses by "benefit of the doubt" judging. Jimmy Carter was consistently rescued or nudged ahead all through the primary campaigns by casual efforts such as in Pennsylvania, when a pro-Jackson story was transformed into a pro-Carter episode.



A television executive remarked the other day, speaking especially of the primaries, "Everybody has been bored by politics this year. The people have been turned off by the campaign. But when Carter appeared on the scene, he was something new. And he looked like a winner."

The system's odd morality is that in matters of politics it may not talk about the *character* of individual candidates, for that would be unfair. But it may talk about their *winningness*, or, correspondingly, their *losingness*—which, of course, is a matter that, on the surface, Americans seem to care about more than character. Thus, the system creates its own morality.

The system is generous. As a result of the new campaign-funding laws, a candidate is encouraged to campaign largely by television. President Ford stays in the White House for the most part and campaigns by television commercial. Governor Carter travels more, but it is a surface operation for the benefit of the system. Carter's travel plans are often badly organized, because he has developed so little organization elsewhere in the country, outside Atlanta, and the reason he has developed so little organization elsewhere in the country is that he doesn't have to. From Atlanta, he can plug his television commercials into the rest of the nation. He is perhaps our first free-floating Presidential candidate. Like an astronaut on the moon, he is not beholden to anyone or anything except his own "life-support" systems.

With one hand, the system protects its own; with the other, it may chastise. For example, a Presidential candidate who has been selected for novelty and winningness must consistently express those qualities or risk being dropped from favor. Governor Carter, in his *Playboy* interview, doubtless imagined that he was cleverly making himself even newer and more of a novelty with his free expressions, but instead he only made himself older, like all the other politicians, whom people were supposedly bored by. Thus, the system angrily turned on him, with the news programs employing the same devices that had once enhanced his candidacy ("And now to Mrs. Rosalynn Carter for a reaction to the Governor's comments on lust") to harry the stumbling challenger. As with a chief of state's intestines, or a quarterback's knee ligaments, the media actively discussed the political virility of the once mighty Governor. Had his strength really departed? Had it ever been there to begin with? Was it possible that it was *he* who had fooled the system? No less a person than Walter Cronkite appeared to speak the solemn words, to frame the fateful question: "Governor Carter . . . your campaign hasn't exactly *soared*?" At this point, caught in the stern, disapproving glare of the Fisher-King, the princely candidate pulled himself together and reaffirmed his faith, if not in novelty, at least in winning. At the same time, President Ford, who had sadly worn out his own novelty after not so much as a Rooseveltian "Hundred Days" or Kennedy-esque "Hundred Days" but merely his "First Forty Glorious Breakfasts," voyaged briefly from the White House and reaffirmed his faith also in winning. "I am very pleased with our victory potential," said the President in the Middle West.

And then there are the debates: a new ritual provided by the system, so that we won't get further bored by the present campaign, with the League of Women Voters lending official tone to the event, in the manner that the

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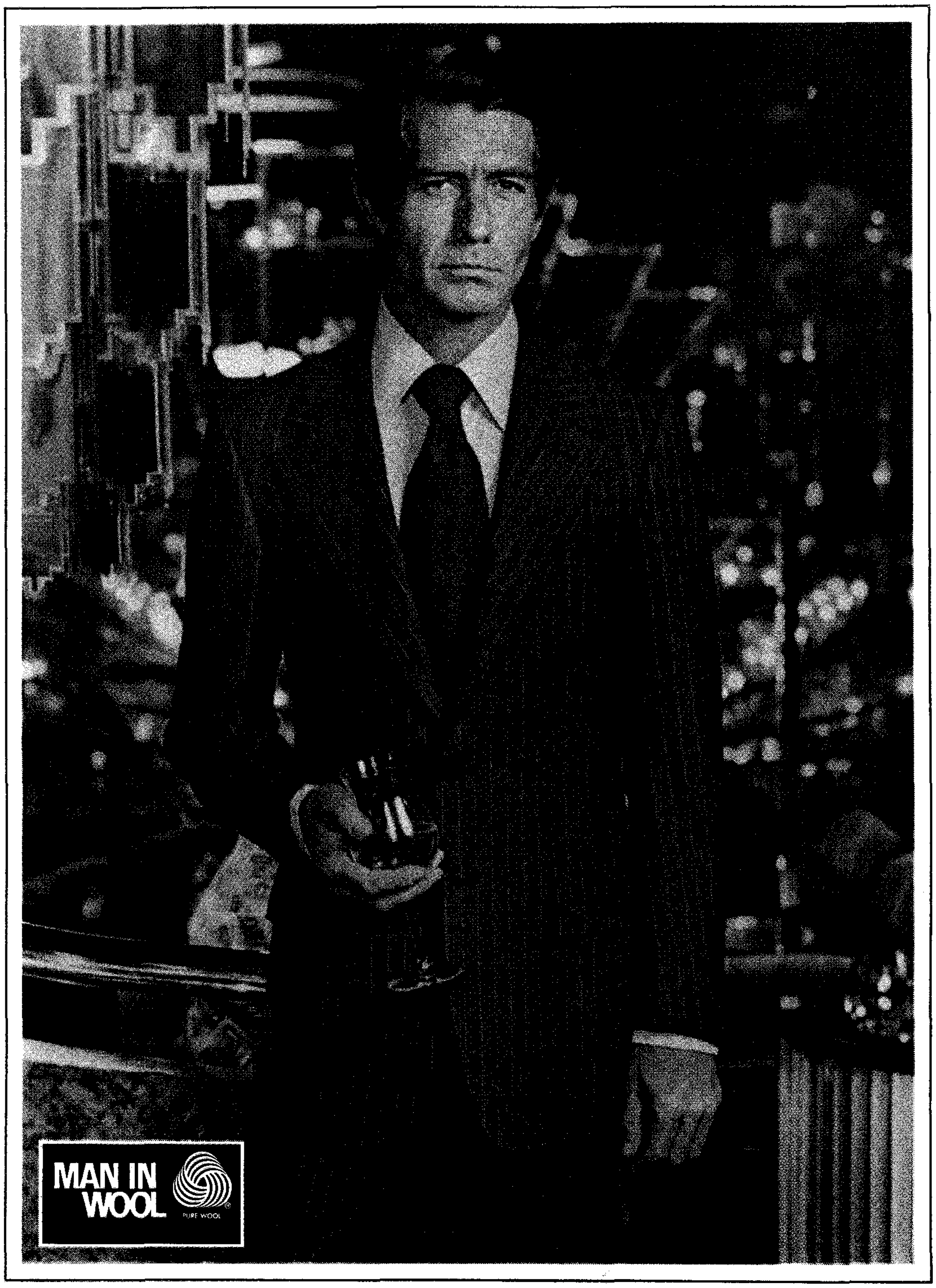

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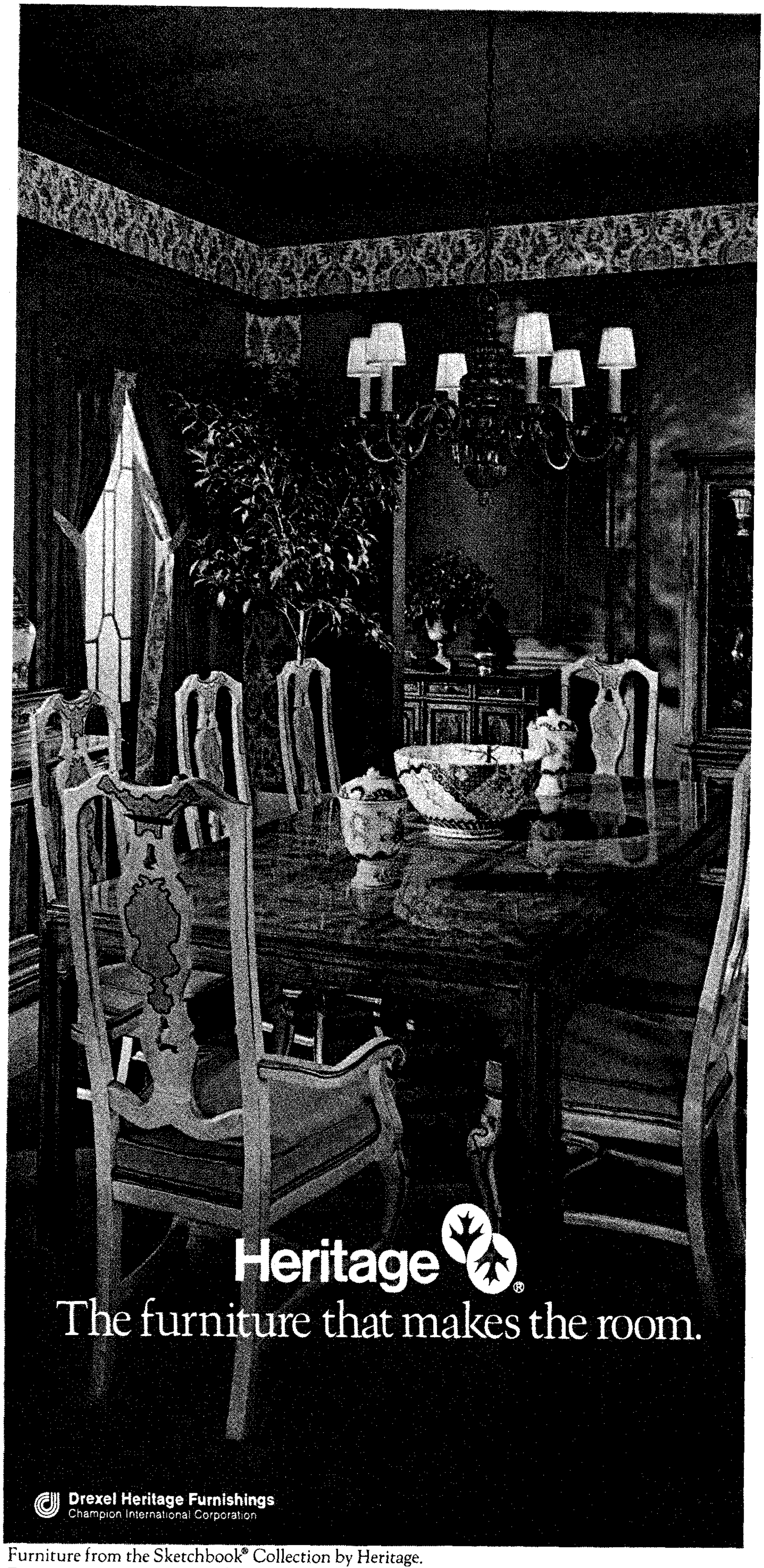
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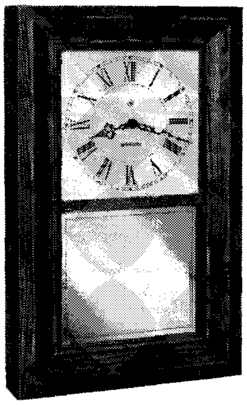
National Football League provides it at football games or the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences provides it at the Oscar ceremonies. What is interesting about the debates is that they are nearly total creations of television and of a television consciousness. Consider: there are reporters present, who ask not unintelligent questions of the candidates. But, as so often happens on the evening news, the person being asked the question answers whatever he wishes to answer. Consider: when the strained, artificial monologues "come to life," it is usually in the new media sense of revealing some trivial mistake or weakness—even a slip of the tongue. Thus President Ford stumbling over Eastern Europe is treated in the manner of a guest on the "Tonight Show" whose fly has come unzipped or who has been lured into trading mild insults with the host. And vice versa. As Roland Barthes might say (for he has written about the "erotic" edge that exists between the "boring" and the "unboring" in literature), these mistakes and slips of the mind or tongue on television—however trivial or meaningless—constitute the principal erotic matter of television entertainment.

The television debates, then, are triumphs of the modern television system's capability for "distancing," for creating a seemingly permanent model of life remote from human feelings—and yet creating it so skillfully, allowing in such chinks of light, such moments of "life," that we complaisantly accept it. After all, it is now part of our life. Yet, at the same time, the deeper game persists. In athletics, for instance, television has systematized nearly every aspect of the old national ethos of sports, and even sportsmanship, save perhaps for the basic underlying metaphors of physical struggle, of physical conquest and defeat. And in what we call politics, or campaigning, a sense of the deeper ritual continues, despite the televised clutter, the televised sincerities, the televised personal glimpses; despite the television system's ordering of our political dramas. What deeper ritual, one might ask. Presumably, it has to do with fathers, with choosing a father. Fathers (it says somewhere) must know their way in the woods, must know their way to the pass, and when the snows will fall and when they will melt. They must have fingertip knowledge of twenty-three varieties of berries and forty-one roots, and faultless expertise with mushrooms. They must be warlike and cruel, also benevolent and wise. How hard it is to act like a proper father in the best of circum-



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stances. But how much harder, surely, when only one's face and shoulders and shirt collar and knot of necktie are showing. Or if in fact all along one is really a son.

The television system has "framed" nearly everything that it can get its hands on. And, strangely, what is left over—those glimpses of the dark rivers that run beneath the continent—only make us, like our less informed ancestors, worried and sad. What happens next is that we vote. And then, as with most marriages, we find out what was so hard to find out earlier.

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A BRIEF note about a new weekly drama series that will shortly start appearing on public television: The name of the series is "Visions," and it is being produced by KCET, in Los Angeles, and will be shown by most other public stations across the country. The first performance is on October 21st, of an original teleplay called "Two Brothers," by Conrad Bromberg, and I recommend it. The story itself is not startlingly original, having to do with an older brother's well-meaning but sometimes halfhearted attempts to keep a psychotic younger brother (who works as a doctor in a free clinic in Los Angeles) from going off the deep end and committing suicide. But the acting is extremely good, with a fine performance by Judd Hirsch as the older brother and an excellent performance by David Spielberg as the young doctor. The rest of the cast seemed of high calibre, too. The things that struck me as best about the play were its suppleness and its ambitions, which were in the direction of character rather than of facts or window dressing. One gets so used to the relentless factuality of most commercial television dramas, where nothing is ever said or done without a factual purpose, that it takes a while getting used to a drama that (a) is set in Los Angeles, (b) uses professional television actors, and (c) attempts serious character portraiture. It's an interesting show and should get the series off to a good start.

Unfortunately, I can't find it in my heart to say the same about the second play in the series, which is called "The War Widow" and was written by Harvey Perr. This time, we are on some vague country estate, at some vague distance from New York, at the time of the First World War. There is a pretty young wife, who is either soulful or bored, depending on one's interpretation; a fussy mother; a hus-

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band away at the front. The young wife finds a new friend in New York: a New Woman, with dark eyes and photographic inclinations. And they fall in love, at first girlishly and then sexually. The final scene shows them seated together at a table in a vaguely Old New York restaurant, where they have come to find each other, and where, presumably, they will be handsomely fed. It seemed to me that here the story was wrong—or, at least, excessively simplistic, on the level of a prurient schoolgirl romance. More important, the whole production seemed wrong. Clearly, the camerawork was supposed to convey delicacy and *fin de siècle* longueurs, but the overall effect was more that of one of those smoky, "artistic" *Penthouse* photographs, though with a girl (fully dressed) uttering such lines as "It seems to me we were able to talk to each other once." Well, no great harm done. "The War Widow" was probably stuck in there to provide a touch of class, or perhaps to show that the BBC doesn't have a monopoly on Victorian bric-a-brac and genteel dialogue. I'd say the BBC is still definitely ahead. As it has been for many years with its own series of original teleplays, "Play of the Month." The point is, though, that an important effort is being made with "Visions," and it should be encouraged. People who think they care about original drama should look at it, and since there's no great point in clapping or booing at a television set, perhaps they could clap or boo by mail to Los Angeles. And I think the "Visions" staff, for its part, should make an effort not to be too modish and pleasing. Obviously, since there is virtually no current market for serious original teleplays, "Visions" will have to hunt them up—no easy task. But I hope the plays they come up with stick closer to the level and the simple craftsmanship of "Two Brothers," and somehow skirt the temptations of slickly serious drama which have produced so many Little Theatre productions of Maxwell Anderson. If you're going to try to roll a rock up the side of a mountain, at least it might as well be a halfway decent rock.

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BOOKS

All's Well in Skyscraper National Park

KURT VONNEGUT abjures the appellation "Junior" in signing his new novel, "Slapstick, or Lonesome No More!" (Delacorte), and, indeed, the author, after his furious performance in the preceding work, "Breakfast of Champions," does seem relatively at peace with himself, his times, and the fact of his writing a novel at all. He introduces this one with the customary noises of exasperation over his "disagreeable profession" ("He asked me politely how my work was going. . . . I said that I was sick of it, but that I had always been sick of it"), but, once launched, the tale floats along without interruption, and is something of an idyll. A hundred-year-old man, Dr. Wilbur Daffodil-11 Swain, who has been President of the United States ("the final President, the tallest President, and the only one ever to have been divorced while occupying the White House"), lives with his granddaughter, Melody Oriole-2 von Peterswald, and her lover, Isadore Raspberry-19 Cohen, in the otherwise empty Empire State Building, on the almost deserted island of Manhattan, which has been decimated by plague and is variously known as "The Island of Death" and "Skyscraper National Park." The awkward middle names of the inhabitants, we might as well explain now, have been assigned them in the last and only reform of the Swain Presidency, a measure to combat "American loneliness" (the root of all our evil: "all the damaging excesses of Americans in the past were motivated by loneliness rather than a fondness for sin") through the division of the population into huge (ten thousand siblings, one hundred and ninety thousand cousins) artificial families by means of computer-bestowed middle names, "the name of a flower or fruit or nut or vegetable or legume, or a bird or a reptile or a fish, or a mollusk, or a gem or a mineral or a chemical element." This scheme, the basis of President Swain's successful campaign (slogan: "Lonesome No More!") for the highest office in the land, was concocted years before, when Wilbur and his twin sister, Eliza, like himself a monstrous "neanderthaloid" two metres high, enjoyed in a secluded Vermont mansion an emotional and intellectual symbiosis that amounted to sheer genius, though separately the two were dullards named Bobby and Betty Brown.

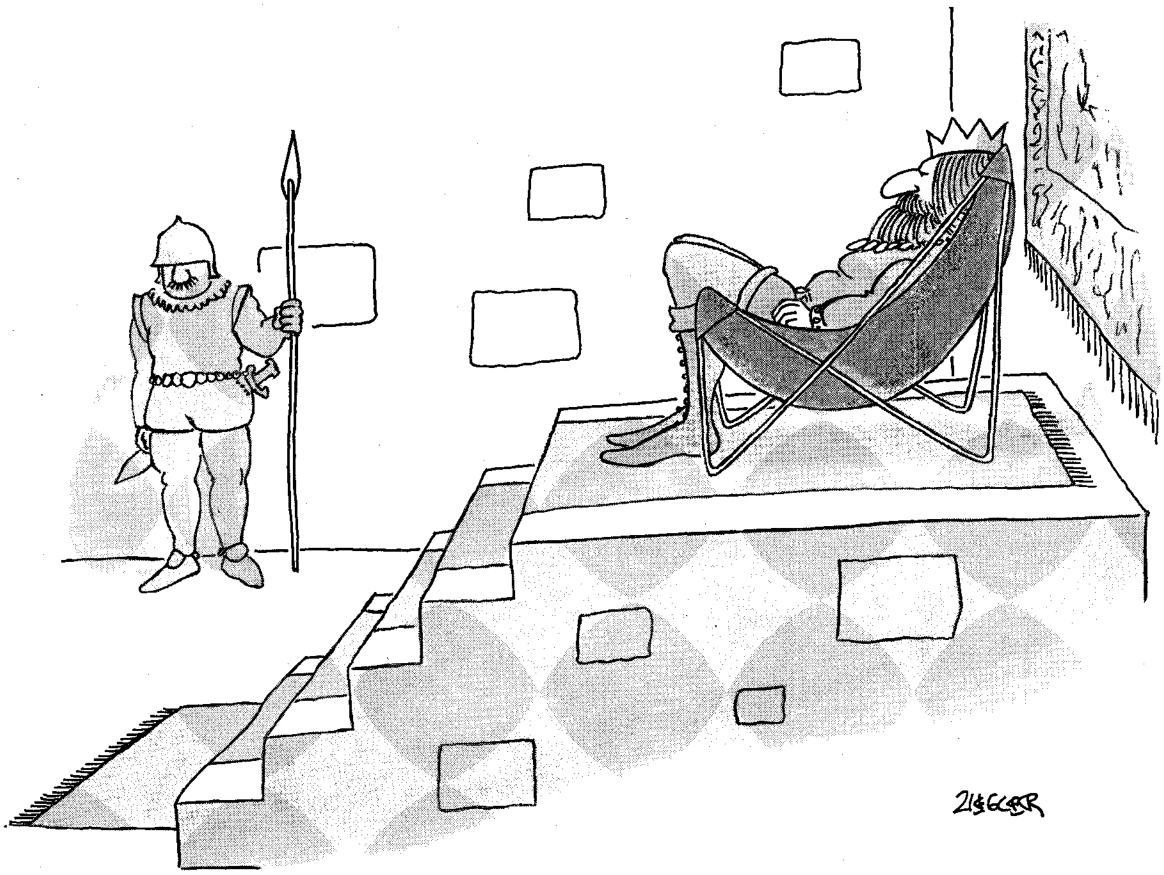
Lost already? "Slapstick," whose main present action consists of the narrator's hundred-and-first birthday party, which kills him, is a reminiscence about the future, a future braided of a half-dozen or so scientific and sociological fancies. The lonesome-no-more-thanks-to-new-middle-names notion is about the silliest of them, the least charming and provocative, however dear to the author's heart. The others, roughly in descending order of charm and provocation, are:

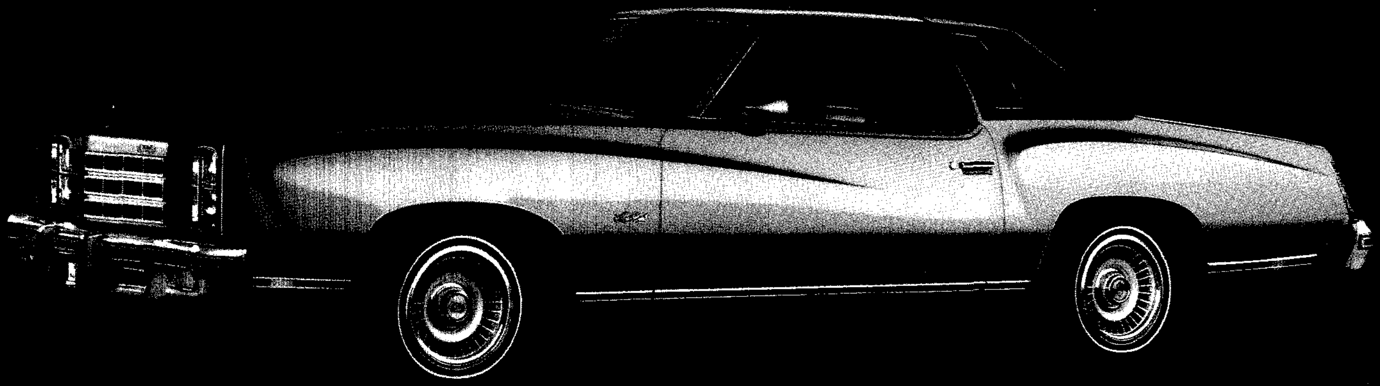
1. That gravity on earth has become variable, like the weather. "Well—the gravity . . . is light again today," Wilbur writes in his memoir. On days of light gravity, all males have erections, and lovers build a pyramid of large rubble at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street. When the gravity is heavy, men crawl about on all fours, and the insides of horses fall out. Heavy gravity first struck when Wilbur Swain was fifty, and had just learned that his sister had died in an avalanche on Mars:

> An extraordinary feeling came over me, which I first thought to be psychological in origin, the first rush of grief. I seemed to have taken root on the porch. I could not pick up my feet. My features, moreover, were being dragged downward like melting wax.
>
> The truth was that the force of gravity had increased tremendously.
>
> There was a great crash in the church. The steeple had dropped its bell.
>
> Then I went right through the porch, and was slammed to the earth beneath it.
>
> . . .
>
> In other parts of the world, of course, elevator cables were snapping, airplanes were crashing, ships were sinking, motor vehicles were breaking their axles, bridges were collapsing, and on and on.
>
> It was terrible.

In this superbly simple fancy (and why not? what do we know about gravity, except that it is always there, and has not yet broken its own "law"?) Vonnegut gives enormous body to his own moodiness, and springs a giddy sense of menace upon the city he inhabits.

2. That the Chinese, on the other side of the world from the lonely, destructive Americans, have succeeded in miniaturizing themselves, to the size first of dwarfs, then of dolls and elves, and finally of germs; the plague, called the Green Death, it turns out "was caused by





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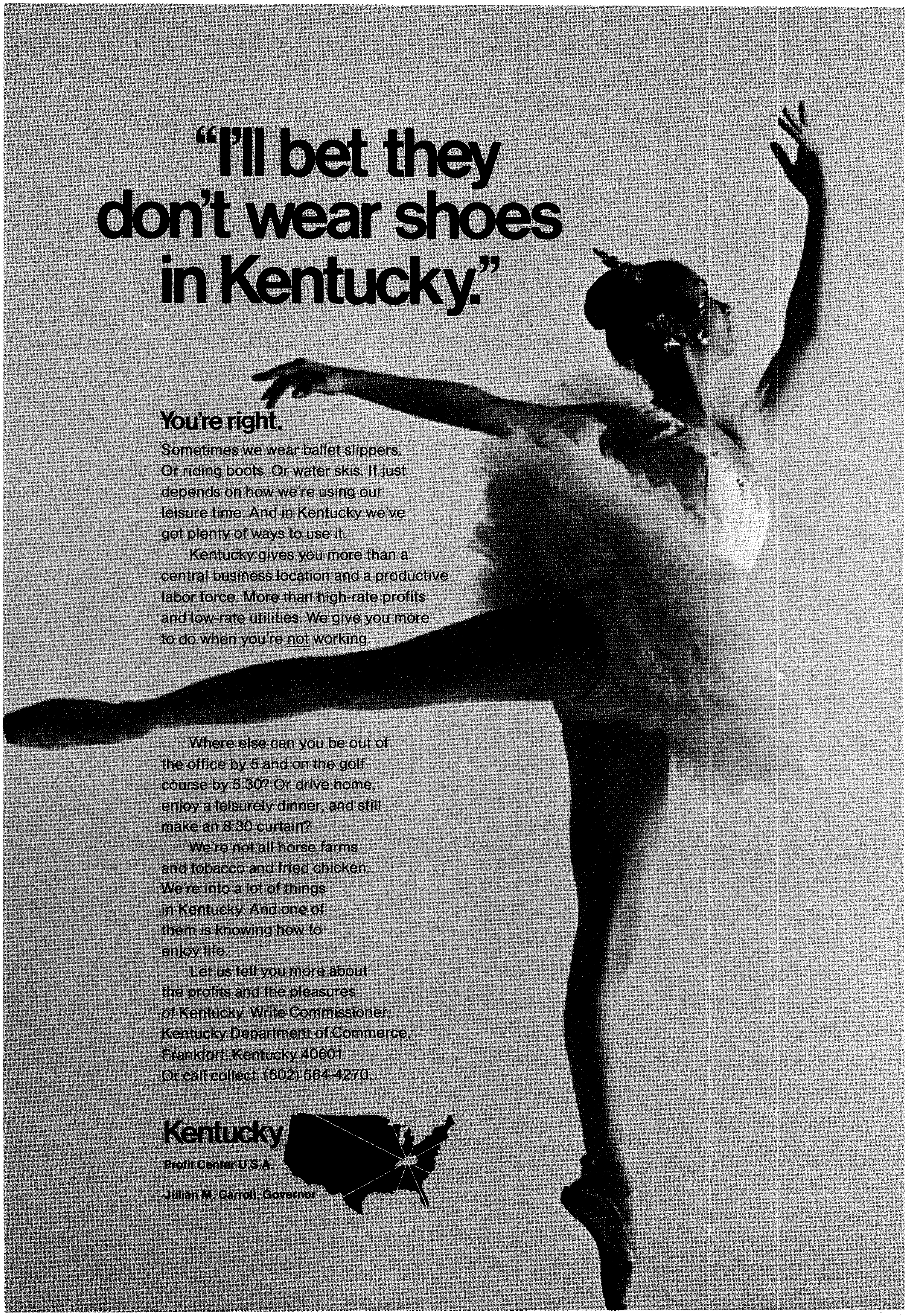

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microscopic Chinese, who were peace-loving and meant no one any harm. They were nonetheless invariably fatal to normal-sized human beings when inhaled or ingested." This last *reductio* is a bit much, but a radical divergence of the Chinese from our own brand of *Homo sapiens* sounds right; we laugh in recognition when the Chinese ambassador, sixty centimetres tall, severs diplomatic relations "simply because there was no longer anything going on in the United States which was of any interest to the Chinese at all." China is another planet, Vonnegut has discovered.

3. That a brother and a sister might "give birth to a single genius, which died as quickly as we were parted, which was reborn the moment we got together again." In childhood, Wilbur, who does the reading and writing, and Eliza, who makes the intuitive leaps and juxtapositions, concoct theories and manuscripts that a half century later are of interest even to the Chinese. In adulthood, after a long separation, the siblings reunite in a kind of psychosexual explosion that produces, besides a houseful of wreckage, a manual on child-rearing which becomes the third most popular book of all time.

Vonnegut in his prologue claims this novel to be "the closest I will ever come to writing an autobiography" and movingly writes of the Indianapolis Vonneguts and of his sister Alice—her importance to him as "an audience of one," her death at the age of forty-one of cancer, her final days in the hospital, her hunched posture, her description of her own death as "slapstick." In "Slapstick" these memories become:

> She was so bent over that her face was on level with Mushari's—and Mushari was about the size of Napoleon Bonaparte. She was chain smoking. She was coughing her head off. . . .
>
> "Oh, Wilbur, Wilbur, Wilbur—" said my mother as we watched, "is that really your sister?"
>
> I made a bitter joke—without smiling. "Either your only daughter, Mother, or the sort of anteater known as an *aardvark*," I said.

The image shocks us, offends us, twists us inside, and successfully asks to be recognized as sombre and tender. It is a moment peculiarly Vonnegutian, tapping the undercurrents of pure melancholy which nurture the aggressively casual surface growths of his style. These moments arise unexpectedly, and seem to take the author unawares as well—the pathetic valedictory conversation, for instance, between Salo and Rumfoord near the end of "The Sirens of Titan" (1959), or the odd interlude, amid the "impolite" "junk" of "Breakfast of Champions" (1973), wherein the homeless, jobless black ex-convict Wayne Hoobler, hanging out in a used-car lot, in his extreme of lonesomeness begins to talk to the highway traffic:

> He established a sort of relationship with the traffic on the Interstate, too, appreciating its changing moods. "Everybody goin' home," he said during the rush hour jam. "Everybody home now," he said later on, when the traffic thinned out. Now the sun was going down.
>
> "Sun goin' down," said Wayne Hoobler.

It will vary, where Vonnegut's abashed and constant sorrow breaks through to touch the reader; here, though, in this fantasy, as it pays tribute not to the extended family he hopes for but to the nuclear family he has known, he places his rather mistrustful art in frank proximity to the incubator of his passion for—to quote his prologue—"common decency."

4. That the United States, as the world's energy sources dried up, has pleasantly settled back into a rural society, powered by slaves and horses as before; that the old Inca capital of Machu Picchu, in Peru, has become "a haven for rich people and their parasites, people fleeing social reforms and economic declines;" and that when the White House, containing President Wilbur Swain, who is stoned on tri-benzo-Deportamil, quite ceases to rule, the nation falls into a feudal anarchy dominated by such guerrilla chieftains as the King of Michigan and the Duke of Oklahoma.

5. That a religion has arisen called the Church of Jesus Christ the Kidnapped, which holds that Jesus has come again but has been kidnapped by the Forces of Evil and is being held captive somewhere. The members of this cult, the most popular ever in America, distinguish themselves by an incessant jerking of the head, as if to discover the Kidnapped Jesus peering out "from behind a potted palm tree or an easy chair."

6. That a scientist named Dr. Felix Bauxite-13 von Peterswald has discovered a way to talk to the dead, who irritably and disconsolately inhabit a dreary hereafter known as the Turkey Farm. The late Eliza reports to her living brother, "We are being bored stiff."

This saucy spaghetti of ideas, strange to report, seems in the consumption as clear as consommé, and goes down like ice cream. "Slapstick" has more science fiction in it than any other novel by Vonnegut since "The Sirens of

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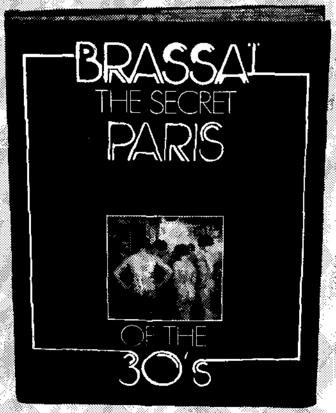

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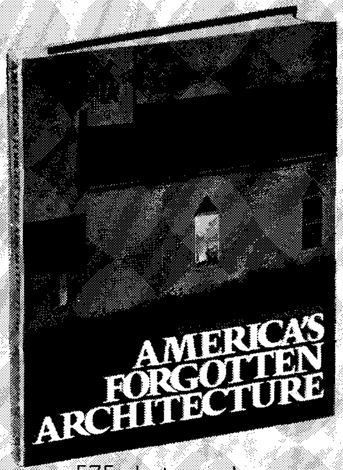

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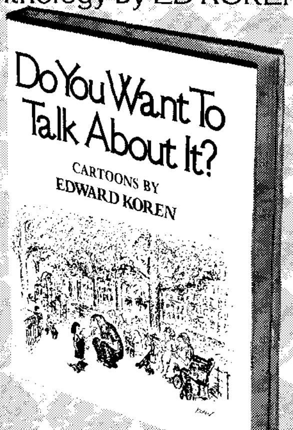

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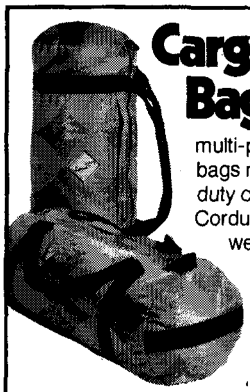
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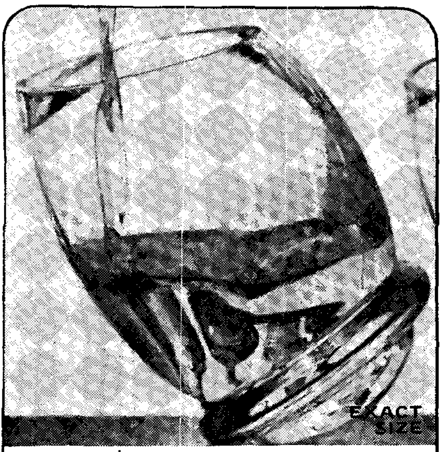
Titan" and lays to rest, in an atmosphere of comic exhaustion and serene self-parody, the obsessive Prospero figure who first came to life there. The Prospero in "Sirens" is Winston Niles Rumfoord, a Rhode Island aristocrat who acquires superhuman powers by steering his spaceship straight into a "chrono-synclastic infundibulum" and who thenceforth arranges an interplanetary war so that its guilt-engendering slaughters may form the basis for a new religion, the worship of God the Utterly Indifferent. With a demonic elaborateness that argues a certain demon of overplotting in the author, Rumfoord furthermore manipulates Malachi Constant (one of Vonnegut's long line of boob heroes) and his little family through a ramshackle series of space flights and changes of identity toward an ultimate goal that turns out to be the delivery, in Constant's son's pocket, of a replacement part for a spaceship from the planet Tralfamadore. The unseen Tralfamadorians are manipulating not only Rumfoord but much of the planet Earth; Stonehenge, the Great Wall of China, and other terrestrial wonders of human enterprise are in truth messages ("Replacement part being rushed with all possible speed;" "Be patient. We haven't forgotten about you") in the Tralfamadorian language to the messenger Salo, who in the course of delivering from "One Rim of the Universe to the Other" a message consisting of a single dot ("Greetings" in Tralfamadorian) has become stranded on Saturn's biggest moon, Titan, for hundreds of thousands of years. Well, it's some book, full of laughs yet operatically flaunting Vonnegut's concern with the fundamental issues of pain, purpose, and Providence. Though raised in a family of atheists, Vonnegut quarrels with God like a parochial-school dropout. In "Mother Night" (1961), Prospero has shrunk to the dimensions of a Second World War master-spy; Colonel Frank Wirtanen, the Blue Fairy Godmother, controls the hero's life by appearing to him only three times, and his final act of magical intervention is rejected. In "Cat's Cradle" (1963), the idea of a religion devoted to an indifferent God is codified as Bokononism, and Prospero retreats to still lower visibility; Bokonon, the black founder of the cult, emerges from the underbrush of the Caribbean island of San Lorenzo only at the novel's end, to direct the hero (called John, and rather less of a boob) to commit suicide, while thumbing his nose skyward, at You Know Who. But



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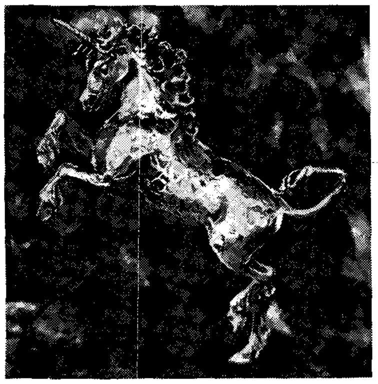
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Bokonon, who like Rumfoord has the gifts of foresight and cynicism, oversees the events on this island of survivors—a most "Tempest"-like setting. There is even a Miranda, called Mona.

In "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater" (1965), Prospero and the boob have merged; the very prosperous Eliot Rosewater, after exercising the powers of the rich rather inchoately in the isolation of Rosewater County, Indiana, stands to full stature when threatened by a usurper, whom he smites down with a surprising disposition, both regal and cunning, of his fortune. In "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1969), Billy Pilgrim, like Winston Rumfoord, communicates with the Tralfamadorians and sees future and past as parts of a single panorama—"All moments, past, present, and future, always have existed, always will exist." But his prescience is impotent to change the sad course of Earthly events; planes crash, bombs fall, though he knows they will. His access to Tralfamadore merely gives him the wonderful accessory bubble of the second life he lives there, more Ferdinand than Prospero, mated with the gorgeous Montana Whitlock in a transparent dome in a Tralfamadorian zoo. "Breakfast of Champions" reveals the author himself as Prospero, "on a par with the Creator of the Universe," sitting in the cocktail lounge of a Holiday Inn wearing mirroring sunglasses, surrounded by characters of his own creation, whom he frees in the end: "I am going to set at liberty all the literary characters who have served me so loyally during my writing career." (Nevertheless, "Slapstick" revives the obnoxious lawyer Norman Mushari from "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater;" Vonnegut's ongoing puppet show is irrepressibly self-cherishing.)

> Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
> And what strength I have's mine own,
> Which is most faint . . .

"Slapstick" gives us the Prospero of Shakespeare's epilogue, his powers surrendered, his island Manhattan, his Miranda his granddaughter Melody. Vonnegut dreamed the book, he tells us, while flying to a funeral. "It is about desolated cities and spiritual cannibalism and incest and loneliness and lovelessness and death, and so on. It depicts myself and my beautiful sister as monsters, and so on." It is about what happens after the end of the world. The end of the world is not an idea to Vonnegut, it is a reality he experienced, in Dresden, as a prisoner of war, during the holocaustal air raid of

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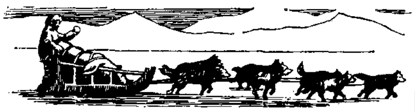

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February 13, 1945. He has described this repeatedly, most directly in the introduction to "Mother Night" added in 1966:

> We didn't get to see the fire storm. We were in a cool meat-locker under a slaughterhouse with our six guards and ranks and ranks of dressed cadavers of cattle, pigs, horses, and sheep. We heard the bombs walking around up there. Now and then there would be a gentle shower of calcimine. If we had gone above to take a look, we would have been turned into artifacts characteristic of fire storms: seeming pieces of charred firewood two or three feet long—ridiculously small human beings, or jumbo fried grasshoppers, if you will.

Vonnegut's come-as-you-are prose always dons a terrible beauty when he pictures vast destruction.

> Eliot, rising from his seat in the bus, beheld the fire storm of Indianapolis. He was awed by the majesty of the column of fire, which was at least eight miles in diameter and fifty miles high. The boundaries of the column seemed absolutely sharp and unwavering, as though made of glass. Within the boundaries, helixes of dull red embers turned in stately harmony about an inner core of white. The white seemed holy.

The end of the world can come by fire, as in the quotation above, from "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater," or by ice, as in "Cat's Cradle":

> There was a sound like that of the gentle closing of a portal as big as the sky, the great door of heaven being closed softly. It was a grand AH-WHOOM.
>
> I opened my eyes—and all the sea was *ice-nine*.
>
> The moist green earth was a blue-white pearl.

The New York of "Slapstick" has been destroyed several times over. Gravity has pulled down its elevators and its bridges, plague has devoured its population. An ailanthus forest has grown up, and a rooster crowing in Turtle Bay can be heard on West Thirty-fourth Street. Amid collapse, the fabulous is reborn. Wilbur Swain's nearest neighbor, Vera Chipmunk-5 Zappa, arrives at his hundred-and-first birthday party encrusted with diamonds, in a sedan chair. "She had a collection of precious stones which would have been worth millions of dollars in olden times. People gave her all the jewels they found, just as they gave me all the candlesticks." Swain has become the King of Candlesticks, the possessor of a thousand. For a birthday present Vera Zappa gives him a thousand candles she and her slaves have made from a Colonial mold. They set them about on the floor of the Empire State Building lobby and light them. Swain's last written words are "Stand-

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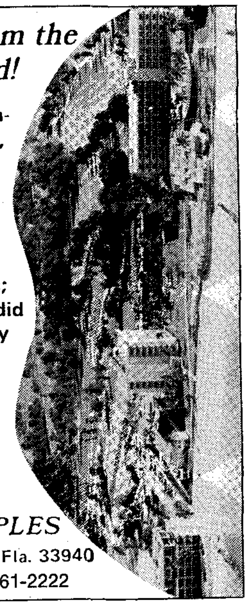

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ing among all those tiny, wavering lights, I felt as though I were God, up to my knees in the Milky Way." He dies, happy, but the narrative carries on, relating how Melody arrived in New York, fleeing the seraglio of the King of Michigan, helped along the way by her fellow-Orioles.

> One would give her a raincoat. . . .
> Another would give her a needle and thread, and a gold thimble, too.
> Another would row her across the Harlem River to the Island of Death, at the risk of his own life.

The novel ends "*Das Ende*," reminding us of German fairy tales and of Vonnegut's pride in his German ancestry; in "Mother Night" he even dared to be a poet in the German language. In "Slapstick" he transmutes science fiction into something like medieval myth, and suggests the halo of process, of metamorphosis and recycling, that to an extent redeems the destructiveness in human history to which he is so sensitive. The end of the world is just a Dark Age. Through a succession of diminishingly potent Prosperos, the malevolent complexities of "The Sirens of Titan" have yielded to a more amiable confusion.

"Slapstick" enjoys a first printing of a cool one hundred thousand copies, and Vonnegut's popularity, which has grown even as his literary manner becomes more truculent and whimsical, has attracted comment from many reviewers, who usually find it discreditable to author and audience alike. But there need be no scandal in Vonnegut's wide appeal, based, as I believe it is, on the generosity of his imagination and the honesty of his pain. Who of his writing contemporaries strikes us as an imaginer, as distinguished from a reporter or a self-dramatizer? There is a fine disdain in Vonnegut of the merely personal. His prologue to "Slapstick" says, "I find it natural to discuss life without ever mentioning love," and his fiction, stoic in an epicurean time, does have a pre-sexual, pre-social freshness; he worries about the sort of things—the future, injustice, science, destiny—that twelve-year-old boys worry about, and if most boys move on, it is not necessarily into more significant worries. Vonnegut began as a published writer with the so-called slick magazines—the credits for the stories in "Welcome to the Monkey House" feature *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Rereading such exercises as "D.P.," "Deer in the Works," and "The Kid Nobody Could Handle" is a lesson in what slickness, fifties vintage, was: it was a verbal

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mechanism that raised the spectre of pain and then too easily delivered us from it. Yet the pain in Vonnegut was always real. Through the transpositions of science fiction, he found a way, instead of turning pain aside, to vaporize it, to scatter it on the plane of the cosmic and the comic. His terse flat sentences, jumpy chapters, interleaved placards, collages of stray texts and messages, and nervous grim refrains like "So it goes" and (in "Slapstick") "Hi ho" are a new way of stacking pain, as his fictional ice-nine is a new way of stacking the molecules of water. Such an invention looks easy only in retrospect. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

PUBLIC PERSONS, by Walter Lippmann, edited by Gilbert A. Harrison (Liveright). A collection of nearly fifty sketches and obituaries, dating from all stages of Lippmann's career (he was born in 1889 and died almost two years ago), which may help today's readers to understand what made him such an unusual political journalist. First of all, Lippmann believed in the value of politics. Though he lived through some corrupt times, he never lost the reformer's faith that public life offered the greatest fulfillment, and that a commitment to a right cause, such as Eugene McCarthy's in 1968, could accomplish some good even if it failed at the polls. For an observer of uncompromising standards, he had an exceptionally well-developed sense of responsibility and an awareness of the special qualifications needed at any moment to make the system work; as Mr. Harrison notes in connection with articles on Henry Wallace and Adlai Stevenson, Lippmann could praise an honest politician while doubting his suitability for office at a particular time. Moreover, he brought to journalism a philosopher's intellect. He regarded politicians not as caricatures; it was their ideas, and not their personal deformities or mannerisms, that interested him. By today's lights, Lippmann's portraits seem comparatively indistinct, and they are confined to the elevated plane of his prose. Toward writers and thinkers, he was as demanding as he was toward politicians; Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, and H. L. Mencken are dissected in these pages, and the appreciation of Freud, written in 1915, is remarkable for its bold

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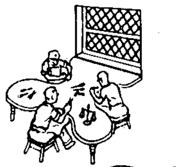

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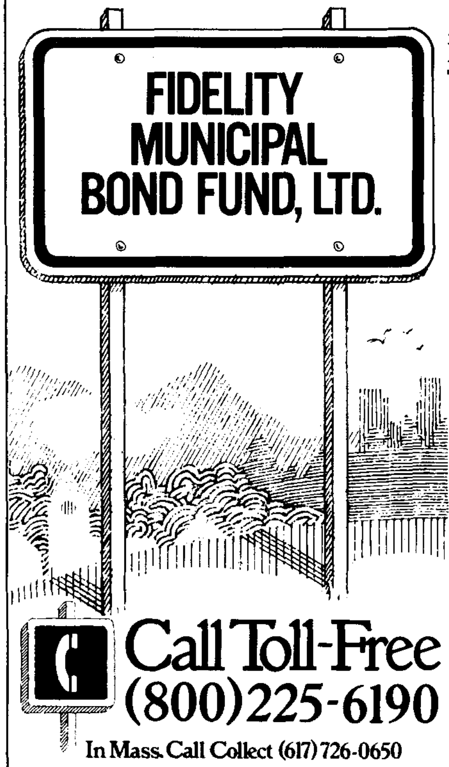
perspective. Like the original Olympians, Lippmann had a temperament, and the book includes a few pieces, such as his kind obituary for Calvin Coolidge and his famous dismissal of Franklin Roosevelt, in which he was swayed by the emotions of the moment.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE CLASS OF '65?, by Michael Medved and David Wallechinsky (Random House). In 1965, *Time* did a cover story called "Today's Teenagers," and focussed on the senior class of Palisades High School, an eight-million-dollar facility in a particularly affluent suburb of Los Angeles. The idea was that in a school of this kind, in which the median income of the students' families was forty-two thousand a year, one might look for the leaders of tomorrow. This book is a followup to the *Time* article—the result of a survey made ten years later by two former members of the class of '65. Many little surprises pop up: the president of the class and its star athlete has become a masseur deeply involved with Mystical Traveler Consciousness; the intellectual whom *Time* called a "near genius" is a leading member of the John Birch Society; the most popular boy was an early suicide. The authors are not content with easy ironies, however; they seriously explore how the decade that embraced Vietnam, Watts, the drug-and-hippie culture, and Nixon affected their friends, and what those friends have made of their lives so far.

BEARDSLEY AND HIS WORLD, by Brigid Brophy (Harmony). Miss Brophy's text is essentially a commentary on documents: in the early sections, she looks at the various sources and accounts of Aubrey Beardsley's formative years; in the later sections at the drawings and illustrations he produced during his short maturity (he died of tuberculosis at twenty-five). She fusses over some very minor points, such as the precise location of an address that Beardsley put at the top of a letter, and she has a way of stepping sideways into some peculiar conjectures: "It crosses my mind that for one of his greatest pictures, the *Messalina Returning from the Bath*, which was first published in 1899 and which was intended to illustrate Juvenal's sixth *Satire*, Beardsley may have conjured his image of the terrifyingly selfish, cruel, and powerful empress of Rome from his large and no doubt terrorized early experience of land-



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ladies, who so regularly exert their power over their lodgers about precisely such matters as returning from the bath." Miss Brophy seems to have been attracted to Beardsley because of his rebellion against nineteenth-century philistinism—his assertion, in her words, of "the artist as aristocrat, insolently placing a line in an area, an ornament on a surface, at what his imagination unarguably decreed to be the right place." The book is illustrated with many of Beardsley's works, with pictures of his family and friends, and with photographs of all those lodgings that Miss Brophy carefully hunted down.

NOTE: "Freedom Spent," Richard Harris's account of the legal battles fought by six Americans determined to preserve their individual rights, has been published by Little, Brown. And "To Jerusalem and Back," Saul Bellow's portrait of the Israel he saw during a visit in 1975, has been published by Viking. In both cases, most of the material originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SLEEPING MURDER, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). This excellent entertainment was written some forty years ago for posthumous publication and relates what Miss Christie chose to call Miss Marple's last case. It is, unhappily, that, but the latter's myriad admirers may be comforted to know that the end of the case finds her in her usual nosy good health and unmaidenly cynicism: "It really is very dangerous to believe people. *I* never have for years." The case involves a young and (literally) blushing bride who comes from New Zealand to an English seaside village, finds herself living in the very house in which she spent a year or two of her infancy, and experiences a series of unsettling *déjà-vu* experiences, the most disturbing of which brings forth the grim line from "The Duchess of Malfi": "Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young." A very satisfactory farewell performance. A Literary Guild selection.

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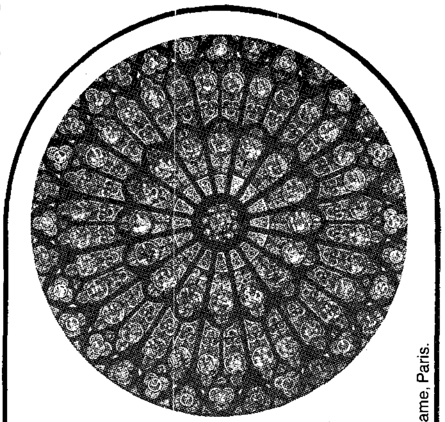

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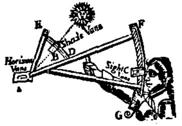

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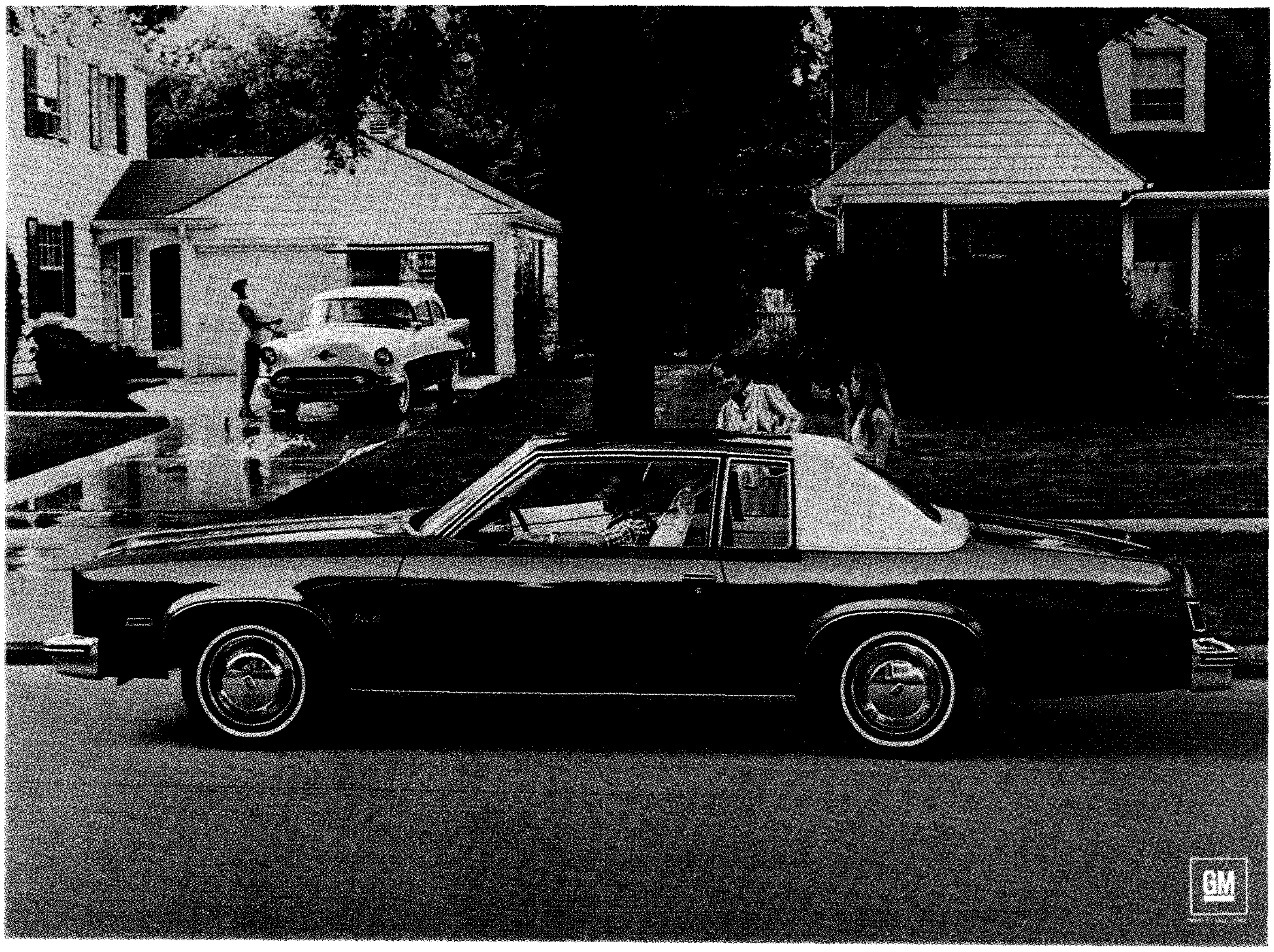

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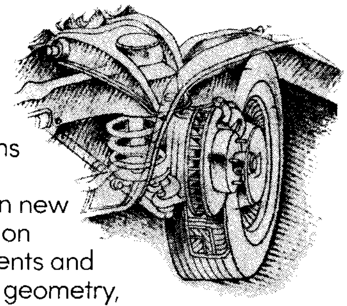

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